*to front y^e title.* *I. Oliver Sculp*

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# THE Glorious Lover.

## A DIVINE POEM,

Upon the Adorable Myſtery of

## Sinners Redemption.

By *B.K.* Author of *War with the Devil.*

Pſalm 45. 1.

*My Heart is inditing a good matter.*

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# The PROEM.

YOU Gentle Youths, *whose chaster* Breasts *do beat*
*With pleasing Raptures, &* Love's *generous heat*;
*And* Virgins kind! *from whose* unguarded *Eyes*
*Passion oft steals your hearts by fond surprize*;
*All you who* Amorous Stories *gladly hear*,
*And feed your wand'ring Fancies by the* Ear;
*Those* treacherous Delights *a while lay by*,
*And lend attention to our* History:
*A History with* Love *and* Wonders *fill'd*,
*Such as nor* Greece *nor* Rome *could ever yield.*
*So* great *the* Subject, *lofty the* Design,
*Each part is* Sacred, *and the whole* Divine.
*If you its worth and nature well shall weigh*,
*'Twill charm your Ear, your best Affections sway*,
*And in dark Minds spring an* Eternal Day.
*My* Muse *is rais'd beyond a vulgar flight*:
*For* Cherubs *boast to sing of what I write.*
*I write*—— *But 'tis, alas, with trembling hand*:
*For who those* boundless Depths *can understand?*
*Those* Mysteries *unvail, which Angels do*
*With dread Amaze desire to look into?*

*Thou* glorious Being! *from whose Bounty flows*
*All good that Man, or does, or speaks, or knows*;
*Whose Altars once mean* Turtles *entertain'd*,
*And from the mouths of* Babes *hast strength ordain'd*;
*Purge with thy Beams my over-clouded mind*;
*Direct my* Pen, *my* Intellect *refine*,

*That*

## The PROEM.

*That I thy matchleſs Triumphs may indite,*
*And live in a due ſenſe of what I write.*
*And you*, dear Sirs,, *that ſhall vouchſafe to read,*
*Charity's Mantle o're my failings ſpread.*
*High is my* Theme, *but weak and ſhort my* Sight;
*My Eyes oft dazled with* Exceſs *of Light.*
*Yet ſomething here perhaps may pleaſe each Gueſt;*
*'Tis Heavenly* Manna, *though but homely dreſt.*
*Paul* became all to All: *and I would try*
*By this Eſſay of* myſtick Poeſy,
*To win their Fancies, whoſe harmonious Brains*
*Are better pleas'd with ſoft and meaſur'd ſtrains.*
*A Verſe may catch a wandring Soul, that flies*
*Profounder Tracts, and by a bleſt ſurprize——*
*Convert Delight into a Sacrifice.——*
*How many do their* precious time *abuſe*
*On curſed products of a* wanton Muſe;
*On trifling* Fables, *and* Romances *vain,*
*The poiſoned froth of ſome* infected *Brain?*
*Which only tend to nouriſh Rampant Vice,*
*And to Prophaneneſs eaſie Youth entice;*
*Gilt o're with Wit, black Venom in they take,*
*And 'midſt gay Flowers hug the lurking Snake.*
*Here's no ſuch danger, but all pure and chaſt;*
*A Love moſt fit by Saints to be imbrac'd:*
*A* Love *'bove that of* Women: Beauty, *ſuch,*
*As none can be enamour'd on too much.*
*Read then, and learn to love truly by this,*
*Until thy Soul can ſing (Raptur'd in Bliſs)*
My Well-beloved's mine, and I am his.

CHAP.

# BOOK I.

## CHAP. I.

*The Excellencies and Perfections of the glorious King, the Lord JEHOVAH, discovered: Shewing how he had but one Son, the express Image of the Father, the delight and joy of his Heart; and of the glorious and eternal Design of this most High and Everlasting JEHOVAH to dispose of his Son in Marriage. Moreover, how the matter was propounded by the Father, and whom he had chose to be the intended Spouse. Shewing also how the Prince readily consented to the Proposal; and of his first grand and glorious Atchievements in order to the Accomplishment of this happy Design.*

IN the fair Regions of approachless Light,
Where unmixt Joys with perfect Love unite;
Where youth n'ere wasts, nor Beauty ever fades,
Where no disease, nor paining-grief, invades;
There reigns, and long hath reign'd, a mighty King,
From whom all Honours, and all Riches spring;
His vast Dominions reach from Pole to Pole,
No Realm nor Nation but he could controul;

So great his Pow'r, there never yet could be,
An absolute Monarch in the World but he.
What e're seem'd good to him, he freely did,
And nothing from his piercing Eye was hid.
To him the mighty *Nimrods* all did Bow,
And none durst boldly question, What dost Thou
Justice and Wisdom waited on his Throne,
And through the World his Clemency was known
His Glory so Illustrious and Bright,
It sparkled forth, and dazled Mortals sight.
Immense his Being; for in every Land
He present was, and by each Soul did stand.
No Spies he needed for Intelligence
In Foreign parts, to bring him Tydings thence.
And vain to him was Court-dissemblers Art,
He saw each corner of the subtlest heart,
View'd acts unborn, and plain discoveries wrough
E're labouring Fancy once could mould a Though
Beheld mens minds clearly, as were their faces,
And uncontain'd, at once did fill all Places;
His awful frown could make the Mountains shak
And Stoutest hearts of Haughty Princes quake.
All things were his, who did them first compose,
And by his wisdom doth them still dispose;
To serve his Friends, and to destroy his Foes.
His Azure Throne with Holiness is spread,
The pure in heart alone his Court may tread;
No vitious Gallant, Proud, Imperious, Vain,
In Court, nor Kingdom will he entertain.

He

He's th' eſſence of true Vertue, ſpotleſs, pure,
And no ungodly one can he endure.
No wicked perſon to him dares draw nigh,
Though ne're ſo Rich, ſo Mighty, or ſo High;
'Tis Righteouſneſs his bleſſed Throne maintains,
Who all Injuſtice utterly diſdains;
Nay, Holineſs doth this great Soveraigne cloath,
And ſuch as weare it not, his Soul doth loath.
But above all the Glories which did wait
Upon this High and Peerleſs Potentate:
His Pity did the moſt tranſcendent prove,
Matchleſs his Power, but greater ſtill his Love;
Such bowels of Compaſſion ne're were known,
Nor e're ſuch proofs of vaſt Affection ſhown;
His kindneſs beyond all that Pen can write,
Or Heart conceive, or nimbleſt Brain indite.
This Sovereign Love our wond'rous Subject brings,
Our Hiſt'ry from thoſe melting Ardours ſprings.
For this great King had a moſt lovely Son,
And had indeed no more ſave only one,
Who was begotten by him, and brought forth
E're Heav'ns blew curtains did ſurround the Earth;
Before the World's foundations yet were laid,
Times glaſs turn'd up, or the Sun's courſe diſplaid,
This Prince was brought up with him, and did lye,
In his dear Boſom from Eternity.
He was his only Joy, and hearts delight,
Who ever did behold him in his ſight.
And as he made his Father's heart moſt glad,
He was ſole Heir to all the Father had;

Who freely gave all things into his Hand,
And made him Ruler over every Land,
Designing still to raise his Dignity
Above each Earthly Prince, or Monarchy,
And him intitle with a glorious Name,
Which none of all the Heav'nly Host dare claim.
What glory is there in each Seraphim!
Yet must they all do Homage unto him;
The Cherubims likewise must all submit,
And humbly worship at his Royal Feet,
With trembling Reverence; for he doth bear
The express Image of his Father dear;
And his Majestick Glory doth unfold,
Too' right for any creature to behold,
Untill transform'd into an Heav'nly mould.
The Lustre of his Face, the loveliness
Of compleat Beauty, and of Holiness.
His Personal Sweetness, and Perfections rare,
No tongue of men, or Angels, can declare:
For, 'tis recorded by unerring Pen,
*He fairer was than all the Sons of men.*
Which in its proper place will more appear:
But mind at present what doth follow here.

This mighty King, whose Glories thus did shine,
Had long on foot a very great Design,
Which was, in Marriage to dispose this Son,
The blessedst Work that ever could be done:
This Secret then to him he does disclose,
And whom for him he had already chose,

Tells

Tells him the way, and means, whereby to bring
About this ſtrange and moſt important thing;
What he muſt do; and all things doth declare:
To which the Son doth lend attentive ear,
Who never did his Father diſobey,
Nor him diſpleaſe, would not in this ſay nay;
But ſtraight-way ſhew'd with joy & chearful mind
He was that way himſelf long time inclin'd:
For with a Heav'nly ſmile he made reply,
That Creature is the Jewel of mine eye.
Great King of Kings, thy Sacred Sovereign Will
With greateſt Joy I'm ready to fulfil.
My heart's inflam'd with love, and will be pain'd
Till ſhe for my imbraces be obtain'd.
With ſecret tranſports long have I deſign'd
That happy Match in my Eternal Mind,
To people with a new and holy Race
Th' Immortal Manſions of this Glorious Place.
Such is the Love which unto her I have,
'Tis ſtrong as Death, and laſts beyond the Grave.
Where e're ſhe be (for well I underſtand
She's ſpirited of late to a ſtrange Land)
Winged with Love I'le ſearch the World about,
And leave no place unſought to find her out.
If any Foe doth Captive her detain,
I'lebe her Reſcue, and knock off her Chain:
Or, if half ſtifled, ſhe in Priſon lye,
I'le break the Bars, and give her liberty.
I will refuſe no Labour, nor no pain,
Thee (deareſt Soul!) into my Arms to gain.

Such was this Prince's love, and now tis fit
We tell you who the object was of it.

Within the Limits of the Holy Land,
Whose Glory once shone forth on every hand;
And near the Borders of rare *Havelah*,
Where Creatures of each kind first breath did draw;
Where *Pison's* streams with *Euphrates* did meet;
Where did abound all Joy and Comfort sweet,
Without the least perplexity or wo;
Where *Bdellium* and the *Onyx Stone* did grow;
Did a most choice and lovely Garden lye,
Renowned much for its antiquity:
For Sacred Story has proclaim'd its name,
And rais'd up *Trophies* to its lasting fame.
Within that Garden dwelt in Ancient time
A very lovely Creature in her Prime,
Mirror of Beauty, and the World's chief glory,
Whose rare composure did out-vy all Story:
Fair as the Lilly, e're rude hands have toucht it:
Or snow unfal'n, before the Earth hath smucht it:
The perfectst work which wondring Heav'n could see,
Of Nature's Volumn, blest Epitome;
Her glorious Beauty, and Admired Worth,
What mortal tongue is able to set forth?
True Vertue was the Object of her will,
There was no stain in her, no Feature ill,
No scar, nor blemish, seen in any part;
Her Judgment uncorrupt, and pure her Heart;

He

Her *thoughts* were noble, *words* moſt wiſe, not laviſh;
Her natural ſweetneſs was enough to raviſh
All that beheld her; from her ſparkling Eye,
A thouſand Charms, a thouſand Graces fly:
No evill paſſion harbour'd in her breaſt,
Or with bold Mutinies diſturb'd her reſt;
For what's not borne yet, needs not be repreſt.
Her Lineage Noble, of ſuch high degree,
None e're could boaſt a greater Pedigree:
A Dowry too ſhe had, a fair Eſtate,
Conferr'd upon her at an eaſy Rate.
In brief, in all Indowments ſhe did ſhine,
Stampt with his Image, who is all Divine:
But that which moſt unto her bliſs did add,
Was the great Honour which ſome time ſhe had,
Of the ſweet preſence of a glorious King,
From whom alone true Happineſs doth ſpring;
He oft declar'd her his grand Favourite,
And that with her was his endear'd delight:
For precious love to her burn'd in his heart,
And nothing thought too dear for to impart,
Or unto her moſt freely to beſtow,
Of all the Treaſures he had here below.

This was her ſtate at firſt, none can gain-ſay;
But then, mark what befell her on a day.
She did not long in this condition ſtand,
Before a curſed and moſt traiterous Band
Of Rebels, who ſhook off Allegiance,
And 'gainſt their Sovereign did bold Arms advance;

Intic'd her to their Party, and deſtroy'd
All thoſe rare Priviledges ſhe injoy'd.
Which grand offence did ſo the King diſpleaſe,
That ſhe his wrath by no means could appeaſe;
Nor had ſhe any Friend to ſpeak a word,
To ſtay the Tortures of the Flaming Sword.
No purpoſe 'twas, alas! for her to plead,
Why Sentence ſhould not againſt her proceed;
Who well knew in her conſcience 'twas but right
She ſhould thenceforth be baniſht from his ſight,
And his moſt glorious Face behold no more,
As ſhe with Joy had ſeen it heretofore.
The rightful Sentence paſſed, though ſevere,
Which might ſtrike dead the trembling Soul to hear,
Exil'd ſhe was from him with fearful Ire,
And laid obnoxious to Eternal fire:
Turn'd out of all her Glory with a curſe,
No ſtate of Mortal Creatures could be worſe.
And now ſhe's forc'd to wander to and fro,
Finding no reſt, nor knowing what to do.
A foreign ſoile, alas! ſhe muſt ſeek out,
And where to hide her ſelf ſhe looks about.
A wretched Fugitive ſhe ſtraight became,
A ſhame unto her ſelf, to all a ſhame.
Yet this vile wretched Creature, ſo forlorn,
The Subject of contempt and general ſcorn,
She, ſhe's the Object of this Prince's Love,
She 'tis to whom his warm Affections move.
'Twas in her fallen ſtate he caſt his eye,
Although he lov'd her from Eternity.

Who

Who wandring thus into a Foreign Land,
Far off of him: he ſoon did underſtand
There was no other thing for him to do,
But muſt a Journy take, and thither go.
If he'l accompliſh this his great Deſign,
Of making Love, a Love that's moſt divine.
The Father now doth part which his dear Son,
Who's all on fire, and zealous to be gone:
And what though it a grievous Journy be,
Its bitterneſs he is reſolv'd to ſee.
His high Atchievements nothing ſhall prevent,
His mind and purpoſe is ſo fully bent,
That he in his own Kingdom will not ſtay
One Minute after the appointed Day.

But that you may more fully yet diſcover
The matchleſs flames of this moſt glorious Lover,
Permit us to preſent unto your view,
The Court he left, the Dungeon he went to.

The Kingdom, where this High-born Prince did dwell,
All other Countries vaſtly doth excel,
Its Glory ſplendid is and infinite,
It cannot be beheld with fleſhly ſight.
Ten thouſand Suns, ten thouſand times more bright
Then ours is, could never give ſuch light.
None ever there beheld a Cloud, nor ſhall;
Nor ever was there any Night at all.
No cold or heat did ever there diſpleaſe,
No pain nor ſorrow there, nor no diſeaſe.

No

No thirst nor hunger there do any know,
Nor any foes to seek their overthrow,
Disturb their peace, or them i'th least annoy;
Nor is there any Devil to destroy.
And if one would that Kingdom search about,
There is no finding of one poor Man out.
No sooner any such do thither get,
But on their Heads a glorious Crown is set.
Congratulating Angels round them wait,
And cloath them all in long white Robes of State.
They live in boundless Bliss, with such content,
It raises Joy unto a Ravishment.
There's Rivers too of Pleasures, fil'd to'th Brim,
In which the Prophets and Apostles swim.
There Beauty fadeth not, nor Strength decayes;
No weary old Age, neither end of Dayes.
Impossible it is for them to dye,
Whose Souls have tasted Immortality.
All there is Love, and Sempiternal Joys,
Whose sweetness neither gluts, nor fullness cloys.
Friends always by; for absence is not known,
Their loss, or departure, none can bemoan.
Within the confines of this blisfull Land
There doth a spacious foursquare City stand,
The noblest Structure 'tis that e're was rais'd,
By men admired, or by Angels prais'd.
The Founder of it was a mighty King;
Yet without hands t'was built, amazing thing!
As for th' Marterials, which did it prepare
From a good Author this description hear:

The

The Luke-warm Blood of a dear Lamb being ſpilt,
To Rubies turn'd, whereof its parts were built;
And what dropt down in a kind gellied Gore,
Became rich *Saphire*, and did pave her Floor.
The Brighter flames that from his *Eyeballs* ray'd,
Grew *Chryſolites*, whereof her walls were made.
The Milder glances ſparkled on the ground,
And grounſild every Door with *Diamond:*
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A Battlement of pureſt *Sardonix.*
Its Streets with Burniſht *Gold* are paved round,
Stars lye like *Pebbles* ſcattered on the ground.
Pearl mixt with *Onyx*, and the *Jaſper* Stone,
The *Citizens* do alwayes tread upon.
Here he with's Father in great ſtate did ſit,
Whilſt millions bow'd themſelves unto his Feet.
Here 'twas he kept his Court, here was his Throne,
From hence through all the World his Glory ſhone.
And if ought could unto his Greatneſs add,
Mark what a rich Retinue there he had.
He Servants kept of very high Degree,
Who did bow down to him continually.
Though they were Nobles all, and far more high
Than proudeſt of the *Roman* Monarchy;
And mighty great in Power too are they;
For one alone did no leſs Number ſlay
Than near two hundred thouſand in one night,
Of Valaint Souldiers, trained up to fight.
Theſe Troops ſtill ready ſtood at his command,
To execute his will in every Land.

Of

Of them he'd an Innumerable Hoſt,
Though ſome of them in ancient times were loſt:
Yet the ſelected number Millions were,
Who ſtill to him do true Allegiance bear:
True Love and Zeal burn'd in their breaſts, like fire
To do his Will's their buſineſs and deſire:
'Tis his great Int'reſt which they wholly mind,
Aiding his Friends, whoſe welfare they deſign'd:
And likewiſe evermore to fruſtrate thoſe,
Who did their Prince's Soveraignty oppoſe.
Their Nature's quick and clear, as Beams of light:
Creatures too pure for Mortals groſſer ſight.
And if we ſhall conſider well their worth,
Meer Empty Nothings are all Kings 'oth Earth,
When to theſe Servants they compared be;
So much excells their glorious Dignity.
What of their Sovereign Lord then ſhall we ſay,
On whom they do attend both night and day?
When they before his dazling Throne appear,
Their Heav'nly faces ſtraightway cover'd are,
As if not able on his Face to look;
Or elſe with glorious bluſhings, Heaven-ſtruck.

Such, ſuch his Court, ſuch his Attendants were:
Who could with this great Prince of light compare?
Oh what Celeſtial Glory didſt thou leave,
Almoſt beyond mans credence to believe!
That thou ſhouldſt thus thy Fathers houſe forſake,
And ſuch a tedious diſmal Journey make!

Could

Could not that charming Melody above,
Allure thy thoughts and, hinder thy remove?
Oh no! there's nothing can retard thy Love.
Hark how the glorious *Seraphims* do ſing,
Whoſe warbling notes do make the Heavens ring!
What Mortals ever did ſuch Muſick hear?
Spirits made perfect, are quite raviſht there.
Oh! how they liſten whilſt the Strains riſe higher,
And joyning gladly with th'All-charming Quire,
Sing forth aloud, inſpired with his flame,
All Glory, Glory, Glory to his Name.
One ſtrain of this Celeſtial Harmony,
Could Mortals hear, they ſoon would thither fly:
They ſtraight would ſhake off all their carnal ſhackles
And quit theſe dull and loathſom Tabernacles;
Like towring Larks, ſtill upwards would they ſoar,
And raviſhed, would think of Earth no more:
Or like to herds of Cattel, great and ſmall,
They'd leave their feedings, and run thither all.
But yet could not this lovely Paradiſe,
Theſe Honours, or this Melody intice
The love-ſick Prince unto a longer ſtay,
So much he longed for the Marriage day:
No thing could his Deſign divert, or move;
So conſtant was he in his Royal Love.

His Travels next will you be pleas'd tohear
Which raiſes wonder in me to declare.
Ten thouſand millions, and ten thouſand more
Of Angel-n.eaſur'd Lea¿ues from th'Eaſtern ſhore:

Of

Of Dunghil Earth this glorious Prince did come.
Did ever Lover go so far from Home
To seek a Spouse? What brave Heroick Spirit
That e're did love of vertuous Princes merit,
Would not have found his trembling heart to ake,
So vast an Enterprize to undertake;
Such dangers to expose himself unto,
Such pleasure, and such glory to fore-go!
But some 'tis like may ask a question here,
Unto what Parts or Region did he steer?
Or whither did he travel, whither go?
A very needful thing for all to know.
Was't to some *Goshen*-Land, of precious Light?
Or in to some *Elysian* Fields, which might
With Boundless Pleasures thither him invite?
Was it a Kingdom somewhat like his own
For Bliss and Glory? or what kind of one
Was this strange Land, to which this Lover went
To find the Soul, forc'd into Banishment?

Alas! dear Sirs! this may you still amaze,
And to a higher Pitch your wonder raise.
As far as Darkness differs from the Light,
Or doleſom Earth falls short of Heaven so bright;
As Heavens higher are than Earth or Seas,
A thousand times, ten thousand of Degrees;
So far that place where this sweet Prince did dwell
The other (to which he travel'd) did excel.
As that transcends for loveliness most rare:
So this in wickedness exceeds compare.

*Egypt*

*Egypt* was once a dark and doleſom place,
When no one could behold his brother's face.
Though there the ſacred ſtories plainly tel't,
The darkneſs was ſo great, it might be felt.
Yet was that but a figure, you muſt know,
Of the black horror of this Land of Wo,
Whither the wretched wandring Soul was gone,
And whence her Lover now muſt fetch her home:
It was indeed an howling Wilderneſs,
A Region of diſpair, and all diſtreſs:
Where *Dragons*, *Wolves*, *Lyons*, and ravenous Beaſts
Had their cloſe Dens, and Birds of Prey their Neſts.
Beſides, throughout the ruinated Land
A Black and fearful King had great Command,
Who had revolted many years before
From his Liege Lord, and to him ſince has bore
Moſt cruel ſpight and curſ'd malignity,
Aſſuming to himſelf the Soveraignty;
The greatſt Uſurper that e're being had:
*Sylla*, nor *Nero* never were ſo bad.
For 'tis well known he was th'original Syre
Of Tyrants all, and taught them to aſpire;
Ambitious through the World to ſpread his Arms,
He fill'd the Earth with Blood and ſad Alarms:
And like a ravenous Lyon rang'd about
To ſeek his Prey, and find new Conqueſts out.
Full of State-Policies, and Subtil wiles:
Where's Force attempts in vain, his Fraud beguiles.

Moſt

Most cruel to those Slaves he can betray,
And yet the Fools, besotted to his sway,
Court their own ruine, and blindly obey.
His Antient Lord he hated most of all,
And such as were his offspring, great and small,
He was resolv'd to be reveng'd upon,
And them for to destroy e're he had done,
From whence his name was call'd *Apollyon.*
A name which doth his Nature full express,
And you of him thereby my further guess.
This greedy *Dragon*, hungry of his prey,
With *wide-stretcht Jawes* stood waiting for the day,
When this dear Prince should comes nay for the hour,
That so he might him instantly devour.
Oh Tyrant Love! dost thou no pity take!
Wilt thou the *PHÆNIX* of both worlds thus make
A prey to such a Fiend, who by some snare
Hopes to entrap this long expected Heir,
And then to take Possession, and alone
Rule on an undisturbed Hellish Throne?
See how the Troops of his Infernal Power
Combine, this Sacred Person to devour.
Needs must that be a sad and dismal Land,
Where this damn'd Monster hath so great Comand.
What Prince would come from such a Mount of bliss
Unto a Cave, where Poysonous Serpents hiss?
Come from his Father's Bosom where he lay,
To be the *Wolves* and *Dragons* chiefest prey?
To leave his glorious Robes and Cloth of Gold,
And clothed be with Raggs and Garments old!

From

From ruling men and Devils, now to be
Tempted by both of them, ſcarce ever free?
To leave a Paradiſe of all Delight,
And come into a Land as black as night?
A glorious Crown and Kingdom to forſake,
That he his bed might on a Dunghil make?
To leave a ſweet and quiet Habitation,
To come into a rude diſtracted Nation?
Where Wars, Blood, and Miſeries abound,
Where neither Truth, nor Faith, nor Peace is found?
To leave his Friends, who loved him moſt dear,
To dwell with ſuch asmortal hatred bear
To him, and to his bleſſed Father, and
All ſuch as do for them moſt faithful ſtand?
To come ſo many Millions of long miles
To be involv'd in Troubles and ſad Broils?
And all this for a Creature poor and vile,
A Traiterous Vagabond, and in Exile?
Yea, one that ſtill remain'd a ſtubborn foe,
Hating both him and his bleſt Father too?
Who ponders all in extaſy, can't miſs
To cry out, *Oh! what manner of Love is this?*
Sure this is Love that may our Souls amaze,
And to the height our wondring Spirits raiſe,
In grateful Hymns to celebrate its praiſe.

## CHAP. II.

*Shewing what entertainment the Prince of Light met with at his first arrival. How there being no room for him in the Inn, he was forced to lie in the Stable, and make his bed in the Manger. As also how he having laid aside his Glorious and Princely Robes, was not known by the people of that Country; and how he was wronged, and abominably abused by them.*

AWake my Muse! I hear the Prince is come;
Go and attend him, view the very Room
Where he at first doth lodg: see how they treat
A King, whose Pow'r is so exceeding great.
Much Rumor of his coming, I am told,
Was spread abroad amongst them there of old,
And many waiting for him, long'd to see
What kind of King and Person he should be.
Oh! what provision now to entertain
Him did they make? my Soul's in grevious pain
To hear of this. Doth not the Trumpet sound,
And Joy and melody sweetly abound
I'th hearts of all, who heard of this good News?
How did they carry't to him, or how use
This lovely One, whom Angels do adore,
And Glorious Seraphims fall down before?

A

Ah! how methinks ſhould they now look about
Some curious ſtately Structure to find out,
Some Prince's Palace for his Reſidence,
Or ſtrong fair Caſtle for his ſafe Defence!
Don't people leap for Joy, whil'ſt Angels ſing,
To welcome in their long expected King?
Do not the Conduits through all ſtreets combine,
In ſtead of Water, wholly to run Wine?
Do not great Swarms of people 'bout him fly,
Like to ſome ſtrange and glorious Prodigy?

What dos't thou ſay, my Muſe, Art wholly mute?
Doth this not with thy preſent purpoſe ſuit?
Ah! yes, it does, but how ſhal't be expreſt?
The grief that ſeizes on my panting Breaſt,
My heart into a trembling fit doth fall,
To think how he contemned was of all.
The Savage Monſters did this Prince reject,
And treat him with affronts and diſreſpect:
When he for them had taken all this pain,
They neither would him know nor entertain:
The very Inn, where firſt he went to lie,
For to vouchſafe him Lodging did deny.
No Room (alas!) had they; but if 'twere ſo
He would be there, to th' Stable he muſt go.
To'th' Stable then goes he contentedly,
Without the leaſt reflection or reply.
The ſilly Aſs, and labouring Ox muſt be
Companions now to Sacred Royalty;

Expos'd by Greater Brutes, he muſt ( alas )
Take up with the Dull-Oxe, and painful Aſs,
Who their great Maker and Preſerver was;
And in the Manger's forc'd to make his bed,
Without one Pillow to ſupport his Head.
Let Heav'n aſtoniſht, Earth amazed be
At this ungrateful Inhumanity
Let Seas riſe up in heaps, and after quit
Their Courſe, theſe Barbarous people to affright.
Oh! what a mighty condeſcention's here!
What ſtory may with this, *with this*, compare?
Is this the entertainment, they afford!
And this a Palace for ſo great a Lord!
Is this their kindneſs to ſo dear a friend!
Do they him to a filthy Stable ſend!
Isthat a Chamber ſuiting his Degree!
Or fit the Manger ſhould allotted be,
For him to lay his Glorious Body in,
( Of whom the Prophet ſaith *he knew no Sin?* )
Whoſe footſtool's Earth, and Heaven is his Throne.
What ne're a better Bed for ſuch an one!
That has ſo vaſt a Journey undertook,
And for their ſakes ſuch Glory too forſook!
Is this great Prince with ſuch mean Lodging pleas'd,
So that he may of love-ſick pains be eas'd!
O what a Lover's this! Almighty Love!
How potently doſt thou affections move!
What ſhall a Prince be thus ore-come by thee,
And brought into contempt to this degree!

Sur

Sure this may melt an heart of hardeſt Stone,
When 'tis conſider'd well and thought upon.
But no leſs worthy note is it to hear
The manner how this Soveraign did appear.
Was it in Pomp and outward Splendor bright?
Which doth the ſenſual heart of man invite,
To caſt a view, and deep reſpect to ſhow,
As unto haughty Monarchs here they do:
Like to a Prince, or like himſelf, did he
His beams diſplay that every eye might ſee
In his bleſt Face moſt radiant Majeſty?
No, no, ſo far was he from being proud,
That he thought fit his Glories all to ſhroud;
And, like the Sun, invelop'd in a Cloud,
Did vail his Heav'nly Luſtre, would not make
Himſelf of Reputation, for the ſake
Of that poor Soul he came for to ſeek out:
He ſaw 'twas good, that he might work about
His bleſt Deſign, himſelf thus to deny,
And ſhew a pattern of humility.
His glorious Robes he freely did lay off,
Though thereby made th' object of men's ſcoff,
Who viewing his deſpiſed mean condition,
Welcom'd him with contempt, ſcorn, and deriſion:
For 'twas with form of a poor ſervant he
Appear'd to all, the very low'ſt degree,
Which amongſt all the ſons of *Adam* are
And doth not this ſtill wondrous Love declare!
The people of that Country too I find
To groſs miſtakes ſo readily inclin'd,

They judg'd him a poor Carpenters Son born,
And ſtigmatiz'd him with it in great ſcorn.
Nay, ſome affirm he worked at the Trade,
For which they did him mightily upbraid.
How ever this we muſt to all proclaim,
He that all Riches had, moſt poor became;
That ſo the Soul through his ſad poverty
Might be enriched to Eternity.
The *Foxes* of the Earth, and Birds of th' Air
Had more (alas!) than fell unto his ſhare.
In holes the one, in neſts the other fed;
But he, (poor he!) no where to lay his head.
Not one poor Cottage had this precious King,
Although the rightful Heir of every thing.
The meaneſt man almoſt of *Adam's* Race
Seem'd to be in as good, nay better caſe,
Reſpecting outward Wealth and Glory here;
Thoſe things no Price in his affections bear.
Silver and Gold (the Muckworm Wordling's Gods)
He knew to be but more refined Clods
Of that ſame Earth, which he himſelf had made
Ripe by a Sun, ſcarce fit to be his ſhade.
No Mony, doubtleſs, had this Prince at all
In purſe or coffer: for, when ſome did call
For *Cæſars* Tribute, then, behold, muſt he
Diſpatch in haſte a Servant to the Sea
In an uncertain Fiſhes mouth to ſpy
A piece of Coyn (Oh wondrous Treaſury!)
With which he ſtraight did *Cæſars* Tribute pay.
(Though ſmall Engagement on the Children lay)
Rath

Rather than hee'l be diſobedient thought,
To raiſe the Tax, a Miracle is wrought.
But here tis like ſome may deſire to know
The cauſe why he abas'd himſelf ſo low?
The *Anſwer* to which *Query's* very plain;
His Errand ſo requir'd, if he'd obtain
The Soul, for whom his Country he did leave,
He of his Glory muſt himſelf bereave.
'Twas Love that brought him into this diſguiſe,
To come *incognito* to haughty Eyes,
To lay aſide awhile his Robes of State,
And thus in *Pilgrims* weeds upon her wait:
Without this Form aſſum'd, theſe Raggs put on,
The mighty Work could never have been done.
She grov'ling lay below, unable quite
Once to aſpire unto his Glorious Sight.
Therefore muſt he a Garb ſuitable take
To raiſe her up, and his dear Conſort make;
He muſt deſcend, that ſhe might mount above,
And joyn in a fit Entercourſe of Love.
So the kind Sun beams do the *Dunghil* gild,
That it to Heaven may Exalations yeild,
With pregant Show'rs to fertilize the Field.

## CHAP. III.

*Shewing how upon the arrival of the glorious Prince, the Vice-Roy of that Country contrived in a barbarous maner to take away his Life. And of the horrid Massacre that fell out upon it in the Town of* Bethlehem. *And how the Prince escaped and fled nto* Egypt. *Also discovering how the Creature he came to be a Suiter to was preingaged by the black King to the Monster of deformity, a Bastard of his own begetting, called Lust. And of the great and fearful battel that fell out between the Prince of Light, and* Apollyon *Prince of Darkness; and how* Apollyon *was over-come and, after three amazing Incounters, forc'd to fly.*

THough Goodness still's oppos'd by envious Hate
Vertue( like Palms ) thrives by th' oppressing
Our Princes Welcome is in part expresst, (weight
But what ensues is worse than all the rest.
Of his sad usage further I'le declare,
And the curs'd cruel Foes he met with there.
No sooner flutt'ring Fame the news had told
Of his arrive; and that some Seers of old
(Heralds of Fate) proclaim'd him on Record
To be a high-born Prince, and mighty Lord:

Bu

But preſently the Voyce-Roy of that Land
Was fill'd with Indignation on each hand;
Fearing, 'tis like, he might depoſed be,
Or much diminiſhtin his Dignitie;
That this great ſtranger might aſſume his Crown,
Or quite eclipſe his periſhing Renown.
For when the Sun doth riſe and ſhine ſo clear,
The Moon and Stars do all ſtraight diſappear.
Not knowing what ſtrange evils might ariſe;
He therefore did a bloody Plot deviſe.
Such was his Rage and undeſerved ſpight,
He needs would butcher this ſweet Lamb of Light;
Who though to none he thought one dram of ill,
Yet he reſolves his precious Blood to ſpill:
But failing of one Treacherous Deſign,
He and his Gang do in a worſe combine:
Which was by ſtrict Inquiries for to hear,
When this bright Star did firſt to men appear?
That ſo he might exactly know the Day
When he arriv'd, and in a Manger lay.
Which known, to make all ſure he ſtraight contrives
To ſacrifice a thouſand harmleſs Lives,
And kill the *Mules*, yea every one of them
Which had been born in famous *Bethlehem*,
From two years old or under, ever ſince
The late prediction of this new-born Prince.
Judging this way ('tis like) might be the beſt
To cut off him, unknown, amongſt the reſt.
Which horrid Maſſacre he brought to paſs,
And one more bloody ſure there never was:

If Circumstances were but weighed well,
Both what they were, and why that day they fell
On the poor Babes; they no compassion have,
But hurle them from the Cradle to the Grave.
The weeping Mothers rais'd a swelling flood
Of their own tears, mixt with their Childrens blood;
In every street are heard most dismal Cries,
Be wailing those untimely Obsequies:
As had been prophetied long before,
By *Rachel's* moans, refusing to give o're;
She sighs, and weeps, and has no comfort yet,
Because her hopeful Children now are not.
Great was the slaughter; yet their hopes were croſt,
The precious Prey these raging Blood-hounds lost:
For th' Prince of Peace had notice of this thing,
And fled to *Egypt* from this wrathful King;
And there remaining, graciously was fed,
Until this Savage Murderer was dead.
And when he heard what had that wretch befel,
He hastned back to'th Land of *Israel.*
But news being brought of *Archilaus's* Raign,
Soon found it needful to remove again.
So being warn'd of God, to *Galilee*
He turn'd aside; and there at present we
Shall leave him, whilst we may more fully hear
The great design of this his coming there.
Some possibly may say, was't not to take
Unto himself a Kingdom, and so make
Himself Renowned, Great and very High,
Above each Prince and Earthly Monarchy?

Was't

Was't not to take the Crowns of every King,
And all their Glory to the Duſt to bring,
To ſet their *Diadems* on his own head,
That ſo the Nations might be better led?
Was't not to take Revenge upon his Foes,
And grind to Powder all that him oppoſe?
Was it not to commence his glorious Raign,
That ſo he might the pride of Nations ſtain?
*Herod*, tis like, as you before did hear,
Such things might dream, and it might vainly fear:
But wholly groundleſs: for (alas) he came
Not as a King to puniſh, but a *Lamb*,
To offer up in ſacrifice his Life,
To put an end to all tormenting ſtrife,
And only gain a poor, but long'd-for Wife.
His ſole deſign, I told you, it was Love,
'Twas that alone which brought him from above,
Theſe hardſhips, and theſe pains to undergo,
And many more, which yet we have to ſhow:
For theſe are nothing, in compariſon
Of thoſe which muſt be told e're we have done.

He in thoſe parts had been but thirty year,
And little had he don that we can hear
About obtaining of the Creatures love,
But glorioufly did then the matter move,
Unto the Soul, who little did it mind,
For ſhe (alas) was otherwiſe inclin'd:
For the Black King that had uſurp'd that Land,
An Ill ſhapt Baſtard had, of proud command,

Whom

Whom having dreſt up in a much Gallantry,
He did appear ſo pleaſant in her Eye,
That he before had her affections won,
And in her heart eſtabliſhed his Throne;
Though he deſign'd no leſs than to betray
And murder her in an inſidious way:
Of which the ſilly Soul was not aware,
But fondly blind could not diſcern the ſnare.
Too like (alas) to many now a dayes,
Whom fawning words and flattery betrays.
This Imp of Darkneſs, and firſt-born of Hell
Transform'd by Witchcraft, and a curſed Spell,
Like a brisk gawdy Gallant now appears,
And ſtill falſe locks, and borrowed Garments wears:
Then boldly ſets upon her, and with ſtrong
And ſweet lip'd Rhetorick of a Courtly tongue
Salutes her Ears, and doth each way diſcover
The Amorous Language of a wanton Lover.
He ſmiles, he toyes, and now and then lets fly
Imperious glances from his luſtful Eye;
Adorns her Orient Neck with Pearly charms,
And with rich Bracelets decks her Ivory Arms:
Boaſts the extent of his Imperial Power,
And offers Wealth and worldly pleaſure to her.
Jocund he ſeem'd, and full of ſprightly Mirth,
And the poor Soul never inquir'd his Birth.
She lik'd his Face, but dream't not of the Dart
Wherewith he waited to tranſfix her Heart.
There is no foe to ſuch a Dalilaw,
As pretends love, yet ready is to draw

The

The Poysonous Spear, and with a treacherous kiss
Bereaves the Soul of everlasting Bliss.
If you would know this treacherous Monster's name
(As you before have heard from whence he came)
'Tis he by whom thousands deceiv'd have bin,
Heav'ns foe, and Satan's cursed Off-spring, *SIN.*
A violater of all Righteous Laws,
And one that still to all Uncleaness draws;
Author of Whoredomes, Perjuries, Disorders,
Thefts, Rapines, Blood, Idolatries, and Murders.
From whom all Plagues, and all Diseases flow!
And Death it self to him his be'ng doth ow.
This Monster of Pollution, the undone
Poor Soul too long had been enamour'd on;
And by the Craft his Sire *Apollyon* lent,
Doubted not to obtain her full Consent.
But when *Apollyon* saw this Prince of Peace,
His wrathfull spight against him did encrease:
So brave a Rival he could not endure,
But sought all means his Ruine to procure.
Shall I, saith he, thus lose my hop'd-for prey,
See my Designs all blasted in one day,
Which I have carried on from Age to Age,
With deepest Policy, and fiercest Rage?
My utmost Stratagems I first will try,
And rather on the very Spot lie dye.
Thus Hellishly resolv'd, he does prepare
Straight to commence the bold and Impious War,

And

And now the sharp Encounter does begin
A Fight so fierce no eye had ever seen,
Nor shall hereafter ere behold agen.
But first be pleas'd to take a prospect here,
Of the two Combatants as they appear:
The first a Person of Celestial Race,
Lovely his shape, ineffable his Face;
The frown with which he struck the trembling Fiend
All smiles of humane Beauty did transcend:
His head's with Glory arm'd, and his strong hand
No power of Earth or Hell can long withstand.
He heads the mighty Hosts in Heav'n above,
And all on Earth, who do *Jehovah* love.
His Camp's so great, they many millions are,
With whom no one for Courage may compare,
They are all chosen men, and cloath'd in white,
Ah! to behold them, what a lovely sight
Is it! And yet more grave and lovely far
To joyn and make one in this Holy War.
The other was a King of Courage bold,
But very grim and ghastly to behold;
Great was his power, yet his garb did show
Sad Symptoms of a former overthrow:
But now recruited with a numerous Train,
Arm'd with dispair, he tempts his fate again.
Under his Banner the black Regiments fight,
And all the Wicked Troops which hate the light:
His Voluntiers are spread from North to South,
And flaming Sulphur belches from his Mouth.

Such

Such was the grand Importance of their fight,
It did all eyes on Earth and Heaven invite
To be spectators, and attention lend:
So much did ne're on any Field depend;
No not *Pharsalia's Plains*, where *Cæsar* fought,
And the Worlds Empire at one conquest caught.
Alas, the Issue of that famous Fray,
May not compare with this more fatal Day.

Should the Black monstrous Tyrant Prince prevail,
The Hearts and hopes of all man-kind must fail:
But above all, she who caus'd their contest
Would be more miserable than all the rest;
Shee, she, poor soul! for ever were undone,
And never would have help from any one;
Twas for Her sake alone the War begun.

Some fabulous Writers tell a wonderous story,
And give I know not what St. *George* the Glory
Of rescuing bravely a distressed Maid
From a strange *Dragon*, by his Generous aid.
This I am sure our blessed Captain fought
With a fierce *Dragon*, and Salvation wrought
For her, who else had been devoured quite
By that Old *Serpents* subtility and spight.
But now tis time their Combate to display
Behold the Warriers ready in Array.
*Apollyon* well stor'd with crafty wit
Long time had waited for a season fit,
That so he might some great advantage get.

And knowing well the Prince of Light had fasted
Ful forty days, then presently he hasted
To give him Battle, and a Challenge makes,
Which no less cheerfully Christ undertakes.
The King of Darkness the first onset gave,
Thinking his foe to startle, or out-brave.
He flung at him a very cruel Dart,
And aym'd to hit him just upon the Heart.
He'd have him doubt or question, if twere so?
Whether he were the Son of God or no?
But the blest Lord did use his Sword so well,
That down the others weapons straight way fell:
It made him reel, and forc'd him back to stand,
And beat his Lance at once out of his hand.
At which this disappointed wrathful King
Doth gnash his threatning teeth, and shews his sting;
Is mad and foams, and fain the Dog would bite:
He swells like to a *Toad*, enough to fright
A mortal man, on him to cast an eye
And then breaks out with sad and hideous cry.

*Apollyon King of Darkness.*

Shall I be foiled thus? or thus give o're,
Whom never any could yet stand before?
Have not the Mighty fallen by my hand,
Enforc'd to yeild to me in every Land?
Whole Kingdoms (*Sir*) have trucled to my pow'r:
If once I'm mov'd, Millions I can devour.

Nay

Nay, with one ſtroke, thou very well doſt know,
I all the World at once did overthrow.
My very Name is frightful unto all,
Who trembling fly, if I upon them fall.
My voyce is like unto a mighty Thunder;
And with a word I keep the Nations under.
See how they faint, and ſhrink, and ſhreek for fear,
If of my coming once they do but hear:
They quiver all, and like a Leaf do ſhake,
And dare not ſtand when I approaches make.
Beſides all this, much more I have to boaſt:
Which of the Champions of thy Earthly Hoſt
Have I not overcome, and put to flight?
None ever able were with me to fight.
*Noah* that Servant (Holy Juſt) of thine,
I did o'recome by'th juce of his own Vine:
And Righteous *Lot* I next may reckon up,
A Trophy unto my victorious Cup,
Whereby he into Inceſt fell two Times:
And theſe thou know'ſt are no Inferiour Crimes.
Thy *Jacob* too, though he could wreſtle well,
Yet by my Arm moſt grievouſly he fell:
And ſo likewiſe did his moſt Zealous Mother:
By Lies I made him to ſupplant his Brother.
*Joſeph* for thee, although he was ſincere,
I quickly taught by *Pharoah's Life* to ſwear.
And *Judah*, from whoſe Loins thou doſt proceed,
I worſted much, do but the Story read.
*Moſes* himſelf, thy Captain Generall,
By me receiv'd a ſhrew'd and diſmal fall,

Although so meek, when I did him engage,
I mov'd him into passion and great rage,
By which I did so vex his troubl'd mind,
That he could not the Land of Promise find.
*Sampson* was very strong, I know, yet he
Was overcome by *Dalilah* and me.
And *David*, though a King, and most devout,
Sustain'd by me almost a total Rout;
Although he slew a *Lyon*, and a *Bear*,
And my *Goliah* likewise would not spare,
But with his sling that Champion did destroy,
Who did the Camp of *Israel* annoy:
For all these mighty Acts, when once I came
To try his strength, I brought him unto shame:
The people numbred, and his God forsaken,
By Adult'ry and Murder over-taken.
And *Solomon*, a mighty King and wise,
Did I by force and subtilety surprize;
I planted for him such a curious Net,
As soon Intangled his unwary feet;
*Strange Womens charms* withdrew his heart from thee
To doting Lust, and curs'd Idolatrie.
The time would fail me, should I number all
The Noble Worthies, I have caus'd to fall.
Ne're any yet upon the Earth did dwell,
But by my conquering sword they vanquisht fell.
And thinkst thou, Man, that I to thee will yield,
When flesht with Vict'ories, basely quit the Field.
Mistake not thus, Ile have the other blow,
I want no strength nor Courage thou shalt know.

*Prince*

*Prince of Light.*

Thy pride, *Apollyon*, and thy Helliſh Rage,
Long ſince thy utter Downfal did preſage.
Vain are thy Boaſts, theſe Rants no good will doe,
I know thou art a cowardly bragging Foe.
Forbear with Lies my Servants to condemn,
'Twere only *foils*, not *falls*, thou gaveſt them.
Lurking in Secret, thou didſt treacherouſly
At unawares ſometimes upon them fly;
But rallying ſtraight they did renew the Fight,
Quencht all thy Darts, and ſoon put thee to flight:
And now beyond thy reach, in full renown,
For their reward, enjoy an endleſs Crown.
And though on ſome thou haſt prevail'd too far,
With me thou art unable to wage War.
'Tis for their ſakes that forth my wrath is ſpread;
Thou *bruiſdſt their Heels*, but *I will bruiſe thy Head.*

*Apollyon.*

Stop there I pray, let's try the other Bout,
And ſee if thou canſt me ſo quickly rout.
I am reſolv'd my utmoſt force to try,
For all my hopes I find at Stake do ly:
E're I'le be baffled thus, and loſe my Prey,
Upon thy back ſtill ſharper Strokes I'le lay.

*Prince*

*Prince of Light.*

What is the Cauſe thou art ſo furious now,
And thus on me doſt bend thy Brazen brow?
What is thy fear? why doſt thou rage? or why
Doſt tremble thus, and look ſo gaſhfully?
Why doth thy fading Colour come and go?
Speak, Helliſh Fiend! what I command thee, do.

*Apollyon.*

Great Reaſon's for't; I partly underſtand
The Cauſe why thou art come into this Land:
And having found what thy intentions are,
Needs muſt the ſame me terrify and ſcare.
I do perceive what did thee chiefly move
To leave the Glory which thou hadſt above;
'Twas love that thou didſt to a Creature bear,
Which unto me in truth is very dear;
And I will make my gliſtering Spear to bend,
E're I to thee in this will condeſcend;
Before I will her loſe, I'le tear and roar,
And all Infernal Pow'rs I will Implore,
That I Aſſiſtance of them may obtain,
Againſt a Foe I do ſo much diſdain.

*Prince*

*Prince of Light.*

But why ſhould this ſtir up thy helliſh rage,
If I in love am moved to engage
The precious Soul, and her betroth to me,
What wrong can that (vile monſter) do to thee?
Thy horrid pride hath wrought thy overthrow,
And thou wouldſt fain have her be damned too.
But know this Match in Heav'n's made, & thy hand
Can not prevent nor break this Sacred Band.

*Apollyon.*

She's preingag'd to one, whom I do Love,
And I concern'd am; for 'twas I did move
The queſtion to her, did firſt the Contract make,
And I'm reſolv'd ſhe never ſhall it break.
The party too is my own offspring dear,
And I to him moſt true Affections bear:
And reaſon there is for't, 'twas he alone
Founded my Kingdom, and firſt rais'd my Throne.
'Tis he who every where doth for me ſtand,
Yea and maintains my Cauſe in every Land.
My Subjects he brings in both great and ſmall;
Without his Aid ſoon would my Kingdom fall.
And if this contract ſhould be broke, I ſee
But little Service more can he do me.
Blame me not therefore, if I grow inrag'd,
And thus in furious battel am engag'd.

*Prince of Light.*

Thou canſt not hide from me thy curſt deſign,
Moſt horrid hatred is that love of thine.
Thou ſeek'ſt her life, her blood, nought elſe will do
But her moſt deſperate final overthrow.
I likewiſe ſee how the ſad game is laid,
How ſhe by treacherous Loves to *Sin's* betraid:
But I that League reſolve to break aſunder,
Diſſolve your Charms, & quickly bring thee under;
Although I know thou art a Son of Thunder.
I'le ſpoyl all your deſigns, and make appear
That only I that Soul do love moſt dear.
I'le ſpill my deareſt blood upon the Ground,
But your Infernal Plots I will confound.
I am her friend, and will ſo faithful prove,
That all ſhall ſay I'm worthy of her love.
My Life is in my hand. I le lay it down
E're ſhe ſhall miſs of the Eternal Crown.
Thou damned art, and wouldſt (I fully know)
Bring her into the ſame eternal wo:
But know, vile Fiend, 'tis more than thou canſt do,
Unleſs thou can'ſt this day prevail o're me,
Thoſe dreadful Torments ſhe ſhall never ſee.

At this *Apollyon's* parched Lips did quiver,
Theſe words, like darts, ſtruck through his heart and liver,
He gnaw'd his very tongue for pain and wo,
And ſtampt, and foam'd, and knew not what to do,
Till

Till e're a while, like to a Lyon bold,
Upon his Spear he furiously takes hold,
And doth the second time the Lord engage,
With greater violence and fiercer rage.
As when loud Thunder roars, and rends the Skie,
Or murdering Cannons let their Bullets fly:
So did he cause as 'twere the Earth to quake,
When he at him the second time did make;
And by the force of his permitted power,
Snatches him up, as if he would devour
Him, like the prey which hungry Lyons eat;
But not prevailing, down he did him set
Upon a Pinacle 'oth Temple high,
And then again upon him does let fly:
But finding he no hurt to him could do,
He strives him headlong down from thence to throw
Pretending if he were so great an one,
His foot could not be dasht against a Stone.
But then our Prince did draw his Sword again,
Not doubting in the least he should obtain
Another victory against this foe;
And did indeed give him so great a blow,
That he fell down, being forced to give ore,
And shamefully retreated, as before.

Now would one think the Battel quite were done,
And time for the black Prince away to run:
But he reviv'd, and did fresh Courage take;
As men would do, when all doth ly at stake,

And a third Battel was reſolv'd to ſee,
What ere the fatal Conſequence might be.
*Apollyon* now to his laſt ſhift was driven,
Almoſt of all his Magazine bereaven.
But one poor Weapon more he had to try;
If worſted there, reſolved was to fly.
And here indeed God ſuffer'd him once more
To take him up, as he had done before.
Ah! twas a ſight moſt diſmal to behold,
What foe was e're thus impudently bold!
That ſo was baſled, forced to retreat,
And found his Enemie too wiſe and great
A thouſand times for him, yet would eſſay
By force of Arms to carry him away.
Don't Heaven and Earth, and all amazed ſtand
To ſee the Prince of Light in Satan's hand,
Or rather in his Arms carry'd on high,
As if he would have kill'd him ſecretly;
But on a mighty Mountain him he ſet,
Hoping he might ſome great advantage get;
A cunning Stratagem he did deviſe,
Thinking thereby our Saviour to ſurprize,
And him 'orecome by ſubtile Policy,
And that was to preſent unto his Eye
*The Glory of this World*, the only Snare
By which poor Mortals often ruin'd are.
This Helliſh Prince is full of Craft and Wiles,
And with's inventions all the World beguiles.
From him the Politick *Achitophel*,
And our more modern famous *Machivel*,

With

With other States-men learn't their puzling Arts
To plague the World, that Science he imparts,
To imbroil Nat'ions, and cheat honeſt Hearts.
Sly Stratagems in War, moſt wiſe men know
Have oft prevail'd, where Force no good could do.
The Walls ſometimes of Caſtles down do fall,
When n'ere a Bullet hath been ſhot at all,
Unleſs diſcharged from a Silver Gun;
Thouſands (alas!) this way have been undone.
Strong Cities Gates (we know) have open'd been
With Golden Keyes, and Enemies let in,
Which force nor ſtrength could ne're have made to fly,
Nor been broke down by fierceſt Battery.
The *Maxime's* true, which frequently we read,
That Policy doth very far exceed
The Strength and pow'r of great & haughty Kings,
And to ſubjection mighty Nations brings.
But all the Strength, nor Craft, nor power either,
Which Satan hath with all his fiends together,
Could with this Glorious Lord prevail i th leaſt,
Who hath the ſtrength of Heaven to aſſiſt,
And was himſelf Omnipotent in power:
Doth Satan think he can a God devour?
Can fading Glories of vile Earth intice,
Or break his purpoſe off, when Paradiſe
Could not upon him any Influence have,
To turn his love from her he came to ſave?

How ſoon deep Policy is overthrown,
And crafty fraud to fooliſh madneſs come!

Art

Art thou, *Apollyon*, ſuch a wretched Sot?
Haſt thou no other Bait, nor weapon got?
Is this thy wit, and can'ſt thou do no more
Than give him that which was his own before?
How prodigal thou ſeem'ſt? wilt thou beſtow
At once on him all Kingdomes here below?
What then will all thy flattered Subjects do?
If thus thou raſhly giv'ſt them all away,
What wilt thou do thy ſelf another day?
What! is poor *Soul* worth more than all the world?
That all thou haſt ſhall thus away be hurld,
Rather then thou of *Soul* would'ſt be bereav'd?
'Tis time for her to ſee ſhe ben't deceiv'd.
What! all the Kingdoms of the world! Pray who
Did give them all, or any unto you?
Ah! what a Traytor's here! Is't not a ſhame
Before thy Soveraign's face to make a Claim
Unto thoſe Kingdoms, where thou haſt no right?
Thou know'ſt they do belong to'th Prince of light.
Thine if thou call'ſt them, 'tis by Uſurpation,
No other right haſt thou to any Nation.

But we diſcourſe too long: behold a ſight,
*Apollyon* rallies all his ſcattered might.
Now nothing elſe than a full Conqueſt will
The haughty Wretch his wild Ambition fill.
How fain would he Majeſtick Steps have trod,
And worſhip'd be, nay worſhip'd by a God?
But the wiſe *Prince of Light* doth ſtraight advance
To check his bold and vain Extravagance,

Declares

Declares his pow'r, and ſhakes the awfull Rod;
*Thou ſhalt not* (what?) *tempt* (who?) *the Lord thy God?*
This well-plac'd ſtroak did Satan quite confound;
He cannot ſtay, yet's loth to quit the ground.
But ſeeing that he needs muſt now be gone;
Looks back, and grins, and howling, thus goes on.

*Apollyon.*

Although I find thou art for me too ſtrong,
Yet I'le revenged be, for all the wrong
I have ſuſtain'd, either on thee or thine;
For which the powers of Hell ſhall all combine,
T' engage thee in another ſort of Fight,
Although at preſent I am baffled quite.
Moreover, this I further have to ſay,
So long as thou doſt in this Country ſtay,
Be ſure of troubles thou ſhalt have thy fill,
I'le ſett my Servants on thee, and they will,
By help from me, add ſorrows to thy dayes,
Strew all thy Paths with Thorns, and croſs thy ways.
I le render thee as odious as I can,
That thou mayſt be diſown'd by every man.
What I, and all Infernal Powers can do,
To make thee miſerable, or o'rethrow
The great Deſign, which thou art come about,
We are reſolved now to work it out.
And though thou thinkſt this *Soul* for to obtain,
I tell thee now I have her in my Chain;

And

And doubt not but I there ſhall hold her faſt,
Till tired out, thy love be over-paſt.
Nay let me tell thee further in thine Ear,
She unto thee doth perfect hatred bear:
Thee, nor thy Portion doth ſhe like at all,
Although for her thou doſt thy ſelf inthrall,
And into Troubles and afflictions bring:
What wiſe man ever would do ſuch a thing?
What love, where thou no love art like to have,
Tho thou the ſame a thouſand times ſhouldſt Crave?
If this proves not moſt true, then me you ſhall
The Father of Lies hereafter Juſtly call.
Boaſt not this Conqueſt, though I go my way,
I'le meet the better Arm'd another day.
A hideous Clapy of Thunder then was heard,
And ſtreight the curſed Spirit diſappeard.

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CHAP.

# CHAP. IIII.

*Shewing what joy there was in Heaven amongſt the Angels, upon the great Victory obtained over the black King. Shewing alſo how affectionately in a ſweet heavenly manner, the Prince of light after this ſaluted the Soul he came to ſave, for whoſe ſake he had paſſed throw all theſe ſorrows. And how the ungrateful blind & deluded wretch ſlighted and diſpiſed him in her Heart; chooſing rather to hearken to, and ſide with* Apollyon, *King of Darkneſs, and to entertain the Monſter of pollution, ſenſual Luſts, than to become a Spouſe to ſo glorious a Prince; pretending ſhe knew him not, neither would ſhe believe he was the ſon of God, the bleſſed and eternal Potentate; demanding ſigns of him. Shewing upon this what ſtrange and wonderful Miracles he wrought amongſt the people, who notwithſtanding all, went about to kill him. And how he was forc'd to fly from one Country to another, to preſerve his life. And what hardſhips and difficulties he paſſed through, for love he bore to the poor Creature.*

NO ſooner had this Overthrow been given,
But Troops of Angels did deſcend from Hea-
Unto this Prince with great Congratulation, (ven,
Yeilding to him all humble Adoration.

Ah

Ah! how the glorious *Seraphims* did sing,
Bringing fresh Bayes of Triumph to their King.
They come to serve him, as was just and right,
Because his En'emy he hath put to flight.
Let Heaven rejoyce, and Earth resound his praise,
For victory or'e him, who did always
Disturb the Earth, and whom none could withstand;
Such was his strength and force in ev'ry Land.
Now might one hope the Prince from trouble's freed
And quickly will in his Affairs succeed,
Wherein he hath such great obstructions met,
Since first his feet upon the Earth were set.
Kindly he now doth the poor *Soul* salute,
And with such fervency begins his suit;
And in such sort he did himself declare
That none in Woing could with him compare.
No Orator on Earth like him could speak,
So powerfully, and sweet enough to break
And melt a breast of Steel, or heart of Stone,
If well his words be weigh'd and thought upon.
He to this purpose doth salute her Ears
Some times with sighs, sometimes with bitter tears.

*Prince of Light.*

Look unto me, dear Soul! behold 'tis I,
Who lov'd thee deeply from Eternity;
Who at at thy doors do stand, oh let me in,
And do not harken to that Monster, *SIN.*

Refuse

Refuse me not, because my thoughts descend
Below themselves, so far to recommend
My dearest Love to thee; although that I
No Beauty can at all in thee espy:
I love not as your Earthly Lovers doe;
'Tis Beauty that engages them to woo,
Or the great Portion, or the Vertuous mind:
There's none of these in thee that I can find.
Yet my Affections burn, and Love's so much,
No mortal ever did experience such.
Why dost thou frown? Ah doth thy hardned Brow,
Not made at first to wrinkle, wrinkle now?
I am a Person of no mean Degree,
Although my heart is fixt and set on thee.
My Father, who hath sent me, is most high;
He rules above, and all beneath the Sky.
All Kingdoms of this World they are his own,
Whether inhabited, or yet unknown.
To this great Monarch (*Soul*) I am most dear,
What ere he has is mine, I am his Heir,
His choice Delight, his Joy, and only Son,
Moreover, He and I am only one.
My Father is in me, in him am I,
And was with him from all Eternity.
There's many Mansions in his House, and there
Of all Delight thou shalt enjoy thy share.
I'le raise thee unto Honour and Renown,
And arch thy Temples with a radiant Crown:
In Robes of State I'le clothe thee every day,
All glorious within shall thy Array

Be

Be wrought of fineſt needle-work ſo bright,
As ſhall tranſcend and dazle mortals ſight.
Then clear thine Eyes, and purifie thy Mind,
Accept my Love, and to thy ſelf be kind,
All theſe Advantages thou ſure ſhalt find.
But oh! ſuch ſtubborn dulneſs who can bear?
This *Soul* ſeem'd not to mind, or lend an Eare
To any thing the Lord did thus declare;
But lay like one a ſleep or rather dead,
Being by other Lovers falſely led.
She rather entertains him with a ſcoff,
And frames ſlight Anſwers for to put him off;
Would not believe he was of ſuch deſcent;
His ſighs, nor Tears, could move her to relent,
But joyns in League with other bitter Foes,
Who did contemptuouſly his Grace oppoſe.
Signes they demand, and tokens to be given,
To make it known that he was ſent from Heaven.
He graciouſly to this did condeſcend,
That from Reproach he might himſelf defend,
To manifeſt he no Deceiver was,
Strange things in ſight of all he brought to paſs.
The Miracles he wrought did all amaze,
And higheſt wonder in the People raiſe.
The Lame and Impotent he made to walk,
The Blind he caus'd to ſee, the Dumb to talk;
Nay, ſuch as were born blind, he made to ſee;
Which never any did, nor could, but he.
His Love was ſuch, he daily went about
To find the Sick, and the Diſtreſſed out.

All

All kind of ſad Diſeaſes he did heal;
No Friend like him unto the Common-weal.
The *Feaver*, *Phrenſy*, and the *Leproſy*,
Were all remov'd by him moſt ſpeedily;
Yea, *Bloody-fluxes* too by him were cur'd,
When all the Doctors could no help afford:
Though all they had were on *Phyſicians* ſpent,
Yet whole by him they all were *gratis* ſent.
'Twas meer Compaſſion, Bowels, and ſweet Love,
And not Reward, did this *Phyſician* move.
By theſe bleſs'd deeds he ſoon obtain'd a Name,
And all the Country *Eccho'd* with his Fame;
So that vaſt multitudes did daily croud
After Him, and implore his Help aloud.
Poor wretches who with *Devils* were poſſeſt;
And ſorely griev'd, could ſee no hopes of reſt,
Were all deliver'd by his mighty Hand.
Such Pow'r had he Hell's power to Command,
That if he ſaid, *Satan, come out*, ſtraight-way
He forced was this Prince for to obey.
Thus as with ſmalleſt touch he heal'd their Evils,
He with a word *caſt out* the fouleſt *Devils*.
Nay, more than this, that he might quite remove
All doubts from her he did ſo dearly love,
That ſhe might know he power had to ſave,
He *rais'd the dead to Life*, though in the Grave
The Corps had buried been full four days;
This very thing muſt needs his Glory raiſe.
He ſtill went on, and more ſtrange things did do,
Though very few to him did kindneſs ſhow.

Is it not plain he can do what he list,
Who holds the mighty Winds as in his fist?
He that gave bounds unto the Sea and Land,
What is not in his Power to command?
He that doth suck the Clouds out of the Seas,
And makes them fall again where e're he please;
He that doth brake th' amazing Thunder-Crack,
And bid the raging frightful Seas go back;
That doth the dreadful angry Ocean still,
And call Heavn's Meteors to obey his Will;
That counts the Sands, and doth the Stars survey,
And Hills and Mountains in a Ballance weigh;
No other Name for him can be Assign'd,
But God most high, *Jehovah* unconfin'd.
The precious Name, which to this Prince is given,
Shews who he is; he's call'd *The Lord from Heaven.*
Another Title doth the same expres
He is *Jehovah, our Righteousness.*
Do not his Works, and his most glorious Name,
His blessed Nature unto all proclaim?
Shall not the Soul this gracious Lord receive?
Who worketh Wonders, that she may believe.
Sure if the Soul did doubt of his descent,
She now has cause with sorrow to repent.
The vilest *Atheist* it might satisfie,
Touching his glorious Birth and Dignity;
But notwithstanding this those Evil men
In most base sort did this great Prince contemn:
Him impiously they grand Impostor call,
And with foul Blasphemies upon him fall.

Though

Though in his life there was no ſtain nor ſpot,
Yet they would needs his Converſation blot:
*Behold*, ſaid they, *a perſon gluttonous!*
You ſeldom read of any charged thus.
But that's not all, *Drunkenneſs* next did they
Unto the charge of this Juſt Perſon lay.
They did him often a *Wine-bibber* call,
That odious they might render him to all.
His holy Doctrine too they did deſpiſe,
And horrid things on that Account deviſe,
As if he taught all men to violate
God's holy Law, and thereby tolerate
All kind of ſin, pollution, and offence;
Though of the Law he had ſuch reverence,
As none had more, and daily ſhew'd his Love
Unto the ſame, in ſtriving to remove
Thoſe falſe and evil Gloſſes, whereby they
Its purer ſpiritual part had thrown away.
His Company and Country they upbraid,
Yea, and the Education which he had.
But that which may all perſons moſt amaze,
Was thoſe Reports which they of him did raiſe,
As if that he ſome curs'd Familiar had.
They cry, *he hath a Devil, and is mad:*
When he the unclean ſpirits does caſt out,
By th' Prince of Devils he brings it about;
Thoſe ſtrange and wondrous things we ſee are done,
Are all perform'd by *Belzebub* alone.
Thus did *Apollyon* ſhew his helliſh ſpight,
And them to coyn Black-ſlanders ſtill invite,
Againſt this glorious Prince of Peace and Light.

But though they did blaſpheme, and him diſdain,
He bore it all, reviling not again;
But ſtill retains his kindneſs, hopes to find
The Soul hereafter in a better mind.
For now he ſaw ſhe was of ſenſe bereav'd,
And by the Devil grievouſly deceiv'd.
But oh! conſider what a Lover's here,
Who all theſe oft-repeated wrongs would bear,
And not be gone in fury and diſdain,
Leaving her ſubject to Eternal pain.
To ſuffer thus in's Perſon, and his Name,
And undergo all this Reproach and Shame,
And yet continue conſtant in his Love,
This from her breaſt might ſure all ſcruple move;
Nor was this all, for ſtill he's toſt about,
And Malice daily finds new projects out,
How to torment and grieve his tender heart,
Yet nothing could from her his kindneſs part.
They now with ſlie temptations on him ſet,
To draw him in, and ſome Advantage get.
This with kind Anger curled his bleſt Blood,
To ſee how ſtoutly they withſtood their good.
It fill'd his Heart with ſorrow, made him grieve,
They ſo hard-hearted were not to believe;
Tho he moſt mighty works among them wrought,
Yet to enſnare him they occaſions ſought.
Their tempting him, I find did grieve him more,
Than all the vile Affronts he met before.

Here might I ſtop, to reaſon with the *Jews*,
Who him deny, and ſlight the Goſpel news.

May

May not his Miracles convince you quite,
He was the true Messias, *Prince of Light*;
How dare you to deny matter of Fact,
That he those great and mighty things did act?
For they were not in private Corners done,
But before all, in open face 'oth Sun.
Your Fathers might with ease laid o'pe the cheat,
Shame the Imposture, and the plot defeat,
If any grounds they had for to decry,
The Man himself, or his strange works deny.
Besides (you know) *Josephus* he doth own,
There was at that same time such a blest One,
And for him had so great a veneration,
That thus I find of him he makes Relation:
*In the time of* Tiberius's *Reign* (saith he)
*One* JESUS *liv'd, a Man (if't lawful be*
*To call him so) for He strange things did do,*
*Yea mighty Miracles---* This Records show.
But you perhaps in your forefathers stead,
Are apt to think he by the Devil did (read.
Those great and wondrous things of which we
Now this is so absurd, ridiculous,
And vain, 'tis strange men should be cheated thus.
Can any think the God o'th Universe
Would be unfaithful, as to change the course
Of Nature, meerly to assert a Lye?
What Odium here is thrown on's Majesty!
Could Satan all these real Wonders do,
He all Religion quickly might o're-throw:

The fouleſt Errors make the world believe;
And him for the true God men would receive.
This is to ſet the Devil in God's place,
And bring the Holy One into Diſgrace;
T' aſcribe his glorious Attributes to one
That fain would be exalted in the Throne.
What Help or Touchſtone then can Mortals have,
Their precious Souls from Satan's wiles to ſave,
If real Miracles perform he can?
This too would ſhow God mindleſs were of Man:
And *Moſes* who in *Egypt* Wonders wrought,
Might into Shame and great contempt be brought;
If this once granted be, which you would have,
*Moſes* of old your Fathers might deceive.
Why might not he by th' Devil's power do
Thoſe mighty Miracles, which Scriptures Show
He wrought in *Egypt*, and at the *Red-Sea*?
Againſt your Law 'twould be as ſtrong a plea,
And thus both Teſtaments 'twould throw away.
To the Magicians could the Devil have given
Such power as *Moſes* had receiv'd from Heaven,
He would ſuch equal works have made appear;
None ſhould have cry'd, *The finger of God is here.*
But now as *Moſes* did this way confute
His faithleſs foes, who did with him diſpute,
By greater deeds, and all their Arts o're-throw,
The ſelf-ſame thing did *JESUS* alſo do.
The ſtrongeſt Arguments he then did uſe,
For to convince the unbelieving *Jews*,

Were

Were the great Signs & wonders which he wrought,
And did this way refell what e're they thought,
Against his Person, or his Doctrine either,
And they thereby were silenc'd all together:
*My works*, saith he, *to me do witness give,*
*And for their sake you ought me to believe.*
*For if that I such mighty works do'nt do,*
*As none e're did or can pretend unto,*
*Believe me not: but if they witness give,*
*How unexcusable then will they you leave?*
He also had a witness from Great *John*,
Besides his works which were divinely done;
And God himself from Heaven witness bore,
So great a Witness ne're was heard before.
The written Word likewise this Truth did tell,
If they the same would have consider'd well:
And therefore *search the Scriptures*, Sirs, saith he,
*For they are those which testifie of me.*
Thus every way you see the proofs are plain,
He was the true Messias you have slain;
Therefore repent you unbelieving *Jews*;
With fained scandals longer don't abuse
Your blessed Lord, nor 's Gospel more refuse.

The dangerous troubles of the *Prince of Light*,
The scandals that he met with, and the spight;
The hatred by that *Soul* unto him shown,
Whom he design'd the Consort of his Throne;
Her weak pretences for this causeless scorn,
And with what wond'rous patience it was born!

How she receiv'd him with a scornful Brow,
We have in part set forth, and also how
By mighty Signs and Wonders he did prove
Both his divine Ascent, and matchless Love.
But now the *Reader* with attentive Ear,
And longing mind, desires, 'tis like, to hear
How the poor blinded *Soul* behav'd her now:
Does she not straight unto his Scepter bow?
Doth she not yield, and readily consent
To close with him, and heartily repent
She ever did his precious Love abuse,
And such a Proffer wilfully refuse?
He ample proof and witness now hath given,
That he was sent down to her out of Heaven;
His Noble Birth, and Sovereign Dignity
Sure now she can't, nay dares not to deny:
What can she further say, I pray what more
Hath she to urge, to keep him out o'th Door?
Or, has he left her, and will come no more?
What Prince would ever put up so much wrong,
Or wait upon a stubborn Soul so long?
Or who would ever make another tryal,
That has so often had such flat denyal?
Ah, no! he can't, his Love's so great and strong,
He hopes still to obtain her Love e're long.
See how with tears and sighs, and melting heart,
He woos, intreats, and doth his Love impart,
As one resolv'd he'l no denial have:
True Lovers press their suit ev'n to the Grave.

*Prince*

*Prince of Light.*

'Tis not Ungratefulneſs which yet can change
My purpoſe, or my heart from thee eſtrange.
My ſtrong Affections on thee are ſo fixt,
That nought has them remov'd, or come betwixt
My Soul and thine; but had I lov'd thy face,
And that alone, my kindneſs had giv'n place;
My ſlighted ſuit ſhould long e're this have ended,
And never more on thee had I attended.
Or, did I love thee for thine Heav'nly Eye,
I then might court Angelick Majeſty:
Or, if the ſmoothneſs of thy Whiter Brow
Could charm mine eyes, or mine affections bow
To outward Objects, polliſht Marble might
Have given as much content, as much delight.
No, no, 'tis neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
Nor any outward thing I can eſpy,
That has or could ſurprize my tender heart:
I know thy Nature, who, and what thou art.
Nor is it Vertue in a homely Caſe;
Wherein lies hid much rich and precious grace,
Together rarely mixt, whoſe worth doth make
Me love the Casket for the Jewels ſake:
'Tis none of this! My eye doth pierce within,
But nothing there can I behold but Sin.
The reaſon of my Paſſion wholly lies
Within my Self, from whence it firſt did riſe.

And

And though thou canst not it at present see,
Thou shalt, if thou wilt hearken unto me.
O come, poor Soul! and give me but thy heart,
And unto thee choice Love I will impart.
I come to call thee, and do call again:
O shall I not of thee my Suit obtain!
Dost not perceive what I for thee endure?
And may not all this thy Love to me procure?
The Soul seem'd not at all to mind this Friend,
Nor would she yet to him attention lend:
She could not in him any beauty see,
Nor did she know her own sad misery.
She bid him then depart, and said to all,
*He had no form nor comelineſs.* And shall
I 'gainst my fancy foolishly admire,
Where I no beauty see to tempt desire?
Whilst he was thus extending forth his Love,
And studying all obstructions to remove,
That so he might the Souls affections get,
Behold, his Enemies with malice set
Themselves against him with such horrid rage,
It seems no less than's ruin to presage.
Ah! for this Prince methinks my heart doth ake,
To see what head against him they do make.
But that which doth the greatest trouble bring,
Is to see th' Soul combine against the King.
Did ever creature deal thus by a Lover,
Or ever such inhumaneneſs discover?
What hurt did this dear Prince unto her do,
That she would seek his utter overthrow?

Is this to recompence his fervent Love?
What will she now a Traitor to him prove?
If she his Love will not accept, must she
Expose him thus to shame and misery?
Is love to Sin, and filthy Lust so sweet,
That *Jesus* must be trodden under feet?
Because he would that Contract break asunder,
This surely is Earth's shame and Heavens wonder.
What? he that went about still doing good,
And in the gap of danger always stood
Them to Defend from Ruin, ah! shall he
The object of their Rage and Malice be?
He that to them no harm did do or think,
And yet must he this bitter potion drink?
Ah, precious Lord! how doth my spirit grieve,
To think what wrong from them thou didst receive:
So strange their malice, and so fierce their spight,
That if God's Word did not the same recite,
Who thereunto would any Credence give,
Or the Relation of their Deeds believe?
But, *how was he expos'd, what did they do?*
*'Tis that* (say some) *that we would have you shew.*
Their hearts were fill'd with wrath, & up they rise,
And thrust him out o'th City: then devise
To get him up to th' brow of a great Hill,
And cast him headlong down, from thence they will
Break all his bones, and kill him out o'th way;
This they designed Holy Authors say.
Not that their Cruelty performed was,
For through the midst of them he free did pass.

His

His Pow'r Divine did his Protector ſtand,
And reſcued him from all this treacherous Band.
Again, as he ſtood tendering his Love,
Striving their vain Objections to remove,
That ſo they might not all be ruin'd quite,
And blind-fold led to ſhades of endleſs night.
The common Rabble in a Tumult got,
Threaten to kill him on the very ſpot; (take,
With hearts more hard than ſtone, up ſtones they
And throwing, vow they'l his Sepulcre make:
By which cruel ſhow'r of Flints he now muſt die,
Unleſs through them he's able to 'ſcape by;
Which by his mighty Power indeed he did,
And carefully from them himſelf he hid:
And yet all this was on no other ground,
But becauſe he their wiſdom did confound:
'Cauſe he ſtood up the Truth to teſtifie,
And witneſs to his own Divinity:
Becauſe he ſaid, he was ſent down from Heaven,
From Place to Place this Prince was daily driven.
No ſooner were his feet out of one ſnare,
But ten i'th room thereof deviſed were.
Of killing him in *Jury* was a talk,
To *Galilee* therefore he thought fit to walk:
But ſtaid not long, for to *Jeruſalem*
He quickly went to ſhew himſelf to them:
And though he knew his Life they daily ſought,
Yet in the Temple openly he taught,
And did again his Suit of Love renew,
Yet would the *Soul* no kindneſs to him ſhew.

Long

Long had he not been here, but preſently
The *Scribes* and *Phariſees* did him eſpy,
And ſtraight agreed their Officers to ſend,
Him without any cauſe to apprehend:
But when they came, and did him ſee and hear,
Poor Souls! they all moſt ſtrangely ſmitten were
With awful Reverence, and trembling fear!
Untoucht, they leave him, and return again
To tell their Maſters, Violence was vain;
They highly ſpake in his juſt Commendation,
And told his Wonders, worthy Admiration.
*Have you not brought him then?* the Scribes do cry:
No Sirs, (alas) we ſee no reaſon why;
We never ſaw, nor heard the like: Who can
Lay hands on ſuch a bleſt and God-like Man?
Thus did the Prince eſcape their Rage that day,
But other Snares *Apollyon* ſtill did lay.

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## CHAP. V.

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*Shewing how the people of that Land in a base manner used* John *the beloved servant of* Jesus, *the Prince of Light, who (for his Master's sake) was barbarously murthered; And how narrowly the Prince himself escaped. As also shewing how he again and again tendered his indeared love to the* Soul, *and how unkindly she denied his Suit. Moreover, how* Vicinius- *(a Neighbor) hearing of this great News, enquired of* Theologus *concerning the Creature this Prince in such a manner had set his affections upon. The miserable and deplorable condition of the* Soul *discovered and laid open, being infected with a loathsome Disease full of Ulcers and Running sores from head to foot, naked, wounded, and in her blood, her eyes also being put out; and this the Prince knew before he came from Heaven, his own Country: shewing, that as she was in her fallen state, she was the object of his love and desire.*

BEfore this Prince did in that Land appear,
His servant came his way for to prepare.
Such an Ambassadour he was indeed,
That we of him in Sacred Story read;

That

That of all those that born of Women are,
None was so great, nor with him might compare.
Yet was the King of that same Land so bold,
As on this gracious Person to lay hold,
And into a vile Prison cast is he,
For witnessing against Iniquity.
*Herod* would marry one most near of Kin,
But *John* affirms that 'tis an horrid sin,
For him to have his Brother *Philip*'s Wife:
And for asserting this, he lost his Life.
To please a wanton Harlots Dancing pride,
The Prophet's head from's body they divide.
This doubtless did his Master greatly grieve,
To see they should him thus of *John* bereave;
His servant *John*, whom all the people own
To be a Prophet, yea a mighty one;
Though the chief work that he was sent about,
Was to describe and point this Saviour out.
He faithful was, and show'd his constant Love,
Told them his Prince descended from above:
So Great, in pow'r, the Latchets of his shoes
He was not worthy to unty, or loose.
The loss of such a Servant needs must be
Great ground of sorrow. But, alas! If we
With care do mind what after came to pass,
We shall conclude with him much worse it was.
For *Herod* now, like to his Predecessor,
Proceeds from sin to sin, until no lesser
A Crime he does attempt, than for to kill
The *Prince of Light himself*; Thereby to fill

His

His measure up, as some before had done,
For seeking the dear Life of this Just one.
But of this Plot he had such Information,
As quite defeated their black Combination.
Ah! to and fro, how was he daily hurld,
Whilst he abode in this ungrateful World.
His persecutions were so great, that He
Was often forced for his Life to flee,
To flit from Town to Town, from place to place;
For, Blood-hound like, they did him daily chase.
From *Jury* to *Samaria* he did go,
And down from thence to *Galilee* below.
From *Nazareth* he fled to *Capernaum*,
And long he staid not when he thither came:
For he was tost about continually,
And found no Harbor nor security.
Sometimes quite beyond *Jordan* he would get,
Yet even there with dangers was beset.
Small Rest, alas, he had in full three years,
His days were fill'd with sorrow, sighs and tears.
Oft may we read he wept, but never find
He laught, or was to merriment inclin'd.
The Prophet said, *with grief he was acquainted*,
When long before he forth his Person pointed.
And few there were did him at all regard,
So blinded were their Eys, their Hearts so hard.
He was despis'd almost by every one,
Rejected scornfully and trod upon.
And the poor *Soul*, for Love of whom he came,
Expos'd him daily to the greatest shame

No

No countenance would she to him afford,
Although so high a Prince, so great a Lord.
She bid him hold his peace, his Suit desist,
And all's indearing proffers did resist.
No more would she vouchsafe his face to see,
But hid her self from him continually.
Far from his presence with delight she rouls
In filthy Puddles, and in Loathsom holes:
Nay, did combine with his most Cruel Foes,
To lay upon him stripes and bitter Blows;
To break his heart with often saying Nay;
Or by surprize him bloodily to slay.

*Object.*

But some may ask, *Why th' people of that Land*
*Did rise against him thus on every hand?*
*Why should they manifest such causeless hate,*
*When he'd not injure them at any rate,*
*But sought their peace and everlasting good?*
*'Tis pity such a Prince should be withstood.*

Answ.

One Reason, Sirs, of this their baneful spight,
Was meerly 'cause he was *the Prince of Light.*
'Twas from that bitter enmity you read
Between the Serpent's and the Woman's seed.
Another cause of the Contempt they show,
Is 'cause they neither him, nor 's Father know.
But that which most of all their Hatred breeds,
Is his reproving of their Evil deeds:
Because he did expose each horrid Sin,
Yea, and ript up their filthiness within:

Through each Religious Mask, and trim disguise,
Their canker'd Breasts lay open to his Eys.
He knew their Hearts, & them he would not spare,
And thence to him such Malice they did bear.
But 'twas *Apollyon*, (whose deceit and Lies
Abroad amongst the people did devise)
Most of these Troubles which on him did rise.
No stone that Monster left unturn'd, that he
Might bring this Soveraign Prince to misery,
Though all in vain: For he miscounts his sum,
Alas! the fatal hour's not yet come.
Christ still persists the stubborn Soul to woo,
Intreats her, not her self thus to undo.
He is not gone, behold, he's at her door,
And patiently Admission doth implore.
He knocks, he calls, and doth his Suit renew,
Until the Heavens his gracious Head bedew,
Until his Locks with drops o'th Night are wet,
And yet from her can no kind Answer get.
Oh! hark I pray unto his melting words,
Enough to pierce ones heart, like sharpest swords.

*Prince of Light.*

Soul! Harken to me or thou art undone,
I cannot leave thee thus, nor yet be gone,
I see thy state; thy state I pity too,
Thy treacherous Lovers seek thine overthrow.
It is in vain for me to ask thy Love,
Until thou breakst with them, and dost remove

Thy

Thy Heart from those that thy Affections have,
Who to vile Lusts thy Faculties inslave.
What dost thou think I can have in mine Eye?
What self-advantage will accrew thereby?
What gain I, if thou granteſt my requeſt?
All that I beg 's thy greateſt Intereſt.
I ever happy was, and so shall be,
Although at present thus distreſt for Thee.
How can'ſt thou, cruel *Soul*, thus let me stand,
Barr'd out of Doors, whilſt others do command
The choiceſt Room within thy yielding Breast,
Lodgings too good for such destructive Guests.
Believe me, poisonous Toads and Serpents lurk
Within thine Arms, which will thy ruin work:
Those Lovers which thou keep'ſt so close within
Are Murderers. Truſt not that Monſter *S I N*,
Nor any of his Hellish Company;
For though no harm thou dost at present spy,
But wantonly presum'ſt to sport and play,
And canſt not see the fatal snares they lay:
*Soul!* o'pe the Door, and I'le discover all
The secret Plots, deviſed for thy fall;
Or, push the Window back, let in some light,
And I will shew thee a most dismal sight:
Thy self I'le shew thee, which couldſt thou behold,
Thou'dſt see thou art undone, betray'd and sold
To slavery, from whence there's no Redemption,
Torments, from wch ther's not the least exemption.
Then wake, look now, behold thy wretched plight,
Or straight thou r't seized with eternal Night.

The *Soul* is deaf, or certainly she's dead,
Or by some pow'rful Magick Charms misled:
For she no Answer in the least doth give:
Sad 'tis with them whom Satan doth deceive.
How blind are Creatures in their natural state?
Oh! how insensible and desperate!
They sleep securely, and will never hear,
Till direful Thunder bore their stupid Ear:
Boldly they frollick on Hell's smoaky Brink,
And never on its gaping dangers think,
Till swallow'd down, to endless flames they sink.

But silence now! Here comes a Reverend Friend,
A Servant to the Prince, pray, Sirs, attend:
He's sent about the Business that's depending,
Oh! that it might obtain an happy ending:
He is a man his Master loves most dear,
And he to him doth like Affection bear:
His int'rest he will now be sure t' improve,
That all obstructions he may quite remove,
Which in the way of the poor Soul doth lie,
For whose sad state, lo! tears stand in his Eye:
His Heart is full, his Spirit greatly griev'd,
To think how she by crafty Sin's deceiv'd;
And seeing what his glorious Master bears,
His Soul's almost dissolved into Tears.

*Theologue.*

I from the Great and mighty Prince am sent,
To see, vile Soul! If thou wilt yet repent,
And o'pe thy Eyes to view what thou hast done,
In piercing the dear heart of such an one,
As is that Soveraign Lord thou dost abuse,
And all his offers shamefully refuse.
Two things consider throughly: first of all,
Thy sad and wretched state under the Fall,
Which thou receivedst many years ago,
When *Eden*'s Groves bewail'd thine overthrow.
Ah! Didst thou know thy lost undone Condition,
Sure it must move thee unto great Contrition;
'Twould make thee roar, and mightily condole
Thy woful state, O! thou condemned Soul!
The second thing is this, O! mind with speed,
The worth of him whose Soul for thee doth bleed!
Didst thou but know his Dignity and Birth,
Soon wouldst thou say, *none's like him upon Earth.*
Nor is this all: for further I declare
No other help thou hast, far off, or near;
'Tis he who is thy choice and only Friend;
Reject him still, and sad will be thine end.
Shall he such grief and sorrow undergo?
And unto him wilt thou no kindness show?
Would he thy guilty Soul from Treason free,
By making of a marriage-League with thee?

Shall not his Love, nor thy distressed Case,
Court thee in prudence to his safe Embrace?
Will nothing work upon thee to Relent,
Nor be a means to bring thee to Repent?
I pray thee, Soul! these things lay to thy heart,
And unto me thy true Resolve impart.

*Soul.*

What mean you thus to vex and grieve my mind?
My Heart's to other Lovers more inclin'd.
It lies not in your power, to command
Against my will: and well I understand
What's best for me; I am for present ease:
He suits not my Conditions, doth not please
My curious fancy; I le content mine Eye.
Will you the liberty of Choice deny?
You must indeed have some mysterious Arts,
To change the secret sympathies of Hearts:
If that you ever make me to comply,
So as to loath the Jewel of mine Eye.
What! force Affection? who can violate
The Law of Nature? weigh my present state:
Can Earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
Or yet, can Flames aspiring downward bend?
For if Fire should descend, and Earth aspire;
Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire, Fire.
Even so, dear Sir! I find it is with me;
Consenting, I no more my self shall be.

As

As Love is free, so are its bonds as strong
As Death; to break them is a grievous wrong.
Can the kind Heavens do a damage greater,
Than to destroy and ruin their poor Creature?
Or, shall I think the Righteous God will fill me
With such strange Joys, which if enjoy'd, will kil me?
Can I believe things 'bove my sense and reason?
And ignorant be when guilty of high Treason?
How can I think my self a Criminal,
When of the fact I nothing know at all?
My present state is good, I know no cause
To blame my self for breach of unknown Laws.
Why shall injurious Friends such things alot,
To have me place my Heart where I love not,
And break the League with those I love so dear?
These hardships are too great for me to bear.
Those Joys therefore in which I have delighted,
Shall not for fancied sweetness e're be slighted.
He whom you call *The glorious Prince of Light*,
Is not a person lovely in my sight;
He's not so modish, pleasant, Debonair,
As those brisk Gallants, whom my Fancy share.
I must have other Eys wherewith to see,
Before he can be countenanc'd by me.
This said, away the foolish Soul doth fly;
Will hear no more, but with a scornful Eye
Neglects her Bliss, & Death s dark paths doth trace,
Rather than saving Truths of Life imbrace.
Who being gone, a Neighbour does appear,
That would be glad fully her Case to hear;

And that he clearly might have it expreſt,
He thus himſelf *to Theologue* Addreſt.

*Vicinus.*

Grave Sir! Since in your Reverend face I read
All works which do from Curteſy proceed,
I am emboldned to deſire of you
Some ſatisfaction in a point or two.
I late have heard ſome Rumours of ſuch News,
As puts my wondring ſpirits to a muſe:
'Tis of a Prince unparallel'd for Love,
That took a Journey down from Heav'n above
To ſeek himſelf a Spouſe; and as I hear
She unto him will no Affection bear;
Though for Deſcent, Riches and Beauty too,
Never the like did mortal Creatures know.
This Soul-amazing, Senſe-bereaving ſtory,
Has fill'd my raviſht Ears: What matchleſs Glory
Is his, whoſe Love is far beyond Expreſſion?
And what Creature is this muſt have poſſeſſion
Of ſuch a glorious Heart? Sure ſhe's no leſs
Than one of High Deſcent, ſome Empereſs,
Or Virgin Queen at leaſt, whoſe Beauty's rare,
Mixt with choice Vertue, both beyond compare:
The total ſum doubtleſs of every Grace,
Makes a compoſure in her Heav'nly Face;
And there all true Perfection is united,
To make one Phœnix, that has thus invited

Th is

This mighty Prince to do her so much Honour,
As seek her Love and set his Heart upon her,
To sue so earnestly, and undertake
Mighty Atchievements only for her sake;
For to encounter with a wrathful Foe,
That sought an universal overthrow
Of mortal Creatures, and in every Land
Subjected all unto his proud Command.
The strangeness of it sets me all on fire,
And kindles in my heart a strange desire,
Impatient of delay, till you discover
The Creature that has got so rare a Lover.

*Theologue.*

To put a period to thy Admiration,
Come let thy Wonder-smitten Cogitation;
Now give attention, and I soon will show
The truth of what thou dost desire to know.
The Creature whom this mighty Prince doth grace
With Love, lives very near unto this place.
We all do her as our next Neighbour own;
Much is she talkt of, yet but seldom known.
You sure have heard before, she was by Birth
Of high descent, the splendor of the Earth,
Unblemisht Beauty, neither spot nor stain,
Whilst in her Virgin state she did remain.
To speak her pedigree, in Truth she springs
From no less Root than from the King of Kings:

Whom

Whom Scriptures call *The Father of all Spirits*;
And none but he that Blessed Name inherits.
From him she did at first derive her Name,
And Heaven and Earth eccho'd her glorious Fame:
Fair *Cynthia*, Illustrious Queen of Night,
With all her borrowed Rays, ne're shone so bright.
The King's true Image in her face did shine.
No Glory like to Glory that's Divine.
But that which doth the greatest Wonder raise,
And may the quick'st profoundest Wits amaze,
Is the sad change, and miserable state
She's in, since first she did degenerate;
Her Lustre tarnisht, and her Beauty faded,
Filth and Corruption every part invaded:
Oh! it was then on her this Prince did look,
When of her God and guide she was forsook:
For though she was indeed thus nobly born,
Her Blood is tainted, and her state forlorn.
She that in splendor once appear'd so bright,
Is now deform'd, and blacker than the Night.
Foul putrifaction doth her Beauty cover,
She's full of Ulcers, and defil'd all over.
Th' infection spreads it self in every part,
Her eyes, her hands, her head, but most her heart;
Her feet, whose loyal steps she once divided
To follow the great God, have so backslided,
That they most swiftly from him run astray
In every sinful and forbidden way.
Her Arms are filled with unchast Embraces,
She's stain'd her Beauty, and lost all her Graces.

Her

Her Breath once sweeter than *Arabian* Spices,
Whose rare Perfumes make Houses Paradises,
Offensive is to all that come but near her,
Her Tongue is so unclean, God loaths to hear her.
Which was her Glory in her youthful days,
When she with joy sung forth his blessed Praise.
But that which may sound stranger in thine Ear,
And seem indeed too hard for Love to bear,
Is her Adult'ries, her unchast delights
Her Amorous Kisses, wherewith she invites
Her wanton Lovers; nothing else can prove
So much distastful to unspotted Love;
As when the Embers of Lusts raging fires
Burn in the Bosom of unchast desires.

*Vicinus.*

But stay, Dear Sir! What Lover is't would kiss
A Creature loathsom, and so vile as this?
And how came she into so sad a Case,
That once adorned was with so much Grace?

*Theologue.*

If you kind Neighbour, please to lend an Ear,
These things in order I will fully clear.
Her Lovers are more loathsom far than she,
With whom she's joyned in Affinity.
From them she took the foul disease at first,
And ever since remains vile and accurst.

The

The Serpent did beguile her with such fruit,
As did her Vitals poison, and pollute.
Not that the fruit in 'moral sense was evil:
But 'cause she took it, tempted by the Devil,
After on pain of Death it was forbid:
Ah! t'was from hence it so much mischief did.
Besides, she's guilty of another Deed,
She's made a League with one that did proceed
From Hell's black Region, where her wanton Eye
Could see no Object but Deformity;
A Contract she has made, I say, with one,
Begot by proud, but curs'd *Apollyon*;
Monstrous by Nature, and as vile by Name,
Ah! she has chosen him unto her shame:
His nature's poisonous, his very Breath
Is so infectious, that it threatens Death
To every one to whom he is united;
Yet with this Monster is her heart delighted:
Who to my Prince is a most desperate Foe,
And to speak plain, the cause of all his woe.
Since first the *Soul* was with base Lust acquainted,
From Top to Toe all over is she tainted.
She that was once so rare a comely Creature,
Sin has not left her now one lovely Feature.
The Splendid Beauty of the whole Creation,
Is thus become a meer Abomination.
For since her self to Lust she prostituted,
Her inward Faculties are so polluted,
That she's become unto *Jehovah*'s Eye,
The truest pourtraict of Deformity.

She

She that ſometimes no Evil underſtood,
Is now become an Enemy to Good:
For this vile Monſter by *Apollyon*'s pow'r,
Did not only corrupt the Soul all ov'r,
But very cruel they did further prove,
Whilſt they pretended kindneſſes and Love;
For they moſt wickedly put out her Eyes,
She might not ſee her own Deformities:
And being thus both blinded, and defil'd,
Was alſo rob'd, and treacherouſly ſpoil'd
Of all the Jewels which her Soveraign gave her,
Whilſt ſhe remained in his Love and favour;
Of all her goodly Veſtments they bereft her,
And ſtript her naked, ſhe had nothing left her.
Nothing to hide her ſhameful nakedneſs,
But filthy Rags, how loathſom you may gueſs.
Beſides all this, they wounded her full ſore,
And left her ſadly weltring in her Gore,
Expecting Death each moment ſhe did lie,
A loathſom ſpectacle to paſſers by,
Unhelpt, unpitied too by every Eye.

Each humane Soul that is not born again,
In this ſad ſtate doth certainly remain.
The rich, the poor, the wiſe, the old, the young,
Though ne'r ſo high, ſo beautiful and ſtrong
They ſeem, or think themſelves, in truth they are
In as bad Caſe as we 've deſcribed here.

*Vicinus.*

*Vicinus.*

Sir! You have fully answer'd my Desire;
Yet let me be so bold as to inquire
One passage more, since happily I see
You can inform all such as ign'rant be
Of these weighty Affairs; blest be the Lord
That so much Wisdom doth to you afford.
O! that there were more of you in our Land,
That to the Truth might always faithful stand.
But tell me, if it mayn't too tedious prove,
Whether this Prince that manifests such Love,
Knew her sad state when he came from above?
Did he her filthy bad Condition know
Before he came from Heaven, or did show
That precious kindness which his Breast retain'd
Unto her, even after she was stain'd?
May be his Eye upon the Soul was plac'd,
Before God's Image in her was defac'd:
And as consider'd so, then doubtless he
Might find some Cause to her so kind to be.
But, if as she did in pollution lie,
And so consider'd, he did cast his Eye
Upon the Creature; then I must declare
It may astonish all that of it hear.

*Theologus.*

*Theologue.*

The Question you propound is very good;
And would t' were throughly weigh'd and under-stood.
The Answer's easy; But I greatly fear
Some mind it not enough, who chosen are.
Before the World was made he fully knew
Ev'n what below would afterwards insue:
He knew the Creature, *Man*, would sin and fall,
And in sad misery himself inthral.
The time therefore when first he cast an Eye
To be her Suiter, ( our Security )
It was not when she did her Grace inherit,
Then one would think she might his favour merit;
'Twas not when she was in prosperity,
But when she in her Blood and filth did lie.
Her time of sorrow, was his time of Love,
Her misery did bring him from above.
Whilst she in actual bold Rebellion lives,
His Grace and offer'd Pardon then he gives.

*Vicinus.*

Sir! You have said enough, I am amaz'd,
Strange wonderment within my Spirit's rais'd.
The nature of his Love who can conceive?
Such Love as this no mortal Creatures have.

I pray go on, and further now let's know
Concerning her eſtate, her Bliſs, or Woe.

*Theologue.*

You'l find it worſe and worſe; and what's behind
Will ſtrange Impreſſions make upon your Mind:
For now you'l hear what Juſtice has to ſay,
What horrid Crimes he to her charge will lay.
And though ſhe ſeems undaunted without fear,
Once more I'e try if ſhe will lend an Ear.

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## CHAP. VI.

*Shewing how* Theologue, *the Prince's Spokeſman, indeavour'd to obtain the love of this poor Creature for his bleſſed Maſter, by whom the aggravation of the Creatures ſin and miſery is layed open; the Soul is in debt ten thouſand Talents, worſe than nothing. Moreover, ſhewing how the Creature was guilty of high Treaſon againſt the Soveraign Lord* Jehovah; *is alſo Arraigned and condemned to be burned alive. A Dialogue or diſcourſe between the Divine Attributes: Juſtice cryes for Execution, to have the fatal blow ſtruck; Mercy ſteps in. Juſtice muſt be ſatisfied. Goodneſs and Mercy will not loſe their Glory, being alike eſteemed by God. Divine Wiſdom reconciles*

*reconciles all the other Attributes, and makes them meet together in a ſweet harmony: the Soul being condemned to die, the Prince ſees no other way to obtain her for his own, but by ſatisfying Juſtice, and becoming Surety, and yielding himſelf up to die for her.*

*Theologue.*

HOW is it Soul! art minded yet to leave
Thy Luſts, and Lovers, and to Jeſus cleave?
Doſt not perceive the ſad ſtate thou art in
By curs'd *Apollyon*, and his off-ſpring, *SIN?*
Wilt thou for evermore thy ſelf deſtroy,
And not accept of Health? wilt not enjoy
One who in value doth all Worlds excel?
Wilt thou refuſe in Paradiſe to dwell?
Doſt ſee thy ſtate, thy bloody ſtate? oh ſpeak!
My bleeding heart for thee doth greatly ake.

*Soul.*

You had my Anſwer plain enough before:
Forbear, I pray, and trouble me no more.
I do 'nt believe what you have ſaid is true;
Such pains I never felt, nor ſickneſs knew:
But if my ſtate were worſe than yet I ſee,
I will not have you thus to trouble me.
I have all things which naturally delights me,
And from them you ſhall not deter, nor fright me;

You know the Proverb uſed in our Land,
*Each Tub ſhall upon its own Bottom ſtand.*

*Theologue.*

Soul, b' not ſo raſh, be more conſiderate;
Ponder on things before it be too late.
Sith what I ſaid before no good can do,
More of thy wretchedneſs I now will ſhow;
And if that fails, then afterwards I'le leave thee,
And o're into the hands of Juſtice give thee.
Firſt, from God's Word I have Authority
To lay before thee thy great poverty.
Thy Soveraign Lord moſt highly is diſtaſted
For all the precious Treaſure thou haſt waſted.
Firſt, of his Glory thou haſt him bereav'd,
And to rebel againſt him been deceiv'd.
Next, thy whole ſelf to him 'tis thou doſt owe,
Yea all thou either art, haſt, or canſt do,
Which thou haſt not regarded hitherto:
But to thy ſelf, and not to him doſt live,
Who did thy ſelf at firſt unto thee give,
And from whom thou doſt ev'ry thing receive.
Thy knowledg, judgment, and thy memory,
Th' excellent nature of each Faculty,
Should all have to, and for him, been laid out,
As being all his Goods; *Soul!* look about,
For time, for Health, and for the day of Grace;
Thou muſt be brought before the Judge's Face:
And for thy Riches, and all things thou haſt,
Which thou Imbezel'ſt, and doſt vainly waſt,

A strict Account must at the Bar of Heaven
By thee in a short time be surely given.
Ten thousand Talents doth thy God demand;
Which thou canst neither pay, nor yet withstand
His dire proceedings, 'cause he is most Just,
And thou but sinful Ashes and vile Dust.
Thou wilt be seiz'd, and in a Prison laid,
Till the last Mite be satisfi'd and paid.
Canst thou, poor Soul! dost think quit the old score,
When thou contractst new debts still more & more?
Would not a Friend that's able to defray
All thy vast Debts, and a full Ransom pay
To thy just Creditor, most welcom be,
If such an one could be found out for thee?
But things yet worse, I fear, there are behind,
The truth of which most certainly thou'lt find.
Hark, trembling Soul! thou to the Bar art cited,
And for high Treason there dost stand Indicted,
Committed by thee 'twas in antient time,
When thou didst dwell in *Eden*, in thy prime:
When thou hadst flourisht there but a short season,
Thou didst contract that guilt of horrid Treason
Against thy Soveraign, in whose Princely Eye
Was Grace and favour mixt with Majesty:
Gracious to pardon many great Offences,
And yet severe to punish Insolences.
But thou both Grace and Justice didst despise,
And in thy Heart didst evil things surmise
Against thy Soveraign Lord, and secretly
Join'st with his Foes in close Conspiracy.

'Twas with the King of Darkneſs thou didſt cloſe,
Obeyd'ſt his will, and didſt thy God oppoſe.
A dreadful Sentence then againſt thee paſt,
Which ne're by humane Art could be reverſt.
Thy Sentence was in Priſon long to lie,
And for thy fact at laſt Condemn'd to die.
And Death on thee did ſeize the ſelf-ſame time,
When thou commitſt that high and fearful Crime;
The ſad effects of it I this Day ſee,
Thou ſtill ly'ſt dead in thine Iniquity.
Ah! I may preach untill my heart doth ake,
And it on thee will no Impreſſion make.
Thou art depriv'd of Life and Light of God,
And long haſt thou in this eſtate abode.
But a worſe Death doth in thy Sentence lie,
(Though very few on it will caſt an Eye)
Condemn'd to ſuffer everlaſting pains,
And on thee then were faſtned heavy Chains.
And though thy Execution be delay'd,
Yet 'tis by means of Jeſus only ſtay'd.
His precious Grace preſerves thee from that fire,
Whoſe torments once begun, ſhall ne'r expire.
That Soul-amazing Sentence who can bear
The thoughts of it, and not let fall a tear?
What Malefactors are Condemn'd to die,
But on the ſenſe of Death's approaching nigh,
Contracts not horrour on their Souls thereby?
What then to ſuffer Death for evermore,
Where Torments ne're abate, nor will be o're?

To be a thouſand tedious Ages Rackt,
Not Dead, yet always in the dying Act.
A fiery Furnace with a ſevenfold heat
We read of, yet its flames were not ſo great,
But that they ſoon would languiſh and grow cold;
Whereas theſe Tortures, ſtill increaſing, hold.
If e're thou ſhouldſt be caſt into that place,
Before thou doſt take hold of Love and Grace,
There's this will then thy ſorrows aggravate,
None will thee pity in that wretched ſtate.
Never was Malefactor in diſtreſs,
But met with pity either more or leſs;
And though it do not take away the grief,
Yet where there's pity, there's ſome ſmall Relief.
But if thou doſt this fearful Sentence bear,
There's none to pity, none to ſhed a tear.
O think of this, alas! thy wretched Eyes
Are blinded now, thou baſely doſt deſpiſe
The beſt of Comfort, Joy and Conſolation,
For love to Sin, horrid Abomination!
Thou ſwell'ſt in pride, unmindful of thine end,
And ſeeſt no need of comfort from a Friend:
But what wouldſt thou for ſuch a Friend then give,
And for thoſe Comforts thou mayſt now receive?
Doſt not thou tremble at this frightful news?
Tremble at leaſt at that which next enſues.
Three things there are, three Circumſtances great,
Which much thy final woe will aggravate:
Which ſeverally unto thee I'le relate,
That thou mayſt think upon thy future ſtate.

First, from thy high Descent thy birth did crown
Thee with the greatest Honour and Renown,
That ever any had upon the Earth,
Thou being own'd a Soveraign Queen by Birth.
Yet that which did so much advance thy fame,
Was not alone the Honour of thy Name,
As the rare properties of thy sweet Nature,
A most transcendent and accomplisht Creature;
An Heav'n-composed frame, as if thou'dst bin
Deriv'd from some Celestial *Seraphim*.
When great Jehovah's fruitful Word had made
The whole Creation, touching thee, he said,
This Creature shall alone our Image bear,
Whom all things else shall reverence and fear;
Our Sacred Portraiture we solely place,
In this sweet Creatures Heaven-erected face.
And when he sent his first begotten down,
No other form or Image must he own.
The Angels Nature wholly he refuses,
And rather Humane Soul and flesh he chuses.
Alas! there's not a greater aggravation,
Than for a person of the highest station
To be thrown down into the deep'st Abyss
Of woe and sorrow! oh! how sad is this?
Thy fall caus'd change a miserable Creature,
Will surely make thy Torments far the greater.
The second Circumstance of Aggravation,
Is worthy of thy serious observation.
And that I may more fully make it known,
Under two Heads I'le briefly lay it down.

First,

First, from the timely notice that was given,
By thy most Soveraign Lord, the King of Heaven,
When with his glorious Image he had grac'd thee,
And in fair *Eden*'s fruitful Garden plac'd thee;
Ordain'd thee Mistress of that famous Bower,
Where thou mightst see his Glory every hour;
Granting whatever might accommodate
Thy pure perfect spotless Virgin state;
Excepting one reserved Fruit alone,
Which did indeed of Right belong to none
But to himself; that hidden Mysterie,
Which in the midst of Paradise did lie;
To know what Evil was as well as Good,
Which never could by men been understood,
But by an Art of the most horrid Evil,
And hearkning to, and siding with the Devil;
The dire effects to thee were told most plain,
The danger and the loss thou shouldst sustain;
The loss of Life, the loss of *Eden*'s Glory,
The loss of God; a lamentable Story.
Warning was giv'n, God strictly did require,
On pain of Death, thou shouldst not once desire,
Nor taste, nor touch, nor cast a longing Eye
Upon this fatal Fruit, which certainly
Would straight procure thy final overthrow:
This timely notice shall augment thy Woe.
*Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd*, you know we use to say:
Thou wast fore-warn'd, and yet didst go astray.
Contemptuous Soul! alas, how couldst thou think
The mighty God would at Rebellion wink?

Though he is said to wink at Ignorance,
Presumption is a different Circumstance.
Thou knew'st before-hand if thou didst trangress,
Assured Death would follow, and no less;
The Lord had said it, he that gave us breath,
Said, *thou shouldst die*, & yet thou feardst not Death.
This is the height, as well as spring of Evil,
To doubt and mistrust God, yet trust the Devil.
Against God's sacred Truth to shut ones Eyes,
And credit blindfold th' Father of all Lies.
Ah Soul! 'twas listning to a wanton lust,
That was the cause thou didst at first distrust
The glorious Lord, and falsely to surmise,
He was unwilling that thou shouldst be wise;
Afraid that thou shouldst know as much as He,
And grow a Rival to his Deity.
This blasphemous Conceit the Devil first,
In thine already wicked fancy nurst:
" 'Tis (saith this Prince of Darkness) God's inten
" In this unjust Restraint, but to prevent
" Thy being like himself: for he doth know
" If once thou taste this Fruit, it will be so.
" Do thou but try, and taste, and presentlie
" Thou'lt find thy dim, dark Eye shall open'd be.
" This hidden Secret will be understood, (Good
" And thou'lt know Evil, as thou now know
" *You shall become as Gods:* and I pray when
" 'Tis so, what fear you? who can punish then?
" Your wisdom may the threatned Death evade,
" And with an equal pow'r Heav'ns pow'r upbraid

Thu

Thus ſpake the Tempter, and thou ſtraight didſt yield,
And treacherouſly to him didſt quit the field.
Forthwith the fatal Fruit with impious hand,
Thou pluckſt, and eatſt, againſt thy God's command,
Branding thy ſelf, and thy poſterity,
With Treaſons Guilt and endleſs miſery.
And here, vile Soul! I cannot chuſe but tell
Thee one thing more that will increaſe thy Hell,
The Devil had no power to compell
Thee to have taſted this his poiſonous Feaſt,
But wilfully thou haſt God's Law tranſgreſt:
For though thou hadſt a pow'rful Sword to weild,
Tempted to Luſt, thou cowardly didſt yield:
Thou to thy ſelf doſt thy deſtruction owe,
And this doth greatly aggravate thy woe.
If want of ſtrength or weapons, if oppreſſion
Do force a Man to give up his poſſeſſion,
He is excus'd, and his unhappy fall
Condol'd, lamented, and bewail'd of all.
But he deſerveth neither love nor pity,
That unconſtrain'd ſurrenders up a City;
When he has pow'r to make ſtrong oppoſition,
Furniſht with Arms and warlike Ammunition,
Yet at one ſlender Summons yields his Fort;
The mis'ries he ſuſtains in ſuch a ſort,
Reflect upon himſelf, and do redouble
His conſcious Anguiſh, ſelf-accuſing Trouble.
Juſt as the Southern Sun with burning beams,
Reflecting from a Wall with fierce extreams,

Above

Above its natural ſtrength or wonted courſe,
Scorches and burns with a far greater force:
So do thoſe Flames, firſt kindled with deſire,
Grow dangerous, and prove the ſtronger fire.
The wounds receiv'd from ſelf-confounding Arms,
Have ever done poor Souls the greateſt harms.
There's yet another Circumſtance behind,
That aggravates thy ſmart, which, prethee mind.
When once thy fearful Torments are begun,
Thy fatal Glaſs will never ceaſe to run; (retire,
Years fill'd with months, and months with weeks
Weeks fill'd with days, & days with hours expire;
And hours in nimble minutes ſwiftly fly
Unto their End. But in Eternity
There is no End, nor will thy woes diminiſh,
Although years, moneths, weeks, and hours finiſh.
The toilſome Day when once it does expire,
All Creatures here to pleaſing reſt retire,
Slaves, Bondmen, Priſoners, Captives, all have eaſe,
No Drudgery ſo great, but then doth ceaſe,
Each buſiling Day ends in a Night of peace.
But thou muſt look to be with pains oppreſt,
Where mid-day torments find no night of Reſt.
Death puts a period to the greateſt grief,
I'th ſilent Grave the weary find relief:
But wiſh't-for Death from thee ſhall fly away,
Eternity's a never-ending Day.
Where th' angry mouth of Juſtice loud doth cry,
Here muſt thou *ever, ever, ever* lie.

How

How miserable! ah how sad's thine end!
When thou in vain shalt court Death for thy friend.
Men now do fly from Death, whilst Death pursues,
But then shall seek to Death, who will refuse
At their Request such favour to afford,
As frees them from that Breath giv'n by the Lord.
Death knows no pity: Nay, observe it well,
'Tis Death that opens wide the Gates of Hell,
Where thou must be tormented with the Devils,
As the just punishment of all thy evils.
Distressed Soul! oh unto what shall I
Compare thy easeless, endless misery!
In various Volumes of the World's Records,
Strange Tortures we may find expresst by words;
But Oh! so great, so sore is thy distress,
As flesh can't bear't, so words can't it express.
Devils rejoyce, and welcom in the Day
That crown'd their Conquests with so rich a prey;
To see thee thus quite buried in thy spoils,
Bereft of Earthly joys, and Heav'nly smiles;
And I do fear th' incensed God above
With direful Wrath will quickly thee remove
Into that place---. But hark! methinks I hear
Some dreadful noise---see how the Mountains tear,
And rending Hills, do into pieces fly,
Whilst Thunder bellows through the troubled sky:
The Stars and Planets in confusion hurl'd,
Have banisht Natures order from the World.
See how the melting Orbs of Heaven sweat,
Like Parchment parch'd, & shrivel'd up with heat,

Swift

Swift Lightning flashes through the Air appear,
And now, O hark! the dreadful Trump I hear,
It sounds exceeding loud, enough to make
The Dead from their deep silent Graves awake,
And stouteſt Sinners ſtubborn hearts to quake.
Ah! 'tis Mount *Sinai*, God himſelf is come
Now to convince thee of thy final Doom.
The Law and Juſtice will thee now Arraign:
Poor Soul! for thee my Soul's in bitter pain.
From them be ſure no Mercy thou wilt meet,
Although thou ſhouldſt turn Suppli'nt at their feet.
Their method is ſo rigid, ſo ſevere,
The Guilty by no means they ever ſpare.
Awake, awake, poor Soul! and look about,
*Jehovah* doth command the Sinner out,
And active Juſtice having ſeiz'd her faſt
Doth hale her to the Judgment-ſeat in haſt.

*Juſtice.*

Moſt Soveraign Lord! who dares i'th leaſt gainſay
What thou commandſt? thy Word I muſt obey.
Lo! here I bring this wretched Priſoner forth
Unto thy Bar, who mad'ſt both Heaven and Earth,
See! with what dread the trembling wretch doth ſtand,
To know thy Sacred Pleaſure & Command.

*Jehovah.*

*Juſtice*, What is her Fact? her Crimes declare:
I patiently will now the matter hear.

*Juſtice.*

*Juſtice.*

Then will I legally, my Lord, proceed,
And preſently her black Indictment reade.
Come forth thou Conſcious wretch, and hear thy Crimes,
In wicked deeds thou didſt begin betimes.
By th' name of *Soul*, thou ſtandſt indicted here,
Being without true Grace and godly fear,
Moſt treacherouſly in *Eden* long ago,
Didſt then and there, with God's moſt horrid Foe,
Conſpire againſt his Soveraign Majeſty,
To the dethroning of him privily;
Then ſetſt thou up a Traitor in his place,
And traiterouſly his Image didſt deface,
And ever ſince haſt in Rebellion ſtood,
Purſuing Evil, and forſaking Good.
For Treaſon, Murder, Theft, thou ſtandſt Indicted:
Theſe Crimes were all in thy firſt fact united.
Nay, more then this, yet worſer is thy Cauſe,
Thou art Arraign'd for breach of all thoſe Laws,
Which in thy Nature God at firſt ingrav'd,
The ſame thou haſt in every point deprav'd.
This Royal Law much haſt thou violated,
And every Day thy Crimes are aggravated.
That Spirit's ſtill in thee which was at firſt,
When God did thee out of his Garden thruſt;
Thou ſid'ſt with Satan, and doſt him obey,
Not minding what, or God, or good men ſay.
All Evil Rebels in thy Houſe remain,
And nobly there thou doſt them entertain,

Whilſt

Whilst God thou hat'st, his proffer'd Love refuse,
And precious Patience daily dost abuse.
Therefore, my Lord! she worthy is of Death,
As ever any that on Earth drew Breath.

*Jehovah.*

*Soul!* What dost say, hold up thy guilty head,
Thou unto this Indictment now must plead:
Guilty, or not Guilty, I charge thee, speak;
Lest Justice doth severer Courses take.

*Soul.*

I dare not say I am not Guilty, Lord,
Of some of these foul Crimes which I have heard
Read in my Charge, 'tis vain for to deny,
My Conscience makes me *Guilty, Guilty*, cry.
Thy Law is broke, which doth all Lust forbid;
My Sin I know from thee cannot be hid.
Although methinks Justice seems too severe,
For the whole Charge hee'l scarcely make appear.

*Jehovah.*

Art guilty of that first and hainous Crime,
Which was committed, Soul, in Ancient time,
By him who was thy Representative,
From whom thy evil Nature didst derive?
If guilty of that one horrid Offence,
'Tis easie for thee to perceive from thence
Thou art under my Just and fearful Curse,
Condemned by thy God, what can be worse?

To

*Soul.*

To *Adam*'s Sin, Lord, I must guilty plead;
Nay, and to many an actual Evil Deed.

*Divine Justice.*

The Prisoner does confess her vile offence,
And now there needs no further Evidence.
Shall Execution, Lord; on her be done?
How canst thou bear such a Rebellious one?
Lord, let me straightway strike the fatal blow,
Let her with vengeance to Hell-torments go.
She's guilty, even by her own Confession,
Of heaping up Transgression on Transgression.
She's in my Debt, she cannot it disown,
And I demand my Right, Come, pay it down.
Ten thousand Talents; *Soul*, thou owest me,
Which must be paid, and that full speedily.

*Soul.*

That I am in thy Debt I don't gainsay,
But I have not one farthing now to pay.
Some pity shew, I for forbearance cry,
Since thy Demands I cannot satisfy.

*Justice.*

Full satisfaction 'tis that I must have,
In vain from me you compositions crave;
My Name is *Justice*, and my Nature so,
I never did, nor can I mercy shew.

*Soul.*

If there's no mercy, then my state is sad,
And never was there any News so bad

For

For *Adam*'s seed, who under Sin do lie,
All then must perish to Eternity.

*Theologue.*

That God is gracious, Soul, is not deny'd,
Yet Justice will also be satisfy'd.
Consider if thou canst the matter reach;
One Attribute God never will impeach
To magnify another; He's so Just,
As to take vengeance on each Sin and Lust;
Each Attribute know thou assuredly
Must meet together in sweet Harmony.

*Soul.*

What will thy Wrath, O *Justice*! then appease?
Upon what terms wilt thou afford some ease
To me, after this terrifying News?
Vouchsafe to tell the means that I must use,
To satisfie a Judge that 's so severe,
And will not of sweet Acts of pardon hear.

*Justice.*

There's nothing can appease me, that is less
Than a compleat and perfect Righteousness;
Like that thou hadst whilst thou in *Eden* stood:
Nothing, save this, will do thee any good.
What e're is due to me of the old score,
Must be paid down, or never any more
Will the great God with thee concerned be
On gracious terms of Peace and Amitie;

A Sacrifice can only make thy peace,
That, that alone, will cauſe my wrath to ceaſe.

*Soul.*

If that be all, I'le get a Sacrifice;
Let me conſider, what ſhall I deviſe?
A thouſand Rams, and Rivers of ſweet Oil,
I'le offer up but for one gracious Smile;
With fat of fatling Lambs I'le Heaven invoke,
And pureſt Incenſe up like Clouds ſhall ſmoke;
Each Morn I'le ſacrifice whole Hecatombs,
With Frankincenſe, and ſweet *Arabian* Gums.
I theſe, O Lord! I offer up to thee;
May they atone for mine Iniquity?

*Juſtice.*

Oh no! give o're thoſe trifling low deſigns;
The Eaſtern Spices and the Weſtern mines
United, are too mean an Offering
To ſatisfy this great incenſed King.
In ſuch poor offerings God does take no pleaſure;
Couldſt thou therefore procure all *Europes* Treaſure;
Nay, all the Wealth that in the World has bin,
'Tould not his wrath appeaſe for one ſmall ſin.
Shouldſt thou thy deareſt Son or Daughter take
For Sacrifice, 'twould no Atonement make:
The fruit of thine own Body were in vain
For thy Soul's ſin a pardon to obtain.
No Friend or Brother can'ſt thou now find out
To pay thy Ranſom, or releaſe thee out;

Their Riches never can be help for thee,
Nor once redeem thy Soul from miſery.
Nay, couldſt thou yet aſcend to Heaven above,
And holy Angels with compaſſion move
For to engage for thee, and ſignify
That in thy ſtead, and for thy ſake they'd die,
It would not do; for in them's no ſuch worth
As to remove thy guilt, appeaſe God's wrath.
Their Glory's great, as holy Scriptures ſhow;
Yet all they have and are to God they owe.
They cannot help thee in thy great diſtreſs,
Nor ſatisfy the Law thou doſt tranſgreſs.
In brief, look where thou wilt; no Balſam's found
In any Creature for to cure thy wound.
No Surety can'ſt thou get; then come away,
Eternal Torments muſt thy Reckoning pay.

*Soul.*

Hold, hold, thou art too haſty and ſevere,
To one word more I pray thee lend an Ear.
I will amend my life, if this be ſo.
The Promiſe runs to ſuch as truly do
Their Evil courſes leave; I hope hereby
Thou wilt ſome pity ſhow, not let me die.

*Divine Juſtice.*

Fond Soul! though ſuch thy promiſes indeed
So often broke, deſerve but little heed;
Yet grant thou ſhouldſt henceforth with ſtricteſt care
Endeavour thine offences to repair,

Couldſt

Couldſt thou ſo live, as never to ſin more,
Will this, doſt think, pay off thy former ſcore?
Can thine imperfect Righteouſneſs to come,
Diſcharge of by-paſt ills, ſo vaſt a ſum?
When even that which thou callſt Righteouſneſs
It ſelf wants pardon, and muſt Guilt confeſs.
When thy Bond's ſu'd, thou doſt thy ſelf forget,
To offer menſtruous Rags to pay thy Debt;
For what is paſt, not future, I demand,
And thou ſhalt feel the rigors of my hand.

*Soul.*

Lord! then I'm drown'd in an Abyſs of fears,
If hearty Sighs, nor penitential Tears
Can waſh me clean, nor yet relieve my wo:
My caſe is deſp'rate, what ſhall Mortals do?

*Divine Juſtice.*

If thou with Tears couldſt the vaſt Ocean fill,
Or grieve till thou thy ſelf with ſorrows kill,
And make ten thouſand Rivers with thy blood,
'Twould not contribute the leaſt dram of Good.
Nay, couldſt thou live, and never more offend,
Yet for old ſins to Hell I muſt thee ſend,
To th' place of Execution thou muſt go:
Lord, ſhall I ſtrike, O ſhall I ſtrike the blow?
Lo, here the Soul, condemned wretch doth ſtand;
My Ax is up, if thou but giv'ſt command,
I preſently will cut her down with Ire,
Fit fewel for an Everlaſting fire.

*Divine Mercy.*

Stay, Juſtice! hold, forbear to ſtrike; ſhall I
My Glory loſe to all Eternity?
Though thou art juſt, as juſt as God can be,
Yet ſomething Mortals ſtill expect from me.
'Tis gracious Love and pity I afford,
In me ſhines forth the Glory of the Lord:
In me God doth (O Juſtice) take delight,
Though thou art pleaſant alſo in his ſight.
How ſhall we both then meet in Harmony,
And ſhine in ſpendor to Eternity?

*Divine Wiſdom.*

I have found out the way, which will you both
With equal Majeſty and Glory cloath.
God is as juſt as Juſtice doth require,
And yet as kind as Mercy can deſire.
Here is a glorious Prince come from above,
Who all obſtructions quickly will remove,
Which in the way of the poor Soul doth lie,
And you appeaſe, and jointly ſatisfy;
To ſave her now from the infernal pit,
I have a Ranſom found, a Ranſom fit.

*Divine Juſtice.*

I cannot hold,--- I'le ſtrike the fatal Blow:
Hell ſhe deſerves; with vengeance let her go
Unto the place appointed for all them
Who do God's holy Laws and Grace contemn.

*Jeſus*

*Jesus Prince of Light.*

O who is this? What Traitor's at the Bar,
That is condemn'd, and Justice wo'nt defer
The Execution? speak, hold up thy head;
Hast any thing to say? What canst thou plead?
Methinks, methinks, I should this Creature know:
Ah! *Soul*, is't thee? What shall I for thee do?
I told thee what thy state would be i'th end,
When first my Love to thee I did commend.
*Soul!* Speak, 'tis I, why dost thou not look up?
I'm sorely griev'd to think upon the Cup
That is prepar'd for thee; What dost thou say?
Shall I step in, that *Justice* may delay
To strike the stroke, for then too late 'twill be
To show my Love and pity unto thee?
Hast any kindness for me in thine Heart?
I doubt that still thou the same Creature art
Thou wast before? and hast no love at all:
Why speakst thou not? shall vengeance on thee fall?
Ah! how can I see Execution done,
And Tears not from mine Eyes like Rivers run?

*Divine Justice.*

Lord, be n't concern'd, she is thy bitter Foe;
Oh let me therefore freely strike the blow.
There's nought in her but Sin, and poisonous Evil;
To God a Foe, and Friend unto the Devil.

*JESUS.*

I know not how to let this ſtroke be given,
For I am come on purpoſe down from Heaven
To make Atonement, and to ſatisfy
For all her ſins and foul Iniquity.
Though ſhe to me doth no affection bear,
Yet her I pity, and do love moſt dear.

*Juſtice.*

Bleſt *JESUS!* hold, 'tis my juſt Maſter's ſenſe,
Abuſed Mercy muſt have recompence.
There is no other way but ſhe muſt die,
Unleſs thou wilt be her Securitie:
If in her ſtead thy life thou wilt give up,
Then mayſt thou ſave her from this bitter Cup.
The price which thou on that account wilt pay,
Will make a Compenſation, and defray
All her vaſt Debts, yea plenarily
God's wrath appeaſe, and Juſtice ſatisfy.
What muſt be done? Who is't the ſtroke muſt bear?
Is't not moſt fit ſuch ſhould who guilty are?
I cannot hold my hand, nor longer ſtay,
Law muſt be ſatisfy'd, what doſt thou ſay,
Thou wretched Soul? behold the knife and ſpear!
Can'ſt thou doſt think, God's fearful vengeance bear?
Now, *Soul!* look to thy ſelf, this Spear I'le run
Into thy Bowels, ere I it return.

*JESUS.*

*JESUS.*

Stay Justice, stay, withold thy furious Dart,
And, let its glitt'ring point first pierce my Heart.
Her guilty state aloud calls for relief,
It wounds my Soul and fills my Heart with grief.
My Bowels yearn, my inward parts do move,
Now, now's the time to show her my great Love.
Let Law and Justice be suffic'd in me,
'Tis I will die, to set the Sinner free.
Behold me, *Soul!* my life shall go for thine,
I will redeem thee with this Blood of mine,
Although most Precious, Sacred, and Divine.

## CHAP. VII.

*Shewing what Consultations there were amongst the infernal Spirits to bring* Jesus, *Prince of Light, under the power of Death; a Council called in Hell: the Princes of the fallen Angels in a deep combination against him, for fear their Kingdom should fall, and the poor Creature be delivered. The grand Counsel of Old Satan is taken. He enters into* Judas. Judas's *sin discovered. Jesus is apprehended. A terrible battel, or Christ's*

*Agony before his Paſſion. Sin and Wrath combine together: ſhewing the Prince's Conqueſts over them both. Seven aggravations of Chriſt's ſorrows in the Garden; and a Dialogue between the Devil, King of Darkneſs, and Death, the King of Terrors.*

HEre let's a while reflect with careful heed;
What! doth the guiltleſs for the guilty bleed?
This may aſtoniſh all, here's Love indeed!
Do Mortals ever greater love extend,
Then to lay down their lives for a dear Friend?
But for a Prince, a mighty Prince to die,
Not for a Friend, but for an Enemy,
Convicted and condemn'd for horrid Treaſon,
Thus to ſtep in at that moſt Critick ſeaſon,
When juſt the fatal blow was to be given;
This Love's above our Reach, higher than Heaven,
Deeper than Ocean Seas, ſo Infinite,
As well deſerves our wonder day and night.
What? Was the Father free his Son to give,
His dear and only Son, that ſhe might live?
And doth the Son i'th midſt of Enemies
Yield up himſelf to be a Sacrifice?
Yet who can be ſo bold to lay their Hands
Upon this Prince, that Heaven & Earth commands?
How ſhall this thing be now accompliſhed?
And by what means ſhall his dear Blood be ſhed?
Let's now inquire who is't that will conſent
To be the grand and chiefeſt Inſtrument

To

To execute this precious spotless Lamb,
Who for this purpose down from Heav'n came?
Has he on Earth any such spightful Foe,
As dare's attempt this 'mazing thing to do?
You heard before he daily was beset,
And with what Enemies he often met;
But now his hour is drawing very near.
Great Consultations 'mongst his Foes there were,
How they might take his blessed Life away,
Who seem'd himself impatient of delay.
He long'd until his work were finished,
Which could not be until his blood were shed:
And though he had most raging Enemies,
Yet knew they not what project to devise
To bring this bloody traiterous deed to pass,
Which long before by them designed was:
Until *Apollyon* finding by his Art
The dire Intentions harbour'd in their Heart,
Doth rouse them up, and first the matter start
To the Infernal powers, to wake them all
A second time upon this Prince to fall.
Then *Belzebub*, *Satan*, and *Lucifer*,
Consult afresh how to renew the War,
And to this purpose wee'l suppose they spake:

*Apollyon.*

Shake off your fears, and speedily let's make
The strongest Head that possibly we can
Against this strong, this Devil-amazing man.
Now, now's the day, let's bring him to Death's sting,
And then with shouts of Triumph we may sing:

For

For over Death 'tis we the power have,
And we may ſure ſecure him in the Grave.
'Tis he alone who frights us in our ſtation,
And puts us all into great Conſternation.
Our Kingdom by this means is like to fall,
And we thereby be ruin'd great and ſmall.
I have engag'd him once, but could not ſtand,
I know his ſtrength, he has a pow'rful Hand.

*Belzebub.*

My Sentence is for War; this Enterprize
Well managed, will make our Kingdom riſe,
And re-inthrone us in our Antient Skies,
To a great Height and flouriſh, as before:
When he is down, we'l let him riſe no more.
Can we but once deprive him of his Life,
'Twill put an end to all our fears and ſtrife.

*Lucifer.*

Dominions, Pow'rs, and Principalities
You all in danger are; awake and riſe
From off your Seats, and lazy Beds of Down:
Sleep you ſecure, or, fear not the dread frown
Of him who caſt you down, and joys to ſee
Your abject ſtate confeſs his Victory?
Shall all our brave infernal Regiments yield,
And baſely quit the even yet doubtful Field?
What? by one man ſhall ſuch a pow'rful Hoſt
Be overcome, and all at once be loſt?

Come,

Come, ſhew your valour, I'le command the Van,
Tho we're to engage with one that's more than Man,
Yet fear him not; why doth each ſpirits hand
Shake thus? why do you all amazed ſtand?
Has none found out a way to make him yield,
And either by fraud or force to quit the Field?
At this old *Satan* roſe from off his Seat,
Ready to burſt with Rage and Malice great,
And caſt a terrible look (if minded well)
Enough to fright all th' Devils out of Hell.

*Satan.*

You mighty Lords of the Infernal Lake,
Hark unto me, who for our Empires ſake
Have now deviſ'd a Stratagem, that may
(If I miſtake not) prove the only way
To bring about the Ruin of our Foe,
Whom I both hate and dread, as you well know:
There is his Servant *Judas*, he's our Friend,
And into him forthwith will I deſcend,
Who by my ſtrong perſuaſions ſoon will do
That which may make for's Maſter's overthrow.
He will betray him to our Servants hand,
Who will ſecure him ſafe at your Command,
And put him unto Death, who when deſtroy'd,
We never any more ſhall be annoy'd.
They all agreed to what old *Satan* ſaid,
Combining jointly to aſſiſt and aid
Him in this great, though curſed enterpriſe,
And bid him make what haſt he could deviſe.

Delays

Delays are dangerous, Devils well know that:
But why need they Grim *Satan* instigate?
He needs not be provoked to make haste,
When 'tis to injure *Souls*; or them to waste;
Or wreck his Malice, Rage, and Hellish spight
On the sweet person of the *Prince of Light.*
For now, alas! is come the dismal hour,
The time of Darkness. And Hell's direful pow'r
No sooner spoke, but *Satan* flew away,
Winged with spight, impatient of delay.
He takes possession of poor *Judas* heart,
And unto him in secret doth impart
The grand Design of this *Cabal* of Hell;
Who presently *consents*, and likes it well.
Away he goes, resolv'd the work to do:
A work, Lord, did I say? *sad work!* Oh who
Could think that a *Disciple* could do this,
Betray his Lord with a false treach'rous kiss?
Perfidious wretch! what villany is here?
Who can conceive the Crime? or who declare
The horrid nature of this vile offence?
Transcending all degrees of insolence.
No treacherous Act like it was done on Earth,
Since Man first from *enliv'ned Clay* took breath.
Where was thy Conscience, wretch, it did not fly
Into thy face for this Impiety?
Were all his wondrous works out of thy mind,
His tender Love and pity to mankind?
Betray the Son of Man! Can this be so?
What hadst thou in thine Eye? what made thee do

This

This horrid deed? Was't mony did thee move
To forfeit thy *Allegiance*, and thy love?
'Twas from that filthy Root, *Root of all Evil!*
Base sordid *Gain*, thou soldst Christ to the Devil;
(That is to those vile men he did employ
To perpetrate this cursed Tragedy.) (him;
This shew'd thy malice, and how thou didst hate
But tell us, *Judas!* at what *price didst* rate him?
What price didst set upon his blessed Head?
Are *Thirty pence* enough? What, valued
At this low price?--Is Jesus worth no more?
Such a *sad Bargain* ne're was made before.
A Box of *Ointment*'s worth, in thy esteem,
*Three hundred pence*; and dost thou value him
Not to amount in worth 'bove the Tenth part?
Thou shew'st how blind, and how deceiv'd thou art?
He whose most precious personage out-shines
The fading Lustre of all *Ophirs* Mines.
And carries sweeter Odours in his Breast,
Than all the *Spices* that perfume the East;
He that's *Omnipotencies* choice delight,
Whom trembling Angels *worship* day and night;
He that the Saints above all Worlds do prize,
In whom all worth and true enjoyment lies;
Shall he be sold at such a rate? O fie!
Thou wilt repent it to Eternitie,
That thou didst ever such a Bargain make:
What? Thirty Bits of cursed Silver take
For th' *Pearl of matchless price*; thou sordid Sot!
Wilt thou be trading, when thou knowest not

What

What 'tis thou fell'ſt? Fool, 'tis a *precious ſtone*,
The *Indian* Quarries yield not ſuch an one,
Worth more than Heaven & Earth. But it is gone?
So rich a *Jewel* loſt?--- Go howl and cry;
Thou'lt *hang* thy ſelf; next in Hell-torments fry.
And who can pity thee? I prethee who
To ſuch a Traytor will compaſſion ſhow?
Now 'tis too late thou doſt begin to mourn;
Better (vile wretch) thou never hadſt been born.
Under incenſed wrath, ah! now he lies,
Where flames torment, and Conſcience terrifies.
Be not offended, Sirs, I judg him not;
But his own *Maſter*'s words can't be forgot,
Who ſpeaking of his ſad and ſinful fall,
Doth him the *Son* of black *perdition* call,
And ſays that *he is loſt*. Chriſt is the Judge,
And to repeat his Sentence who can grudge?
But to proceed--- how can my ſpirits hold?
I need Relief, my heart (alas) grows cold,
Whilſt I with wonder look on what's behind,
Soul-melting pity overwhelms my mind.
Who can of ſuch heart-breaking ſuff'rings hear,
And not diſſolve each Eye into a Tear?
But, ah! methinks ſomething doth intervene,
The thought of which puts me to as much pain,
As doth the ſad, but uſeful Contemplation
Of his unhappy happy bloody paſſion.
Then let's retreat, and to the *Garden* go,
For in that p'ace began his grievous woe:

Before

Before he doth with th' *King of Terrors* fight,
Another King ſets on him full of ſpight,
Whoſe powr's great, by curſed uſurpation,
He domineers and rules o're every Nation;
He brings the Mighty down unto his feet,
And makes them all with rigour to ſubmit:
The good, the bad, the wiſe, the old, the young,
The rich, the poor, the beautiful, and ſtrong,
All that live, or e're liv'd, have worſted bin
By this proud lofty one, whoſe name is *SIN.*
A Baſtard Devil of moſt monſtrous Birth,
Begot in Hell, by Satan firſt brought forth;
Already you have of his Malice heard,
And how in wrath he never Mortal ſpar'd.
A *crafty Foe*, who oftner ſteers his courſe
In all his wars, by *fraud* than open *force*:
'Tis he that keeps the Soul in Iron Chains,
And robs her of all Senſe; leſt thoſe great pains
She otherwiſe might feel, ſhould make her cry
To be deliver'd from his ſlavery;
Unleſs our *Jeſus* doth this Foe deſtroy,
The *Soul* he loves he never can enjoy.
He had with him before oft a hard Duel,
And worſted him, eſcaping all his cruel
Attaques, but *rallying* now with other Foes
He joyns, to lay on more impetuous blows.
Well may we dread here an amazing Fight,
For lo! with him confederate in our ſight
The *Wrath of God*, moſt fearful to behold:
Both theſe ſad Enemies, with courage bold,

Are

Are making all the Head that e're they can
Againſt this bleſſed Prince, *the Son of Man.*
Oh! let our Souls be arm'd with courage bold,
Whilſt we this furious Battel do behold.
Before the Fight begins, do you not hear
How he doth cry unto his Father dear;
*O let this Cup from me*, Lord, *paſs away*,
*If it be poſſible*; Let it, I pray,
Paſs from me, that of it I may not drink.
Until this time he never ſeem'd to ſhrink
From any pain, conflict, or ſuffering;
This Combat is, alas, a different thing,
From what before he ever met withal;
From hence he did unto his Father call
Once and again, repeating of his cry,
It'h ſenſe of what was now approaching nigh.
Some may at this 'tis likely much admire,
That our dear Saviour ſhould ſo loud deſire
To be deliver'd from that bitter Cup,
Which was *prepared* for him to drink up.
It did not riſe for his *unwillingneſs*;
But from the pain, the anguiſh, and diſtreſs
'Twould bring him to: this *humane Nature*'s weak,
From thence he might ſuch ſupplications make.
Ah! wrath *Divine*, what humane Soul can bear?
But of *Divinity* he hath his ſhare,
Which doth again his fainting ſpirit chear.
And ſuch ſupport he needs---Caſt but an Eye,
See how the Combatants with fury fly

Upon

Upon each other; What a Battel's here,
Enough to melt our Souls into a tear.
Lo! the first blow that *Sin and Wrath* doth give,
It is the worst he ever did receive.
Behold! how frightfully grim Wrath doth frown;
Nay, more, the *Prince* seems by their strength *cast down.*
Now *Sin* & *Wrath* upon him both do lie,
Which makes him groan, and bitterly to cry,
With panting breast, and half-expiring Breath,
*My Soul is sorrowful, ev'n unto Death.*

Can the great *Prince* of Earth and Heaven feel
Such heavy strokes, as thus to make him reel?
The dismal weight of Sin this doth declare;
None but a *JESUS* could it fully bear.
Happy are we, as the blest Prophet said,
Our Help was *upon One that's mighty laid.*
Could man or Angel ev'r have born all this,
And not have been cast down to th' deepst Abyss?
Nay of this mighty One, Saint *Mark* hath rais'd
Our Wonder higher, *He was sore amaz'd:*
Nay more than this, *he fell upon the Ground:*
No Soul before such anguish ever found,
To see the Lord of Life brought to the Earth,
Under the pressure of God's heavy Wrath;
And that he suffer'd all this in our stead,
May make our Souls to stand astonished;
Especially, if to these Trials we
Shall add his great and bloody *Agony,*
Wherein the *sweat* fell from him as he stood,
In Crimson dy, like trickling *drops of blood.*

Ah! precious Lord! this work was very sore;
But still thy Love, and its blest Vertue's more;
Through all these Toils thou grasp'st at Victory,
And *Captive lead'st* at last *Captivity.*
If *Sin* that day had not receiv'd a fall,
Grim *Death* and *Hell* had quickly swallow'd all
The race of *Man*; we all had been undone,
No help, no hope, no life for any one;
*Sin* was condemn'd, it had a fatal blow,
That now to *Saints* it little hurt can do.
But to proceed, here I shall now relate
Some things which very much do aggravate
The sufferings which Christ in's Soul indur'd,
When he this Conquest for our Souls procur'd;
No greater sorrows did he ever know,
Than those which then his Soul did undergo.

---

Several Circumstances which demonstrate the *Greatness* of our *Saviours sufferings* in his Soul in the Garden.

*First.*

They did not seize him with the least *surprize,*
From thence oft-times doth great Amazement rise
Unto poor Mortals: we are not aware
Oft-times what's nigh, know nothing of the snare.
But thus 'twas not with the blest Prince of Light;
What can be hid from Great *Jehovah*'s sight?

He

He knew full well what would upon him fall;
Yet when it came, so great, surpassing all
Were th' Griefs he felt, he in amaze doth call
Unto his Father dear most earnestly,
*If 'twere his will to let that Cup pass by.*

*Secondly.*

It was the very thing he *came to do*,
And yet cry'd out in such sad sort; O who
Can then conceive what he did undergo?
He *freely* did his precious Life give up;
And yet he's ready to *refuse* the Cup.
He takes it (as it were) into his hand
Most willingly, but presently doth stand
Pausing a while: then puts it to his Lip,
And after he had took one *bitter sip*,
Looks up to Heav'n, and cryes, O may it be
Thy will, dear God, this Cup might pass from me.

*Thirdly.*

He knew unless he drank it up, that we
Must perish All to all Eternitie;
And that his coming would prove all in vain,
If he refused for us to be slain;
And yet with sighs and groans how did he cry,
In sense of wrath, and that extremity,
Which he beheld would quickly overtake him,
When once his blessed Father did forsake him!

*Fourthly.*

The *Angels* which did there to him appear,
Demonstrate plain how great his sorrows were:
For like as one distressed, makes complaint,
Quite tired out, and all his spirits faint,
Needs to be strengthned by some faithful Friend:
So God to him did Holy Angels send,
For to *relieve* and comfort him that Day,
When *Sin* and *Wrath* so heavy on him lay.

*Fifthly.*

But what's Assistance from an Heavenly Host,
To the great Power of the Holy Ghost!
Some little measure of the Spirit hath
Caused blest Saints to triumph over Death.
How have they sung with flames about their Ears,
Contemning pains, regardless of all fears?
This *Spirit* rested on him *bodily*,
*Without measure*; and yet how doth he cry!
As scarce well knowing which way to bear up,
Whilst he partakes of this most painful Cup.
This greatly doth his suff'rings amplify
To humane sense; if weighed seriously.

*Sixthly.*

O Lord! what means these melting sighs and Tears?
Why is thy Soul amaz'd, why fill'd with Fears?
Ah! 'tis enough to break our hearts to think
Upon that bitter potion thou didst drink;

Thou

Thou knewst thy sorrows would be quickly o're,
And then thou shouldst ne'r sigh nor suffer more;
'Twas from *thy worth*, both *Wrath* and *Justice* cryes,
We are *appeas*'d with this thy *Sacrifice*.
Might not the shortness of this Conflict yield
Thee some Relief? Besides thou knew'st the Field
Thou shouldst obtain, the Conquest was thine *own*,
And quickly too the Conflict would be gone.

I'th midst of Wars, or anguish, Men indure,
If any can them certainly assure,
That in short time their Troubles will be over,
They straight rouse up their spirits to recover,
And patiently resolve to bear the smart,
For this is like a Cordial to the Heart.
All this thou knew'st, and more abundantly;
Yet *Sins* dire weight so heavily did lie,
That with strong groans & horror thou didst cry.
The Torments, Lord! of Hell took hold on thee,
Our Souls from that devouring Wrath to free.

But why didst thou into a Garden go
Thus to encounter with the hellish Foe?
Was it because *there* first began our woe?
Or, was it, Lord, to have us call to mind
When we in *Walks and Gardens* pleasures find,
What thou didst for us in a *Garden* bear,
To take our Hearts from flitting *pleasures* here?

But stop, my Muse! look back, and let us see
What did succeed *Judas* his Treachery.
O mind, what Joy's amongst th'Infernal Crew,
In hopes of what is likely to ensue.

Hark how thoſe *Scritchowls* cry, but with ſmall rea-
As will be manifeſted in its ſeaſon. (ſon,
It was decreed the Glorious Prince ſhould die,
Already you have heard the reaſon why.
And though the firſt contrivance was *Divine*,
Yet *Hell* hereby had alſo a deſign
Of horrid miſchief; and for that intent
*They* firſt prompt on the curſed Inſtrument.
For having try'd their utmoſt ſtrength before
In open force, they will engage no more
In that vain way; but now reſolve to try
What may be done by Helliſh policy.
This Project taking hitherto ſo well,
New *Summons* ſtraight are iſſued out in Hell
To all *Infernal Spirits* to make ſpeed,
And puſh on boldly the laſt curſed Deed;
Fearing this *Prince* would prove a mortal Foe,
Their Helliſh Kingdom utterly o'rethrow,
And bring them to deſerved puniſhment,
(For *old* and latter Treaſons they invent)
Where they perpetual Tortures ſhall ſuſtain.
They feared alſo that he would again
Reſtore that poor *condemn'd* degenerate
Forſaken Wretch, unto her firſt Eſtate,
Which ſhe by Luſt had loſt; nay, further more,
Make her more *famous* than ſhe was before.
Which to prevent, they all conſult the way,
How him to *Death* with ſpeed they may betray,
From's Heav'nly Kingdom to be baniſht quite,
And ever kept under the ſhades o'th Night.

Various

Various their *treacherous* Conſultations be,
Yet all on Death do mutually agree.
*Apollyon* puſht it on with raging haſte;
But *Satan*, cry'd, Forbear, drive not too faſt.
Such mighty matters call for Conſultation;
We ſtrike uncertain, when we ſtrike in paſſion.
Thus black-mouth'd Envy op'd his ſnaky Jaws,
To have them conduct well their Helliſh cauſe:
Ere further you proceed in this deſign,
Pray take, ſaith he, theſe tranſient thoughts of mine.
The hearts o'th *Jews* muſt firſt prepared be
With Pride, Revenge, and ſtrongeſt Enmity;
And we muſt think upon ſome Friends that will
Forſwear themſelves, our pleaſures to fulfil;
Such Witneſſes our crazy Cauſe will need,
And ſuch muſt we provide too with all ſpeed.
For well we know his Innocence is ſuch,
With the leaſt ſtain Truth could it never touch;
Therefore thoſe Crimes he wants in verity,
Malice muſt raiſe, and Perjuries ſupply;
And that they may paſs current when he's try'd,
A Council we muſt pick, fit to decide
The matter right or wrong on our ſide.
Beſides, 'tis fit e're we the work begin,
We ſhould the King of Terrors ſummon in.
If his Commiſſion will not reach ſo far,
In vain, alas, is all our preſent ſtir.
His Pow'r is great, but don't you underſtand,
He has refus'd to be at our Command,

Not once, but many times? this makes me quake:
We are undone, ſhould he refuſe to take
Part now with us in this Extremity,
When all we have and are at ſtake doth lie.
To this Advice the Devils all conſent,
And call for Tyrant *Death*, who doth preſent
His gaſtly face, and boldly do's demand,
What 'twas they would have him to take in hand?
Then ſoon *Apollyon*, King of Darkneſs, breaks
Silence, and to this purpoſe gravely ſpeaks.

*Apollyon.*

Dread King of Terrors, if thou ſtepſt not in,
Down goes our Hell-bred Monarchy of Sin.
We now can walk the ſpacious Earth about,
And have we Friend or Foe, we find him out.
Where e're we ſee a perſon that's upright,
We ſeek his ruin with the greateſt ſpight,
When we by fraud or craft can't him intice
To yield to Pride, or Luſt, or any Vice,
But that he'l watch us with a wary Eye,
And perſevere in all true Piety;
Then on him do we bring outward diſtreſs,
To make him loſe, or leave his Holineſs.
Our Kingdom by this practice is made ſtrong,
Potent and large, and ſo has proſper'd long.
But now thy help we need, for much we fear
The downfal of our Kingdom draweth near.
Upon the Earth there now appears in ſight
A mighty Foe, one call'd *The Prince of Light.*

And

to front of the page of ye first Booke

And for what end ſhould he from Heaven come,
If not to execute on us that Doom (ſtrife,
Which Heav'n long ſince decreed? To end which
We are reſolv'd to take away his Life.
Already he's betray'd; if things hit right,
And then we'l yield him up unto thy Might.
For thy Aſſiſtance, *Death*, we do implore,
Elſe to theſe miſchiefs this will happen more,
That Creature we ſo long have captivated,
Will in her Pomp again be re-inſtated.
The thoughts of which there's none of us can bear,
Speak, ſpeak, pale Monarch! for we long to hear
What's thy Advice? Thou mighty art in pow'r,
And canſt, we know, whole Nations ſoon devour.

*The King of Terrors.*

Great *Prince of Darkneſs*, you muſt underſtand
We are not wholly at your proud Command.
For there's a mighty Pow'r in Heaven high,
Which you are ſubject to as well as I:
'Tis true, from him I cannot ſay at all
That I derive my ſtrange Original;
Yet by his pleaſure am circumſcrib'd,
And 'gainſt his Will cannot be forc'd nor brib'd.
Wherefore, if he this *Prince of Light* protect,
In vain at him ſhall I my ſhafts direct.
Beſides, in this Exploit methinks I find
Some ſtrange foreboding ills poſſeſs my mind,
As if engaging thus againſt your Foe,
I ſhould but haſten mine own overthrow.

Take

Take mine Advice then, meddle not at all;
Better ſit ſtill, you know, than riſe to fall.
'Tis true indeed, as you have well obſerv'd,
Your threatned Judgment has been long deferr'd:
But if your Execution-Day be come,
You can't eſcape, but muſt abide your Doom.

*Prince of Darkneſs.*

Thou pale-fac'd Traytor! ſhan't we have thy Aid?
Then all our Helliſh Projects are betray'd.
How oft have we ſtood by thee; ſent thee forth
To do our will and pleaſure on the Earth?
The firſt that ever thou hadſt in thy hand,
Committed was by me, at my Command;
I cauſed *Cain* to ſlay his godly Brother;
And ſo taught thee how to bereave the Mother
Of her moſt dear, of her moſt hopeful Son;
And ſhall not now my will in this be done?
'Twas I which did thy being to thee give:
How many Subjects doſt each day receive
From me and mine? who do in every Land
Promote thy State, and lend their helping-Hand.
Therefore conſent, and ſhow thy angry Brow,
And make this Conqueror to thy Scepter bow,
Yielding himſelf to thee; ſtrike him with ſpeed,
And pierce his very Heart until it bleed.
Then ſome dark Cave near the Earths Centre find,
Where Light ne're pierc'd, nor *Phœbus* ever ſhin'd,
There, there, the vanquiſht Foe do thou retain
Cloſe Priſn'er with an Adamantine Chain.

When

When e're thou ſtrik'ſt, be ſure ſtrike home thy blow,
Leſt he revive and work our overthrow.
Be bold, attempt, and let thy pow'r be known,
The Glory of this Deed ſhall be thine own.

*King of Terrors.*

I muſt confeſs I have been often ſent
By Helliſh means unto the Innocent.
To ſatisfy your Envy, Pride, and Luſt,
Some thouſands I have turn'd into the Duſt.
Yet never did I ſtrike, but on Condition,
As Heaven did permit, in my Commiſſion.
And though by *Thee*, and by that Monſter, *Sin*,
The Child of Hell, I firſt of all came in;
Yet am I not ſubſervient ſtill to thee,
But bounded by *Jehovah*'s own Decree:
For had I wholly been at thy Command,
Poor *Job* had fell before thy pow'rful hand.
Where my dread *Sovereign Lord* do's give me charge,
To ſtay my hand (though my Commiſſion's large)
I muſt forbear; But if he once permit,
The Juſt, and the Unjuſt, alike I hit.

*Apollyon King of Darkneſs.*

Wilt thou eclipſe my Glory and Renown?
Deſtroy my Pow'r, and tread my Kingdom down?
Fy *Death!* for ſhame forbear thy Inſolence,
And do'nt diſpute the Mandates of thy Prince.
Strike! I conjure thee; do not vainly think
'Twill be thy Int'reſt from this work to ſhrink.

That

That hand, that powerful hand that conquers me,
If he prevail, at last will vanquish thee.
Though now on Earth thou dost in triumph dwell,
If he o'recome, he'l cast thee down to Hell.
Thou from thy Monarchy shalt then be driven,
And shalt abide in no place under Heaven.
Thou that hast been a Conqueror heretofore,
Shalt conquer'd be, and never conquer more.
Ah! lend thy Hand, shew forth thy mighty pow'rs,
'Tis for thy Int'rest, *Death*, as well as ours.
If Arguments and Reason may convince
Thee; try thy weapons on this dangerous Prince.

*King of Terrors.*

Say, say no more. If you find things agree
In order to his downfall, I will be
His Executioner, do you not fear,
I tremble at the thoughts of what I hear.

*Damned Spirits.*

Bravely resolv'd! At last they all Reply'd,
Swelling in Wrath, in Malice, Envy, Pride,
Wee'l now proceed, and craftily prepare
All things in readiness to end this War.

*Apollyon.*

Though *Judas* has a party for our turn,
Yet we have more to do e're we adjourn.
If we should bring this Enterprise to pass,
Yet when all's done, I shall be where I was.

We

We muſt ſeek out ſome perſons to defame
His ſo much honour'd and unblemiſh'd Name.
He's Juſt and Virtuous, and eſteem'd ſo high,
Who dares charge him with th' leaſt Impurity?

*Satan.*

At this an envious Devil ſtrait jumpt in;
I'le lead the people on, let me begin;
I'le ſtir them up to Envy more and more,
Such Envy that he ſhall not ſtand before.

*Belial.*

Theſe are but ſparkles from an haſty Fire,
Which will for want of fuel ſoon expire.
His Glory ſtill encreaſes, ours decays.
Words without Actions are but faint delays.
The rareſt Wit amongſt us muſt look out,
With warineſs to bring this thing about.
I'le tell you what I newly have contriv'd:
Let my Lord *Lucifer*, the King of Pride,
Make one amongſt their Rulers in the Seat
Of ſeeming Juſtice; Tell them they are Great
And Prudent men, yea Learned ones likewiſe,
And in their Breaſts alone true Wiſdom lies.
Yea, tell them that the Soveraign Lord of Heaven
To them the name of Gods on Earth hath given;
Tell them both God and men have thought it fit,
That they like Gods ſhould in this Grandeur ſit;
And, anſwerable to this lofty ſtation,
The people have them in great veneration.

Thus,

Thus, when h' has put their Honours in a Heat,
And swell'd them up with Pride and self-conceit,
Tell them 'tis much below their high Degree,
That such a low inferiour Man as he
Should be their Prince, or over them bear sway,
Who rather ought their Greatness to obey.
Then, when the uncontrouled breath of Fame
Has spread abroad the Glory of his Name,
And fill'd each Eye and Ear with Admiration,
Giving to him Applause and Veneration,
Then let our envious Friend once more take's place,
And sit as pale as Death in every Face;
And let him tell them, if they do not take
Some speedy course, their Honours lie at stake;
He grows so famous in the peoples Eyes,
They shortly will their Soveraignty despise.

*Satan.*

Nay, I can tell them yet another thing;
The people seek by force to make him King.
Which if the Roman Pow'r should understand,
They'd quickly come and take away their Land.
This sure will work, or other ways I'le find;
Good Mariners can sail with every wind.

Thus these Infernals seeking to prevent
Their future, but deserved punishment,
Far swifter than the lofty Eagle flies,
Did set upon their Hellish enterprize.
The King of Pride threw forth his poisonous Darts,
Which did not miss to pierce the yielding Hearts

Of

Of thoſe that ſat at Stern, who ſhould delight
To do the thing that's equal, juſt, and right:
But diſregarding great *Jehovah*'s Laws,
They ſought ( poor Souls ) for popular Applauſe,
Puſt up with Pride, and ſwoln with vain Ambition
(That Tympany of th' Soul) They had ſuſpition
That if the Prince of Light were once affected,
They by the people ſoon ſhould be rejected.
For firſt they ſaw his Miracles were great,
His Vertues rendred him ſtill more compleat,
And made him ſo illuſtriouſly to ſhine,
He gain'd the Appellation of *Divine.*
Nay, furthermore, they heard how ſome did ſing,
*Hoſanna in the Higheſt to the King*
*Of Iſrael!* the fragrant Flower of *Jeſs*,
The Root of *David*; Oh! who can expreſs
The depth of Envy which in them did burn,
With raging flames, almoſt at every turn?
Cloſe Conſultation in their Courts appears,
And i'th mean while ſtrange Rumors fill their Ears.
The Miracles which he before had wrought
Into the minds of people freſh are brought,
Thoſe wond'rous things did much encreaſe the ſtrife:
He raſs'd, ſaid ſome, the Dead again to Life:
Gave ſight unto the Blind, who from their Birth
Had never ſeen the Light that guilds the Earth:
The Dumb, the Deaf, the Lepers, and the Lame,
In all Diſtempers, whoſoever came,
Had perfect Cure in every Diſeaſe;
Nay, he could huſh the Winds, and calm the Seas;

Could

Could diſpoſſeſs the black Infernal Rout,
And caſt whole Legions of fierce Devils out.
Of five mean Barly loavs, and two ſmall Fiſhes,
He made above five thouſand plenteous Diſhes.
Thus many talkt what he before had done,
Grieving to think what now was coming on.
His gracious words, and vertuous Life commended
Him to the Multitude, but much offended
Th' inraged Rulers; yet his Innocence
Was ſtill ſo ſure a Guard and ſtrong defence,
That they could not their wicked ends obtain.
Yet from their malice would they not refrain.
How often did they in clandeſtine way
Endeavour their blood-thirſty hands to lay
Upon this Sacred Prince? yet ſtill through fear
The people would riſe up, they did forbear.
Sometimes they thought to trap him in his words,
That Law & Juſtice then might draw their Swords
And cut him off. And then again deviſe
Another courſe, charg'd him with Blaſphemies
Againſt the God of Heaven, by which way
They ſurely thought they might his Life betray.
But never could they over him get pow'r
Untill his time were come: Now, now's their hour.
The work muſt needs be carried on with ſpeed,
When Heaven and Hell about it are agreed.
Though different ends in theſe great Agents are,
Yet in the thing they both conſenting were,
That Chriſt ſhould be of his dear Life depriv'd.
Though Hell alone the guilty Act contriv'd,

Yet

Yet God indeed from all Eternitie,
Knowing what rage and curs'd malignity
Would be in their base Hearts, resolved then
He would permit and suffer these vile men,
To bring his Purpose and Decree to pass,
Which for our Good, and his own Glory was.

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## CHAP. VIII.

*Shewing how the Lord Jesus died in the Sinner's stead. Such was his love, and yet the Soul an Enemy at that time to him, and hated him. A full discovery of Christ's bloody Passion, enough to make a heart of stone to melt. The Prince gives up the ghost.* Death *the King of Terrors, insults over* Jesus, *Prince of Light.* Death *is threatned with* Death: *shewing also what fear there was amongst the Devils, lest the Prince should rise again, and overcome* Death. *A second Council held in Hell: the Devils, tremble.* Death *subdued. Heathen Oracles cease. The Devil's destroyed upon the Prince's resurrection, and put to open shame. Joy in Heaven. Angels sing. Saints rejoyce. The end of the First Part.*

BUT to proceed, Will you lift up your Eyes,
And view the Rage of Hellish Enemies?

The final troubles of the Prince of Light
Are coming on; Behold a frightful sight!
A multitude with Clubs, and Swords, and Spears
About his Sacred Person now appears.
This wretched Rabble 's come on a design,
Which wounds and breaks this stony heart of mine
To think upon 't; behold, they are conducted
By the grand Traitor, and by him instructed
How to proceed on this great Enterprise,
Which he by Hellish power did devise.
Arm'd, as you heard, they seiz'd on him, as if
He had indeed been some notorious Thief.
Fond men! If you this Prince's Nature knew,
Your Weapons are too many, or too few.
As Man, so meek, you need no rescue fear;
As God, so strong, he can in pieces tear
A thousand Troops that should approach him near,
Of which a present Instance did appear.
Some little rays of his dread Deitie
He caused to break forth, and suddenly
They stagger'd, and fell backwards on the ground,
That they might see he quickly could confound
Them utterly, and lay them at his feet,
But that he saw it better to submit
Unto his Father's Will, and take the Cup
Which was prepared for him to drink up.
But they recov'ring strength, got up again,
Regardless of all dread, and now amain
Resume their purpose, and with wicked hands
Take hold of him, who Heav'n & Earth Commands.

He's

He's taken Prisoner, and strongly bound,
Who in one moments time could quite confound
The Universe, and all that him offend (send.
Down to Hell's bottom quick with vengeance
Yet like a Lamb he's to the slaughter led,
And, as a Malefactor, suffered.

Most dreadful sorrows did his Soul indure
That peace and Joy for her he might procure;
To bring his purpose to an happy end,
He manifests himself indeed a Friend,
A bounteous Friend, who thinks his Life not dear,
But freely lays it down, doth freely bear
The stroke of Justice, that he might recover
Her forfeit Life again. Oh! Sacred Lover!
Oh! Matchless Love and Grace! Let every Eye
Open its Sluces, draw its Fountains dry.
If he for us such bitter sorrows felt,
Then let the thoughts of his strong Passion melt
Our sin-congealed hearts, our hearts of stone.

What was the reason why this Sacred One
Did bear all this? Were not our sins the cause?
He suffers, but 'twas we had broke the Laws.
Is he betray'd to Death? Weep o're his Herse,
Who only di'd our Death for to reverse.

You Sin-sick Souls, think on his bloody Passion,
And then take up this bitter Lamentation:
Dear God! I sin'd, and did a Saviour need,
And must the Lord of Life and Glory bleed!
Ah! must his dear and precious blood be spilt,
To free me from my vile and horrid Guilt?

Didſt thou, ſweet Lord, my heavy burthen bear?
And ſhall not I lament, nor ſhed a Tear?
Shall not my hard and flinty heart diſſolve, (ſalve
To think how nought but thy own blood could
My feſter'd wounds? What heart is ſo condens'd,
That cannot by theſe thoughts be influenc'd
And mov'd unto remorſe and great Contrition,
I'th ſenſe of the Lord Jeſus's Crucifixion? (Hall,

They hal'd him (bound) unto the High Prieſts
Where Prieſts and Council did for witneſs call.
They ſearch'd about for ſuch, but none could find,
Who did agree together in one mind.
They us'd him like a Thief, put him to ſhame,
Who bore it with great patience, like a Lamb.
They blindfold him in a diſgraceful ſort,
And ignominiouſly made him their ſport.
They ſmote him on the face, pluckt off his hair,
And bid him propheſy then who they were
That did him ſtrike, that ſo they might thereby
His Office of a Prophet vilifie.
His own dear Servants in this diſmal Day
Did him forſake, and from him fly away.
They, they in whom his Soul took ſweet delight,
His curſed Foes did ſo amaze and fright,
That they diſown'd him too, and left him all
To ſtand alone, or otherwiſe to fall.
Yea, *Peter*, who would have his Lord confide
In him above the reſt, ſtoutly deny'd
He ever knew him; nay, and furthermore,
To put it out of doubt, he curſt and ſwore.

Ah!

Ah! What is man when God withdraws his hand?
A *Peter* then one moment cannot ſtand.
This doubtleſs did add grief unto his Heart,
To ſee his own Diſciples to depart,
And leave him thus in his Adverſitie,
When in their ſtead it was he came to die.
He after this bore much rebuke and ſhame,
Scoffs, blows, reproaches, ſtripes, oh who can name
The many Cruelties he underwent
Before his painful Death, and not lament?
They cru'lly ſmite him on his precious Cheeks,
Which he with patience bears, and never ſeeks
To free himſelf from this their Inſolence,
Although he knew his ſpotleſs Innocence.
O gracious Lord! how, how waſt thou abus'd,
Unjuſtly judg'd, and falſely too accus'd?
Accus'd as guilty of ſome grievous fact,
Who thoughtſt no Evil, none didſt ever act?
No ſtain nor ſpot of ſin was found in thee,
Though thus thou ſuffer'ſt for Iniquity.
The Injuries which thou that Night did'ſt bear,
How great, my God! how numberleſs they were?
When he had paſt away that tedious Night,
Early next morning they with Helliſh ſpight,
Like ſome great Malefactor, him preſent
To *Pontius Pilate:* where with innocent
And pleaſant Countenance he then did ſtand,
To know what 'twas of him they did demand.
Then with an humble Silence held his peace,
Which made the fury of his Foes increaſe.

Next was he unto wicked *Herod* ſent,
Who at his preſence ſeemed much content,
Hoping he might ſome Miracle behold,
Becauſe he had been of ſtrange Wonders told.
But he that knew the ſecrets of all Hearts,
Who tries the Reins and views the inward parts,
Knew well his curious, but preſumptuous mind,
Was only unto wickedneſs inclin'd.
*Chriſt* Anſwer'd not when he lookt for Replies.
Which made King *Herod* and his men deſpiſe
Our precious Lord, the Prince of Peace, whilſt he
Became the pattern of Humilitie.
Thus Sinners contradict, and dare reprove
The Lord of Life, who quickly could remove
The lofty from their Seats, and them confound;
But nought but Love and Mercy doth abound.
This was the Day of his Humiliation,
He's firſt abas'd, then comes his Exaltation.
But, oh! that ever men ſhould be ſo vile,
To ſmite thoſe Lips that never utter'd guile!
He at whoſe great Command the Seas were ſtill,
Is now commanded by each Tyrant's will.
He s ſent to *Herod*, then ſent back again
Unto the Judgment-Seat; But oh! what pain
Did he indure there by moſt wicked men, Pen
What Heart can think, what Tongue expreſs, what
Can ſet it forth? Their ſacrilegious Hands
Bound him about with ſtrong and cruel bands:
They mock'd and did deride him ſhamefully,
And then aloud ſet up a curſed Cry,

*Hold,*

*Hold, hold him faſt, deliver* Barabbas,
Who a notorious Malefactor was.
A *Barabbas* is now prefer'd before
Him, whom the glorious Angels do adore!
A Murderer ſhall ſpared, ſaved be,
When *JESUS* ſhall be hanged on a Tree.
With torturing whips they ſcourged him moſt ſore,
Until his fleſh was dy'd with Purple Gore.
O dreadful diſmal Cup! what heart can think
On what he underwent, and 's fleſh not ſhrink?
The Blood that once run through his ſacred Veins,
Is now let out by Soul-tormenting pains,
And all the bluſhing Pavement gilds, not ſtains.
Ah! don't you ſee how it fell trickling down,
Yet unto him was no compaſſion ſhown.
The Blood that iſſued forth from every wound,
Deſcends in pearly drops unto the ground.
Oh Earth! that didſt receive that holy Blood,
Nor fruitful *Nile*, nor *Tagus* golden Flood
Could ever yield like Vertue, or ſuch good;
Ne're ſuch a ſtream did water thee before,
Nor ſhall again refreſh thee any more.

Nor were theſe cruel barb'rous ſcourgings all
That he endur'd in that remorſleſs Hall;
For after this they clothed him in ſcorn
With Purple, when his fleſh was laſht and torn,
And in deriſion of his Princely State,
Their impious hands a Crown of thorns did plate,
Preſſing it on his gracious Head with pain,
Till Sacred Drops did iſſue forth again

In ruful sort, as they had done before,
Spreading his precious Neck and Face all o're.
Thus like a Lamb amongst those Wolves he stood,
From head to foot besprinkled o're with blood.
His Kingly Office further to debase,
'Stead of the Scepter due to *Judah*'s Race,
They put a Reed in's hand, then kneel before him,
And in Derision feignedly adore him.
Thus, thus did they the Sacred Prince abuse,
Crying in scorn--*All hail, King of the Jews:*
Then in Disdain they spit in's his lovely Face.
Could Devils offer God a worse Disgrace?
Oh depth of Love alone, that knows no bounds,
To suffer such dire stripes, such mocks & wounds!
'Twas we that sin'd, 'twas thou that sufferst shame,
To free us from the guilt. Oh let thy Name
Thy Sacred Name for ever honour'd be,
Who thus wast us'd, to set poor Sinners free.
But yet, alas! these sufferings were not all,
More bitter things did unto him befall.
Off next they took the Robe, his own put on,
And now as if their malice fresh begun,
Not satisfy'd their God for to deride,
They loud cry'd out, *Let him be Crucify'd.*
His Blood they thirst for. *Pilate* gives consent,
Though Conscience told him he was Innocent,
And had deserved neither Death nor Bands,
Yet up he gives him to the Rabbles hands.
He knew of malice they had brought him thither,
Yet he and they at last combine together

T' imbrew

'T imbrew their guilty hands in guiltleſs Blood,
Who never did them harm, but always good.
Rather than *Pilate* will diſpleaſe the *Jews*,
Hee'l ſtifle Conſcience, utterly refuſe
All Admonitions; though his boſom Friend
A timely warning unto him did ſend,
Uſes Intreaties, urges Arguments,
But nothing would prevail, nothing prevents
Their wicked purpoſe. Sentence being paſt,
Unto his Execution now they haſt.
Though he was wounded very much before,
His fleſh, his Virgin fleſh, with ſtripes made ſore,
Yet they upon his Martyr'd ſhoulders lay
His heavy Croſs; till fainting by the way
By reaſon of th' intolerable pain
His bleeding wounds procured, they conſtrain
A Country-man of *Cyrene* (who did paſs
Along that way) to bear his pond'rous Croſs.
And coming up to diſmal *Golgotha*,
Without remorſe of Conſcience, dread, or awe,
They ſtill perſiſt in putting him to Death,
A Death the worſt that e're ſtopt humane Breath;
The *cruel Death o'th Croſs*, matchleſs for pain,
And by God's *Curſe* moſt liable to ſhame.
To cauſe the Juſt to die was crueltie,
But Crucifixion's more than 'tis to die.
Prodigious Rage! ſtrange metamorphos'd mind!
What? kill the Lord, who was to you ſo kind!
What was his Crime? what his ſo great offence?
That not contented to remove him hence

By

By violent Death, but you must look about
Whereby to find exquisite torments out?
The vilest wretch that ever did draw breath,
Or in the strictest sense deserved Death,
Could never meet with more severitie
From barb'rous Foes and brutish Tyranny.
He meets with no compassion, every heart,
And every hand is set to throw a Dart.
So far from shame in this their villany,
They chuse for time to act the Tragedy,
Their chiefest Feast, when to *Jerusalem*
From every part thousands of people came;
Then, then they chose this cursed work to do,
That he the greater shame might undergo.
When *Priest* and *Pilate* finisht had their Court,
Dear *Jesus* must be fetcht to make them sport.
And now behold (if yet thy delug'd Eyes
Can stay to see so sad a Sacrifice)
Behold him lift up on the cursed Tree,
Expos'd to Torture, Death, and Infamy.
His Arms spread wide, as ready to imbrace
His bitter'st Foes, if they'd accept his Grace;
Quite through each hand & foot sharp nails they drive,
And fix him there to wait for Death alive.
Hanging betwixt two Thieves, *Numbred among Transgressors* by the giddy partial Throng:
For passers-by did rail on him with scorn,
*Wagging their heads*, who ought rather to mourn.
With taunts and scoffs the vulgar him abuse;
Prompted by the *Chief Priest*, and barb'rous *Jews*.

And

And when he thirsts through his excessive pains,
Behold what favour at their hands he gains;
All they afford to quench his drought withal,
Was Vinegar, mixed with bitter Gall.
Was ever such a perfect hatred known?
No Dram of pity, but all malice shown.
He that for them had Water turn'd to Wine,
And shown his Pow'r and Charity Divine;
Nor Wine, nor Water now could be allow'd
T' asswage his thirst from this ungrateful Croud:
But into 's tender side they thrust a Spear,
From whence there came both *blood & water* clear.
Thus hand, and foot, and head, and every part,
They pierce and wound, for to encrease his smart.
Ah! see that stream wch from his Heart-blood flows,
The precious Balm and Cure of all our woes!
Each pious Soul, which truly doth believe,
Its Soveraign Vertue freely may receive.
One drop of that most Sacred Blood is worth
Ten thousand Thrones & Kingdoms of the Earth.
When you by Sin do see your selves undone,
Think on that Blood which from his Side did run.
Those cordial Drops apply'd unto thy heart,
Will heal thy Soul, and cleanse thy inward part.
Ah! canst thou of Christ's dismal passion hear,
And not dissolve thy Soul into a Tear?

But to return---There's something still behind,
Which makes strange meltings in my grieved mind,
That's worse than all the rest, oh hear his moan,
And how his poor distressed Soul doth groan!

His

His Father hides his face, that gracious Eye
Casts forth an angry frown, which made him cry
(After he had these bitter torments felt
From cruel hands, and found his Soul to melt,
His spirits fail, and wounded heart to break)
Why, why, my God? Oh why dost thou forsake
Me in this needful hour? Hard is the case
When thou, my God, from me shalt hide thy face.
My Servants who forsook me, are but Dust,
Poor flesh and blood, alas! what stay, what trust
Is there in man? the best of men are frail;
Such as confide in them, their strength will fail.
But, ah! My Trust, my Hope, my Confidence,
Thou, thou that art my Rock and safe Defence,
Even thou, my God! O thou, O thou hast left me,
And this at last has of all Peace bereft me.
Whilst Souls can see their Interest in their God,
They can bear up under the sharpest Rod:
But when thy face is hid, as 'tis from me,
They sink, they die, they die Eternally.
Thus, thus the *Prince of Peace* in sore distress,
His bitter moan doth unto God express.
Great depths of sorrow did oppress his Soul,
When his sad portion thus he did condole.
He saw himself forsaken and forlorn,
When in our stead this anguish great was born.
That which was due for our Iniquity,
Did heavy on our gracious Saviour lie.
For Justice spar'd not, but laid on her Hand,
Whilst in the room and stead he seeks to stand

Of

Of the poor *Soul*, he came from Heaven to save;
Justice, alas! will the last farthing have.
The torments Saints have born 's another thing
From what befel their Soveraign Lord & King.
His Spirit's gracious, great, magnanimous,
Yet ne're was any Soul distressed thus.
That much renowned holy Martyr, *Stephen*,
He had so glorious a prospect from Heaven,
As fill'd his Soul brim-full of Consolation,
And by that means with joy he bore his passion.
Should I attempt to walk the spacious Field
Of instances, how many would it yield,
Where flames of Fire were like to Beds of Roses,
Through Heav'nly Rays, wch gloriously composes
Their spirits so, that they in Triumph sing,
When half-consum'd in Fire, they felt no sting.
God smiles, and Heav'n appears so clear & bright,
All fears and terrors were extinguisht quite.
But he who for our sakes his Life laid down,
Is forc'd to bear his Father's angry frown;
And in our stead he felt his Indignation,
The bittereſt part of all his bitter Passion.
How heavy is that stroke, how sharp that Rod,
That's lifted up by men, laid on by God?
When Heav'n and Earth, and Hell do all agree
To lay on stripes with greatest severitie?
That grief, that pain, that anguish must be sore;
And yet all this for us blest *Jesus* bore.
Who that beholds Heav'ns glorious lamp of Light
When in his strength, obscur'd from our sight

By

By the dark body of the pale-fac'd Moon,
Making black shades of Night appear at Noon,
But would conclude from thence the Sun were gone,
And had forsaken quite our Horizon?
And yet we know he's but eclips'd a while,
And soon will lend the World another smile;
Disperse those shades that counterfeited Night,
And fill the Earth again with splendor bright.
Lo, thus our Sun in his Celestial Sphear
Is near his setting, yet but lend your Ear
Unto the Voice, th' amazing Voice of Heaven,
You'l find an universal notice given
Unto the world when this bright Sun went down,
Heav'ns lightfoot Herauld quickly makes it known.
*Christ* lies a bleeding, nailed on the Tree,
And now the universal World shall see
Heaven act a part in this black Tragedy.

The Worlds great Eye, the natural Sun, whose (Rays
Each day throughout the Universe displays
From East to West, from North to South, his face
Visiting and refreshing every place,
No sooner doth he spy the Prince near dead,
But straightway he withdraws his blushing Head.
That horrid sight bright *Sol* abhor'd to see,
And hides his face from Noon till after Three.
At Three Christ's matchless Torments made him (cry,
*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.*
Then was the Temple Vail rent quite asunder,
The earth did shake, the rocks did roar like thunder,

The

The Clouds grew thick, and such as scatter'd were,
Conjoin'd to darken all the Hemisphear.
Thus for three hours Darkness great remain'd,
All hearts now tremble, every spirit's pain'd.
Th' Astronomers, who starry motions trace,
And read Earth's wonders in Heav'ns various face,
(*Eusebius*, and other Authors write)
Were much amaz'd at that unusual sight;
Their Learning could no natural Causes spy,
Nor give a Reason of that Prodigie.
The Moon being then *at full*, just opposite,
Could not in Natures course eclipse *Sol*'s Light.
'Twas supernatural what he suffered,
And that was it which fill'd them all with dread.
Some smote their breasts, whilst others in confusion
Drew from the premises this just Conclusion,
*Either the God of Nature suffers now*
(When Sol in Sables muffles thus his brow)
*Or the whole frame o'th World in a short space,*
*Will be dissolv'd and end its painful Race.*
These dreadful things which then did come to pass,
Do fully prove He the Messiah was:
And many when they saw those Wonders done,
Cry'd out indeed he was God's only Son.
Had not this obvious been to every sight
A real thing, with what great ease then might
The Foes of Christ and Christianity,
Detected all as horrid Forgery?
But matt'r of Fact being so very clear,
The *Jews* and *Heathens* thereby silenc'd were.

Thus

Thus he yields up at last his painful breath,
And for a while lay conquered by Death.
Conquer'd, said I! forbear my lavish Muse,
Recall that word, and be not so profuse.
What, shall we say, The Lord of Life is dead?
'Tis but a slumber, he's not conquered.
He only for a while Retreat hath made,
To bring his Foes into an Ambuscade,
And soon will rise more gloriously Array'd.
Thus did the Glory of the World lay down
His precious Life, to purchase a rich Crown
Of Life and Glory for his Spouse, whom he
Found under Wrath, condemn'd eternally,
Who had receiv'd that Sentence full of Ire,
Goe, go thou Wretch into eternal Fire.
But he has bail'd her from Hell's gaping Jaws,
And satisfy'd Justice's strictest Laws
By this his Death, where he in her stead stood,
And ransom'd her even with his dearest Blood.

But hark, my Muse! What Triumph dost thou hear?
What Voice is that hoarse sounding in mine Ear?
'Tis *Death*, doubtless 'tis *Death* that ghastly King,
Who over *Christ* doth now insulting sing;
Now he has got him down, I prethee hear
How he o're him doth vaunt and domineer.

The

## The *King of Terror*'s boasting Triumph over *Christ* whilst he lay in the Grave.

*King of Terrors.*

What am I? or from whence? For though I be,
Yet know I not my self; nor why to me
The mightiest Monarchs bend. I rule, I raign,
And am the High and Lofty's Soveraign.
All tremble at the thoughts of my grim face,
They look, they run, yet cannot find a place
To hide themselves. My Powr's very great,
Yet know I not who set me in this Seat.
There's none that live, have liv'd, or ever may,
But I o're them an awful Scepter sway.
But, oh! what kind of subject have I here?
A Subject, t' whom no Monarch is a Peer;
Ah! how I smile to see't; I'le never fear
Being worsted now. Alas! dost thou submit?
Art thou likewise brought down unto my feet?
Who's able my dread Power to withstand;
Since thou canst not escape my pow'rful hand?
Now I have seiz'd thee, be assur'd that I
Will keep thee down, for ever thou shalt lie
In the dark Regions of eternal Night.
Lo! here, proud Mortals, an amazing sight!
What can't I do, since he that made the Day,
By my strong hand is turned into clay?

If thou can'ſt not thy ſelf from me deliver,
The hope of Creature-man is gone for ever.
None out of theſe cloſe Regions can repair,
Nor re-ſalute again the ambient Air.
I never did ſo great a Conqueſt gain,
O what a mighty Monarch I have ſlain!
Now, now let me be crown'd victoriouſly!
For what is done, which none could do but I.
Who dares my Triumphs leſſen or defer,
Since I am now a perfect Conquerour?
Here, here, Great Prince, with me in this dark Cell
My Captive thou with other Kings ſhalt dwell.

*Prince of Light.*

Thou proud Imperious Tyrant, prethee hear;
Do n't boaſt too ſoon, nor vainly domineer.
A feeble Warriour may the Field obtain,
When his ſtrong Foe is willing to be ſlain.
My Life, *proud Death*, thou didſt not take away
By any ſtrength of thine; for I did lay
It freely down, as God did me command,
This made me yield my ſelf into thy hand.

*King of Terrors.*

I'le not contend, let that be ſo or not,
I have thee ſafe in my Dominions got;
And e're thou do return, I'le make thee know
What pow'r I have, what 'tis that I can do.
My Priſoner thou art, and here ſhalt lie
In theſe dark Cells unto Eternitie,

Whil

Whilst worms on thy most lovely flesh are fed,
And with Corruption thou art covered.

*Prince of Light.*

Stay, stay, pale *Death*, that thou canst nev'r do,
For I must not the least Corruption know.

*King of Terrors.*

Strange speech! who's this? or how can this thing be?
What's in the Grave shall not Corruption see?
Though with rich Spices thou imbalm'd dost lie,
Old hoary Time shall make thee putrify.
Kings fortifi'd by Lead and Searcloth's aid,
In precious heaps of fragrant Odours laid,
To stench and rottenness I soon betray'd.
None ever into these low Vaults do come,
Who can escape that sad and dismal doom,
Of being turned into Dust;---I will
Thy mouth with filthy putrefaction fill.
The holiest man I e're depriv'd of breath,
I turned into loathsom stinking Earth.
And dost thou think thou shalt escape this fate?
No, thou must share of all my Subjects state.

*Prince of Light.*

Is't fit I should be threatned thus by thee?
Shall Death prevail and triumph over me? (down?
Dost know, grim Tyrant, who 'tis thou treadst
I am thy lawful Prince, and thou shalt own

My Soveraignty; thou muſt, O *Death*, ſubmit,
And yield thy ſelf, as conquer'd at my feet.
On me thou ſhalt not have thy proud deſire;
No ſooner ſhall three Days and Nights expire,
But I will make thy bonds and chains to fly,
And thereby ſpoil thy Principality.
But for thy inſolence this thou ſhalt gain,
To be thy ſelf, o're-thrown, vanquiſht and ſlain.
The tidings which I bring will make thee quake,
For I reſolve on thee Revenge to take.
*O Death, I'le be thy Death*, 'tis even ſo;
Thy utter ruin, and great overthrow
Is near at hand; I'le rouſe up from the Grave,
And make the ſtone to fly that's on the Cave.
Let Hell and Devils all combine to do
What's in their pow'r to ſave thee from this blow,
I mind it not; I'le tear and rend them all,
And cauſe them with great vengeance down to fall.
*Captivity a Captive* I will take,
And him a ſlave and Captive ever make.

The Devils fearing what would come to paſs,
Great conſternation ſtraight amongſt them was.
Their Chief amaz'd, with envious horror cryes,
And to the reſt with haſt himſelf applies.

*Lucifer.*

Dominions, Pow'rs of the Infernal Hoſt!
Awake, attempt with ſpeed, or all is loſt.
*Death's* like to loſe our great and hop'd for prey,
Secure him faſt, more Chains upon him lay.

Hark

Hark! are there not ſtrange tremblings under ground
Mixt with a cry, enough for to confound
All the whole Hoſt of this amaſed Lake,
Fear ſeizes me, I quiver, oh, I quake.
What ſhall we do? make ſpeed, let him not riſe.
Help, *Satan!* help, canſt thou no way deviſe
To hold him under ground? now, now, or never,
If he awake, we are undone for ever.
Should he the cords of *Death* to pieces burſt,
Our latter ills will far exceed the firſt.
Thus ſee how all the helliſh Fiends do ſtand
Agaſt, amaz'd, each holding up his hand;
Bewailing their ſad fates, their hearts grow cold,
With thoughts of what they fear'd they ſhould behold,
Which was the Reſurrection from the Dead
Of him who for poor Mortals ſuffered.
*Belzebub* he cryes out to *Abaddon*,
Ah! what a day is this! all will be gone.
*Satan* doth gnaſh his teeth, perplext in mind,
Becauſe they could no more Inventions find
Their Kingdom to ſupport, cryes out, alas,
We never were before in ſuch a caſe!

*Apollyon.*

Ah! what a diſmal day, Great Lords, is here!
The Grave doth o'pe, that ſight doth juſt appear
Of which you talk, of which you ſtand in fear.
Now all our hopes, and expectation's gone.
Ah! who is it has rould away the ſtone?
All proves in vain that ever we have done.

We must our selves in Chains of darkness lie,
And be tormented to Eternitie.

Now from the Earth fresh Light doth gild the skies
Thick darkness vanishes; awake, arise,
Ye Mortals, and with joy open your Eyes;
Behold the morning of that long'd for Day;
The Grave doth o'pe, whilst Devils fly away
To hide themselves, but cannot find a place,
For Vengeance hastens after them apace.
The first Day of the week is now come in,
The Glorious Prince has made an end of *Sin.*
See how he rouses up from the dark Grave,
The Soul from thence, from Sin and Hell to save.
Ah! how the damned Spirits cry and houl,
Their fearful fall with anguish to condole.
Hell's Principalities are spoiled quite,
And all infernal Pow'rs put to flight.
See what an open shew is made of them,
And how great *JESUS* doth their Pride contemn.
See how he doth triumph over them all,
He's on his back who gave the Soul its fall.
See *Death*'s by *Death* destroy'd; a wond'rous sight,
Which doth the hearts of Angels much delight.
They pry into, and wonder at this thing,
Accomplisht thus by our victorious King.
How like a sneaking, conquer'd, spoiled Foe,
That's quite o'recome and brought to utter woe,
Doth Satan look. Ah, see the fatal Rout,
And how the Prince doth drag these Dogs about,

He

He makes a ſhow of them; Come, take a view
O'th conquer'd, bloody, baffled Helliſh Crew.
What a victorious Conqueror is here?
What Victor may with this great Prince compare?
All Warriours you admir'd heretofore,
Let them not be ſo much as thought on more.
*CHSIST JESUS* he is riſen from the Dead,
*Sin, Wrath, Death, Hell, Devils*, and all are fled.
This glorious Conqueſt o're th' infernal crew,
Is yet more plain by that which doth inſue.
Some paſſages from ancient Records ſhow
The truth of this their final overthrow.
Upon this riſing of the *Prince of Light*,
The *Heathen Oracles* were ſilenc'd quite.
Although their Prieſts and Prophets cry and call,
Henceforth they'r dumb, and anſwer not at all.
Which Accident and unexpected change
Amaz'd them all; 'twas ſo prodigious ſtrange,
It made them look about to find the cauſe
Of ſuch their ſilence and ſurpriſing pauſe.
*Surely*, ſaith *Plutarch*, *they are either dead,*
*Or elſe Wiſe men are riſen in their ſtead,*
*Which in theſe days diviner Secrets know,*
*That Oracles before were wont to ſhow.*
Yet he knew better things, and did deny
That Spirits either could wax-old, or die.
Some higher Reaſon therefore muſt find out
E're he reſolve this ſenſe-confounding doubt.
Had he convers'd with *John*, he might have known
By whom, and how thoſe Gods were overthrown.

*Chriſt was reveal'd* (ſaith he) *unto this End,*
*That he the works of every Helliſh Fiend*
*Might bring to nought*, deſtroy and ruine quite,
Confining them to their eternal Night.
That this is truth, from Authors of their own
Might be made good, and evidently ſhown;
Sharp *Juvenal* (*) to ſpeak it out is pleas'd,
*All Oracles at* Delphos *now are ceas'd.*
And lofty *Lucan* long ſince did complain
That they their Deities invok'd in vain,
*The Gods* (ſaith he,†) *by whom this Empire ſtood*
*Are from their empty Temples now remov'd.*
*Their Altars too they have abandon'd quite,*
*And left the places of their old delight.*
But with one inſtance more I may conclude,
Though I indeed might urge a multitude;
'Tis that which *Plutarch* doth affirm, and I
Eſteem above what e're Antiquity
Hath left recorded, or moſt curious Eyes
Can view in beſt approved Hiſtories,
Relating to the matter we have ſtated,
Which follows thus, as 'tis by him related.
About the period of *Tiberius*'s Raign (raign)
(Who at *Chriſt*'s Death was *Rome*'s proud Sove-
Strange hideous Cries, ſhriekings and howlings be
Heard with amazement, in the *Grecian* Sea,

* Sat. 6. *Ceſſant oracula Delphis*

† *Exceſſere omnes Adytis Arisq; relictis*
*Dii, quibus imperium hoc ſteterat, &c.*

Com-

Complaining that their great God *Pan* was fled,
From whence great Conſternations followed.
No ſooner did the louder Trump of Fame
This news of their great *Pan*'s Retreat proclaim,
But it was brought unto the Emperours Ears,
And unto him a certain Truth appears.
Who being ſtartled at the ſtrange Relation,
Falls with his Wiſemen into Conſultation;
Who ſought by Magick to reſolve the doubt:
Which all their Art and Skill could not find out.
Yet Chriſtians in thoſe days could quickly ſpy
The way to open the whole Myſterie.
Comparing times, they found this ſtrange Relation
Did juſt fall out upon Chriſt's Death and Paſſion;
And then concluded ſtraightway by the Fall
Of their great *Pan*, which ſignifieth *All*;
All Spirits by *Chriſt's Death* were ſo afflicted,
Their utter Ruin thereby was predicted.
Yea others of their own Records ſtill do
Confirm the truth of this their overthrow.
How one of them conſtrain'd ſometime before
By God himſelf, their fall did thus deplore:
" *An Hebrew Child that ſhall be born, will be*
" *The final downfal of our Dignity.*
" *All our uſurpt Dominions by that Child*
" *Shall come to nought, and utterly be ſpoil'd.*
" *He ſtrikes us dumb, and nonplus's our Art,*
" *Henceforth in vain no further Queſtions ſtart,*
" *But ſad and ſilent from our Shrines depart.*

Thus

Thus God doth force Devils ſometimes to ſpeak,
That which doth much againſt their Int'reſt make.
But ſtay, my Muſe; the Cherubs chant again,
O liſten to this more melodious ſtrain.
The glorious Angels do ſweet Triumphs ſing,
Upon the Conqueſts of our Heav'nly King;
They clap their wings, and leap for joy to ſee
This total Rout and happy Victorie.
Shall Heav'n rejoyce, and more concerned Earth
Not ſing aloud *Jehovah*'s praiſes forth?
O happy Day, bleſt hour, the beſt of all
Poor Mortals ever ſaw ſince *Adam*'s fall;
*Chriſt* of a truth is riſen from the Grave,
No Pow'rs of Hell could keep him in the Cave.
Yet are there ſome in theſe laſt evil days
Deny that he from Death himſelf did raiſe.
The *Jews* alſo, with their Forefathers, ſay,
'Twas a Deceit; for he was ſtoln away
Whilſt drouſy Soldiers fell into a ſleep,
Who the Sepulchre had a charge to keep.
A thing themſelves, no doubt, could not believe,
But was forg'd by the Devil, to deceive
And blind mens Eyes, who wanted that inſpection
They might have had touching his Reſurrection.
'Twas the laſt game the Devil could deviſe,
To hinder Chriſt's moſt glorious Enterpriſe.
They knew that if his Reſurrection were
Received for a truth, no hope was there,
But all that they had done, it tumble muſt:
So the laſt Evil would exceed the firſt.

But

But if they had believ'd it, certainly
The Souldiers had with great'ſt ſeverity
Been puniſhed, for being ſo remiſs,
About a thing ſo weighty as was this.
Beſides, were they aſleep, how could they tell
What things there came to paſs, or what befell?
Or, if awake, why did they not prevent
Thoſe men who came with ſuch a ſtrong intent?
And can one think, if the Diſciples durſt (firſt?
Attempt that thing, they ſhould have ſtript him
Would they not take the body in the cloaths,
Leſt e're they'd done, the Sould'ers ſhould have roſe,
And caught them doing it? and then be ſure
Great ſufferings for it they muſt endure.
Nay, had theſe men been guilty of ſuch evils,
They'd been no better than ſeducing Devils,
The worſt of Mortals: and how was it then
That God ſhould own and witneſs to ſuch men,
By aiding them? Would Heavens Pow'r have gone
To prove a Cheat, when Miracles were done?
Again, they were of ſuch Integrity,
As none could brand with the leaſt infamy.
And they 'ith face of Foes, without leaſt dread
Declare that he was riſen from the Dead;
That they convers'd with him full forty days,
Whilſt he inſtructed them in all his ways,
Before he did aſcend. And then agen,
In *Galilee* at once five hundred men
Saw him with joy, and in their witneſs gave,
That he indeed was riſen from the Grave.

Here

Here ſtop again, my Pen, Time calls away,
Upon this *Theme* thou muſt no longer ſtay;
Leave them to periſh, let them fall and die,
That this bleſt Reſurrection do deny.
Shall God, his Saints, and Angels, witneſs bear
Unto this thing, and yet ſhall Mortals dare
To call the ſame in queſtion, or deny
What is confirm'd by ſuch Authority?
No, firm as Earth, or Heav'ns more ſtable poles,
Let this great Truth be fixt in pious Souls.
Without it Faith's a Fancy, and the beſt
Of men more wretched than the vileſt Beaſt.

But now, awake my Muſe, no longer ſlumber,
The Day doth dawn, and joys which none can num-
Are ruſhing in upon the *Prince of Light*; (ber
This ſorrow's gone, nought now but Glory bright
Shines forth in him; now is he rais'd on high,
Far out o'th reach of all malignity.
Nor men nor Devils can annoy him more,
He's ſafely landed on the long'd-for ſhore.
Go Turtles, go, whilſt thouſand Joys betide
The glorious Bridegroom and his purchas'd Bride.
That Sun is riſen who will ne're go down,
Who will his Spouſe with light of Glory crown.
But where's the Soul! O where, alas, is ſhe,
For whom he dy'd and hung upon the Tree?
What greeting? O what Joy, when they do meet,
There will abound! the thoughts thereof are ſweet.

He

He that was Dead is come to Life again,
And ever ſhall in bliſs Eternal raign.
Thrice happy is that Soul which he hath choſe
To be his Love, his Dove, his *Sharon*'s Roſe.
But where is ſhe, and what is her Eſtate?
For nothing of her we have heard of late.
Doth ſhe not wait? doth ſhe not long to ſee
His lovely Face, and to embraced be
In his dear Arms? O do'nt ſhe greatly crave
One ſight of him, *one* viſit more to have?
Doth not her Soul diſſolve then into tears,
With thoughts of him who freed her from all fears?
Read the next Part, and you will quickly find
The Fruit of Sin, and nature of the mind
That is corrupt, and fill'd with carnal Love,
How nothing can thoſe vile Affections move;
Oh how unkind to Chriſt do Sinners prove!

*The End of the Firſt Book.*

to front the second part

# BOOK II.

## *The Glorious Lover,*

## A Divine POEM.

### CHAP. I.

*Shewing how Christ renews his Suit again and again, which is done either by the ministration of the Gospel, or by his various Providences, and yet the Soul refuses to receive him.*

THUS have you heard a Sacred Story told,
Fill'd full of Wonders, Wonders, which unfold
Such depths of Wisdom, depths of Grace and Love,
Which none can comprehend, it is above
The reach of men; no knowledg is so high
That can conceive of it; nay, Angels pry
Into this thing, this Myst'ry is so deep,
It all the glorious *Seraphims* doth keep
In holy admiration, they'r amaz'd
To see how all the Attributes are rais'd

In

In equal Glory, and do ſweetly ſhine
In their own proper Sphere, alike divine.
Here by diviner Art you all may find
What was in our great God's eternal mind,
Before the Earth's foundation long was laid,
Or e're bright *Sol* his glorious beams diſplay'd,
Reſpecting Man, whom he foreſaw would fall,
And bring his Soul thereby into ſad thral:
Here may you with much eaſe and joy eſpy
The great reſult of the bleſt Trinity.
In that eternal Council held above,
About the Soul, the object of Chriſt's Love.
Here alſo, here's a proof of true affection,
And how to love from hence let's take direction.
Who ever had or ſhew'd ſuch love as he,
Who for his Love was nailed to the Tree?
But, hark! ſome do enquire, they long to hear
What is become of th' *Soul* he loves ſo dear?
Lo, from the Grave he's come, he looks about,
He ſearches every place to find her out.
What, is ſhe fled! and where? in what ſtrange Iſle
Of clouds and darkneſs lurks ſhe all this while?
Good *Reader*, urge me not, I'le let thee hear
That which may melt thy Soul into a tear.
Excuſe my Pen for what its lines ſhall ſpeak.
Such Marble hearts as cannot melt, muſt break.
To leave off here, I'm ſure it is not fit,
Nor would I write what you would have unwrit.
But ſince it doth upon the Soul reflect,
It matters not how much we do detect

The folly which doth in the Sinner lie,
When Soveraign Grace exalted is thereby.
My Heart and Pen ſeem both to be at ſtrife,
To paint unkindneſs forth unto the life.
Wilt Thou, who doſt the *Muſes* aid, afford
Divine aſſiſtance, that each pow'rful word
May rend a heart at leaſt, and every line
Turn Kingdoms and whole Nations into brine
Of their own tears? teach me, O Lord, the skil
T' extract the ſpirit of grief, O let my Quil,
Like *Moſes* Rod, make Adamants to fly,
That tears may guſh like Rivers from each eye.
How can it once be thought that ſuch a Friend,
Who loveth thus, doth thus his love commend,
And in ſuch ſort ſo ſtrangely condeſcend,
Should when all's done by her contemned be,
Though he's moſt high, and ſhe of baſe degree?
The grand deſign, the end and reaſon why
This Prince from Heaven came, was ſcourg'd, did die,
Was to redeem the *Soul*, and ſo endeavour
To get her love, and marry her for ever,
As is before declar'd. But will you hear
How things are carry'd, how they manag'd are?
The time is come, you'l find, by what enſues
That this great Lord his Suit a-freſh renews.
When Sacred Love runs thus with greateſt force,
What pity is't ought ſhould diſturb its courſe?
How can the *Soul* refuſe to entertain
A Lover, which for her with ſhame was ſlain?

But ſtop again, my *Muſe*, thou muſt give o're,
The Prince is come, lo he is at her door.

Jeſus *Prince of Light.*

Moſt precious Soul! I now am come again,
Behold 'tis I, who for thee have been ſlain.
How is't with thee, haſt thou not heard the news
What for thy ſake I ſuffer'd by the *Jews?*
That through a Sea of blood, and ſorrows great,
I now am come with bowels to intreat
Thee to embrace the offer I preſent.
And, firſt of all, with tears do thou repent
That ever thou haſt entertained Sin,
That has to me ſo very bitter bin.

*Soul.*

Repent! This is a melancholly ſtrain;
It ſuits with ſuch whoſe lives are fill'd with pain,
And guilty are of ſome notorious crime,
Whoſe glaſs is near run out, whoſe precious time
Draws to an end; 'tis good for ſuch indeed
To look about them, and repent with ſpeed:
But thus 'tis not with me, I know no ſorrow
I'le wave that work, I'le wave it till to morrow;
To morrow, I mean, till ſome fitter ſeaſon:
I ſee no cauſe, alas, I know no reaſon
To hark to thoughts that may diſturb my peace,
When joys abound, and ſweat delights increaſe.
Repent! of what ſtrange kind of voice ſhall I
Amazed ſtand, yet can no danger 'ſpy.

Jeſus

*JESUS.*

No reaſon why! Ah Soul, art ſtill ſo blind,
Wounded from head to foot, and canſt thou find
No ground of grief, no cauſe to lay to heart
Thy horrid guilt, nor yet the bitter ſmart
Which I indur'd for thee, to prevent
Severer Wrath, ſeverer puniſhment,
And doſt not ſavour this ſweet word, *Repent?*
'Tis well there's room, a call, a ſeaſon fit;
There's thouſand Souls who are denied it.
Dar'ſt, dar'ſt adventure ſtill to live in Sin?
What, crucifie thy dying Lord again!
Were not my pangs ſufficient? muſt I bleed
Afreſh? O muſt thy ſinful pleaſures feed
Upon my torments? and augment the ſtory
Of the ſad paſſion of the Lord of Glory?
Is there no pity in thee? what, no remorſe
Within thy breaſt? Seek, ſeek a firm divorce
Betwixt thy ſelf and Sin; do thy endeavour
To break that league, depart, depart for ever.
Did I not ſuffer to diſſolve the knot
Between thee and all Luſt? and wilt thou not
Regard me now, but entertain my Foe?
What, cruel unto me, and thy ſelf too!
I prethee, *Soul*, bethink thy ſelf, and yield,
And let thy Lovers for my ſake be kill'd;
Ah, let them die, who if they live, will be
Thy death at laſt, who have bin death to me.

*Soul.*

Thoſe joys are ſweet, which do delight my heart;
Ah! how can I and ſinful Objects part?
Muſt gainful Luſts, and thoſe which honour's yield,
At once be put to th' Sword? And thoſe be kill'd
Which ſo much pleaſure unto me afford?
How can it be? alas, it is too hard:
The thoughts of it 's a perfect death to me;
Lord, ſay no more, I cannot yield to thee.

*Jeſus.*

Ah! Didſt thou know, poor *Soul*, what 'tis to ſin,
And how my Soul for it has tortur'd bin,
Thou wouldſt revenged be on it, I 'm ſure,
And a divorcement ſpeedily procure.
Or, didſt thou know what grief it is to me
To be contemned and deſpis'd by thee;
Such churliſh Anſwers wouldſt thou not return
To him, whoſe ſoul in fervent love do's burn
To thee, poor wretch, and only for thy good,
'Tis that I ſeek, and ſought with tears of blood.
Once more I ask thy love, I cannot leave thee,
Until my everlaſting Arms receive thee.

*Soul.*

If I may have thoſe pleaſures which delight me,
Whoſe amorous glances ſweetly do invite me
To love them dear, who ſtollen have my heart,
I am contented thou ſhouldſt have ſome part

O

Of my affection: Worldly joy is ſweet,
And I reſolve to take ſome part of it.

*Jeſus.*

Ungrateful Soul! did I not wholly give
My ſelf for thee? and ſhall I now receive
A piece of thine, nay but a little part,
That have deſerved more than a whole heart:
'Tis all the heart, or none; do'ſt think it fit
Sin and the Devil ſhould have part of it?
Would any Lover ſuch ſtrange love receive,
To be contented that his Spouſe ſhould have,
Some other Suiters, and to them ſhould cleave?
What ſayſt, deceived Soul? why ſtandſt thou mute?
Diſcloſe thy inward thoughts, and grant my Suit.
O ſpeak! or, if thy doubtful mind be bent
To ſilence, let that ſilence be conſent.
If thou wilt grant me that whole heart of thine;
We'l exchange hearts, I'le give thee all of mine.

She look'd about, ſhe mus'd, ſhe paus'd a while,
Whilſt he on her caſt forth an Heav'nly ſmile;
Sweet rays of Glory glanced from his Eye,
Enough to raviſh all the ſtanders-by;
So great a luſtre from his garments ſhone,
It dazl'd all weak eyes to look upon.
Like as the Sun his glorious beams diſplays,
Diſperſing every way his ſparkling rays,
When in his ſtrength & ſplendor bright doth ſhine,
So gliſter'd forth his Glory all Divine.

Ne're such a beauty carnal eyes beheld.
Ah! one sweet sight of him has wholly fill'd
The greatest Soul that liv'd, and there is still
Enough in him millions of Hearts to fill.
And none but Him alone can satisfie
The Soul of Man, the Soul-enlightned eye.
But stay and hear the Answer which is given
By the deceived Soul. O let the Heaven
And Earth astonish'd stand, whilst stubborn she
Deny'd his Suit, will not perswaded be
To o'pe her door, who longs to enter in,
To fill her Soul with joy, destroy her sin.

*Soul.*

Strange 'tis to me such beauty should be there!
What, so amazing glorious, none so fair!
When I no loveliness in him can see
The World, and outward pleasures, seem to me
More rare and spriteful, far the better choice;
Such things I like: but for this Lover's voice,
His Face and Favour I ca'nt so esteem,
Nor can I leave all things for love of him.
Therefore be gone, and cease thy suit; for I
Have fixt my mind elsewhere, my heart and eye
Is set on that which outward eyes can see.
Lord, let me not be troubl'd more with thee.

O stay, my Muse! reach me an Iron Pen,
T' engrave this on the marble hearts of men.

Let

Let Sinners look within, then let them read
Themſelves ungrateful, blind, and dark indeed.
Would not each Soul conclude this Creature were
Beſides her ſelf, or elſe deſerv'd to bear
The great'ſt contempt, and pity'd be by none,
That bids ſuch a dear Lover to be gone?
How oft has he by precious motives try'd
The Soul from ſin and evil to divide,
And make her too obdurat heart relent,
And take ſuch ways as Wiſdom do's invent?
His Paſſions, Sighs and Tears are ready ſtill,
As the officious agents of his Will,
To work her to a ſence of her eſtate:
But ſhe 's (alas) ſo dark and deſperate,
That his ſweet voice, of ſo divine a ſtrain,
So moving, mov'd her, but ſeems all in vain.
He ſighs for her, he knows her ſad diſtreſs,
He asks her love, but ſtill without ſucceſs.
Ah Sinners! view your rocky hearts, and then
Smite on your breaſts, lament, and read agen.
The glorious Lord his love's ſo ſtrange, ſo great,
He knows not how to think of a retreat.
His ſoul is griev'd, yet takes not her denial,
But makes a new Eſſay, another Trial.

*Jeſus.*

Did, did I love thee from Eternity?
And my celeſtial Kingdom leave for thee?
Did I Man's humane nature freely take?
Did I my bed in a poor Manger make?

Did I engage the cruel'st of all Foes?
Did I from men and Devils meet with blows?
Did I such kind of tortures undergoe
Which men nor Angels can't conceive or know?
Did Wrath pursue, and Justice fall on me?
And did I bear it all for love to thee?
Ah! did I sweat great drops of Sacred Blood,
Until the ground was sprinkled where I stood?
And were my feet and hands nail'd to the Tree,
Whilst my dear Father hid his Face from me?
Have I with joy, delight, and chearful heart
Indur'd all this excessive pain and smart,
And out of precious love to thee I bore?
And must I still be kept out of thy door?
Shall, shall I leave thee then, and take my flight
Into some foreign Land, and let the Night
Of dismal darkness be thy lot for ever,
Where direful Wrath all graceless souls do sever
From all sweet shines of my Eternal Fate,
That thou mayst there bewail with shame thy case?
When shades of frightful darkness thee do cover,
Thou wilt condole the loss of such a Lover;
Must I be gone, must I my farewel take
And leave thee to thy self? my heart doth ake
To think upon thy state, when I do leave thee;
Far rather would I have these Arms receive thee.
What, slight a Saviour thus, a Friend indeed,
An early Friend, a Friend, who chose to bleed
For thee, and in thy stead, that so thereby
He might enjoy thee to Eternitie!

Fare-

Farewel, false Soul, I bid thee now adieu;
Take what will follow, dread what will insue,
Grief, sorrows, sickness and a troubled mind,
Will thee pursue, until thou com'st to find
A changed heart; and vengeance do's allot
Ruin to those thou lov'st, who love thee not.
I'le kill them all who have insnar'd thy heart,
Before from thee for ever I depart.
Ah! how my Soul with a tempestuous tide
Of tears is overwhelm'd, whilst I'm deny'd
My Suit by thee! my passions overflow
To see thee slight me, and my passion too:
What, tread me underfoot! whilst vanity,
And worldly joys, are Jewels in thine eye!
As if best good, and sweet'st content lay hid
In that gay fruit, which is alone forbid.
He woo's, the Soul says no; he still replies;
He sweetly sues, she wickedly denies.
He woos afresh, she answers with disdain,
I cannot love, but he intreats again.
At last he leaves her, and his Suit adjourns;
He views the Soul, and griev'd, away returns:
He bids farewel, and yet he bids it so,
As if he knew not how to take her No.
He bids farewel, but 'tis as if delay
Did promise better farewels, than his stay.
He now withdraws, but 'tis with a design
His absence might her heart the more incline
To th' love and liking of him, or to see
What by some other means perform'd may be.

As

As Lovers often times by rules of Art
Deviſe new ways to gain upon the heart
Of ſuch they love, to bring them to their bow;
Like things ſometimes doth *Jeſus* alſo do.
T' incline the Sinners heart, he hides his face,
And brings them into a diſtreſſed caſe.
He lays them on ſick beds, for to diſcover
The worth and need of ſuch a Sacred Lover.
Poor Sinners, ponder well what you do read,
And mind thoſe thoughts which woo you to take heed
How you neglect & ſlight the day of Grace,
Or to baſe luſts and vain delights give place.
Now ſickneſs comes, & Death begins to fright her,
And 'tis no marvel if the Lord do ſlight her.
Her drouſy Conſcience alſo now awakes;
Alas, ſhe ſtartl'd much, ſhe weeps, ſhe quakes,
She crys out for a Chriſt, but non's in ſight,
And all her other Lovers fail her quite.
She yields, ſhe loves, but with a ſervile heart,
When other Lovers ſlight her and depart.
She loves thee not, Lord Chriſt, for what thou art,
But what thou haſt: and ſhould ſhe ſpared be,
She'd ſhew her love to Sin, more than to thee.

No ſooner the ſad Soul her ſtate laments,
But bowels mov'd in *Jeſus*, he relents.
In her afflictions, he's afflicted too,
And can't be long e're he'l compaſſions ſhew.
He ſent relief, he eas'd her of her pain,
And rais'd her up to former health again.

But

But as 'twas hinted, so it came to pass,
The wretched Soul proves vile as ere she was.
Affliction will not bring to *Jesus*'s feet,
Unless great Pow'r do go along with it.
The Soul's like *Phar'oh:* crys when smitten sore;
Then, then for Christ, and O 'twill sin no more!
But when rais'd up, and has sweet health restor'd,
It cleavs to Sin afresh, forgets the Lord.
But the affections of the Prince of Peace
Abated not, but rather did increase.
His love and patience both alike shine forth,
To 'stonishment of all who live on Earth.
And that he might obtain the Soul at last,
His Servants call'd and sent away in hast
To recommend his love, and in his stead
To o'pe those precious Glories, which lie hid
To her and to all those who carnal be:
Alas! they ca'nt behold, they cannot see
Those high perfections which in *Jesus* are,
Nor can they think his beauty is so rare,
Exceeding all conception, all compare.

Dear Reader, prethee mark what here insues
Mind, mind the Arguments this man dos use
To move the Soul to tears of true contrition,
Fetch'd from Christ's love, and from her lost condi-
tion.

*Theologue.*

By *Jesus* sent! by such a Prince as he!
Ah! 'tis a work too great, too high for me.

What

What glory, Lord, haſt thou conferr'd on thoſe
Thou do'ſt imploy, thy ſecrets to diſcloſe!
What! be a Spokeſman for a Prince ſo great,
To repreſent his Love, and to entreat
Poor Sinners in his ſtead, to entertain
His Sacred Perſon! Lord, I'le try again
(Since thou command'ſt me forth) what may be done;
Thou bidſt me go, my duty is to run.
Did *Abraham*'s Servant readily comply
With his Command with great'ſt fidelity?
And ſhall I be unfaithful unto thee?
No, Lord, I will not; do but ſtrengthen me,
Proſper my way, and let me have ſucceſs,
That I with him thy Sacred Name may bleſs;
And how ſhall I, poor nothing I, rejoice
To ſee the Soul, thy Spouſe, thy Father's choice.
What next thy love's ſo ſweet, Lord, unto me,
Than to bring in poor Sinners unto thee?

## CHAP. II.

*Shewing the evil of Sin, and how compar'd.*

HAIL, precious Soul! once glorious, noble born,
But now debas'd, defil'd, in garments torn;
Nay, naked quite, yet mindſt it not at all;
Thy wounds do ſtink, and Vipers in them crawl.

So

So many ſins of which thou guilty art,
So many Serpents cleave unto thy heart.
What s Sin? is't not a frightful Cockatrice?
No Serpent like the Serpent called *Vice.*
And doſt thou love to play with ſuch a thing?
Ah fool! take heed, view, view its poiſonous ſting.
Brute Beaſts by Natur's inſtinct are aware
Of the gilt bait and ſence-beguiling ſnare,
Though it ſeems ne'r ſo ſweet, or ne'r ſo fair.
And art thou ſuch a fool to hug a Snake,
And in thy breaſt ſuch great proviſion make,
That it may harbour there both day and night?
Ah! Couldſt thou ſee, or hadſt a little ſight,
'Twould ſoon appear a very loath'd delight.
*No evil like the evil called Sin,*
*Which thou doſt love, which thou tak'ſt pleaſure in.*
For what is Sin, is't not a deadly evil,
The filthy ſpawn and off-ſpring of the Devil?
And is thy mind on folly wholly bent?
What, love the Devils odious excrement!
Shall that which is the ſuperfluity
Of naughtineſs, be lovely in thine Eye?
What, doſt thou value Chriſt, and all he hath
Not worth vain joys and pleaſures on the Earth?
Has he ſo much eſteemed thee? and muſt
Thou value him leſs than a curſed Luſt?
Doſt thou more good in that foul Brat eſpy,
Than is in all the glorious Trinitie?
That which men judge is beſt, they ſtrive to chuſe,
Things of the ſmalleſt value they refuſe.

O wretched Soul! what thoughts doſt thou retain
Of thy dear Lord and bleſſed Soveraign?
Come, view thy choice, ſee how deprav'd thou art
In judgment, will, affection, thy whole heart
Is ſo corrupt, defiled, and impure,
Thou canſt not Chriſt, nor Godlineſs indure.

Again, what's Sin? is't not a trait'rous Foe,
A Traytor unto God, and Rebel too?
It firſt of all againſt him took up Arms,
And made his Angels fall by its falſe charms.
Nought is ſo contrary to God as that,
Nor more the perfect object of his hate.
The Devil was God's Creature, good at firſt;
'Twas ſin that made him hateful and accurſt.
Sin ne'r was good, its eſſence is impure;
Evil at firſt, ſo now, ſo will indure.
And dareſt thou, O Soul, conceal this Foe?
Nay, hide him in thy houſe, and alſo ſhow
Such deared love to him, as to delight
In his baſe company both day and night?
Nay, ſport and play, and merry be with him;
What Gods dos hate and loath, doſt thou eſteem?
Doſt not, O Soul, deſerve for this to die?
What greater crime, what greater enmity
Canſt thou be guilty of, or canſt thou ſhow,
Than thus to harbour God's moſt traitrous Foe?
The chiefeſt room he can always command,
Whilſt my dear Maſter at thy door muſt ſtand,

And

And can't one look, nor one ſweet ſmile obtain,
Who is thy Saviour, and thy Soveraign.

What's Sin? a thing that's worſer than the Devil.
Sin made him ſo, ſin is a thing ſo evil,
'Tis worſe than Hell, it dug that horrid pit,
'Tis ſin that caſts all Sinners into it.
No lake of Fire, no *Tophet* had there bin
For ſouls of Men nor Devils, but through ſin:
'Tis that which lays them there heap upon heap,
Sin was the cauſe 'twas made ſo large and deep.
Sin is the fuel that augments Hell-fire;
Wer't not for ſin, Hell-flames would ſoon expire.
And wilt thou dandle ſin ſtill on thy knee?
Wilt make a mock of it? wilt jolly be?
Wilt ſin and ſay, alas! I am in ſport?
Ah! ſee thy folly, ere thou pay'ſt dear for 't.
Is ſin God's foe? and is it ſo to thee?
Then part with ſin, break that affinitie:
Diſſolve the knot with ſpeed, do thy endeavour;
Which will deſtroy thee otherwiſe for ever.

Nay, what is Sin? it is a Leproſy:
When Scripture ſo compares it, may not I
Call it a ſickneſs, or a loathſom ſore,
That quite covers the Soul, and ſpreads all o're,
Like to an Ulcer, or infectious Biles,
That do corrupt, that poiſons and defiles
The Soul afflicted, and all others too
That dwell with him, or have with him to do?

Oh

Oh how do men fly from the Peſtilence?
And wilt not thou learn wiſdom Soul, from thence?
Sin is a plague that kills eternally
All ſouls of men, unleſs they ſwiftly fly
To *Jeſus Chriſt*, no Med'cine will do good,
Nor heal this plague, but this Phyſicians Blood.
What blindneſs is there then in thy baſe heart?
'Tis not the plague, th' Phyſician muſt depart:
Thou ſhutſt the door, wilt not let him come in,
Whoſe purpoſe is to heal the plague of ſin.

Nay, what is ſin? 'tis poiſon in a Cup,
That's gilt without, and men do drink it up
Moſt earneſtly, with joy, and much delight,
Being pleaſant to the carnal appetite.
Sin's ſweet to him whoſe ſoul is out of taſte,
But long, alas, its ſweetneſs will not laſt.
Sin's ſweet to th' fleſh that dos it dearly love,
But to the Spirit it dos poiſon prove.
Haſt, haſt thou ſuck'd this deadly poiſon in,
And doſt not ſee thy vital parts begin
To ſwell? art poiſon'd, *Soul*, look, look about
To get an *Antidote* to work it out,
Before it is too late. The poiſon's ſtrong,
Don't ſtay a day, twelve hours is too long.
One dram of Grace mixt with repenting tears,
The grace of perfect love, that caſts out fears,
Mixt with that Faith, which kills all unbelief,
Took down with ſpeed, will eaſe thee of thy grief.

Will

Will purge thy ſoul, and work by vomit well,
And all vile dregs of venom 'twil expel.
Unleſs thou vomit up each dreg, be ſure
No hope of life; one ſin will Death procure
Unto thy ſoul. Repentance is not right,
Till ſin, nay, every ſin's forſaken quite.
Not only left, but, as a poiſonous Cup,
They greatly loath what e're they vomit up.
*No evil like the evil called Sin,*
*Which thou doſt love, which thou tak'ſt pleaſure in.*

Again, what's ſin? it is an horrid Thief,
Or a Deceiver; nay, it is the chief
Or grandeſt Cheater too that e're was known,
He has rob'd thouſands; nay, there is but one
That lives, or e're has liv'd, but rob'd have bin
By this great Thief, by this Deceiver, *SIN.*
No petty Padder, his ambitious Eye
Doth ſearch about, he ſubtilly does ſpy
Into the place where all the Jewels lie.
The firſt he ſeizes is the Jewel *Time.*
He likely robs each Soul of all their prime
And chiefeſt days, which mercy doth afford,
Which ſhould be dedicated to the Lord.
And more then this, not one good thing they have,
But them of it does this curſt Thief deceive.
Sweet Goſpel Grace, nay and the Goſpel too,
And all that glory which they alſo do
Confer on us, Souls are deceiv'd hereby,
And yet they know it not, they don't eſpy
The way it works, it's done ſo ſecretly.

Sin robs the ſoul of its ſweet Jewel *Peace*,
And in its room do's *grief* and *anguiſh* place.
Who ever doth this grievous loſs ſuſtain,
Can't have it made up unto him again
By Treaſures of all Kingdoms here on Earth,
No valuing it, no knowing of its worth.
Another thing this Thief has in his Eye,
And lays his Fingers on, then by and by
Doth bear away, it is the Jewel, *Soul*,
A loſs which mortals ever ſhall condole.
For had a man ten thouſand worlds to loſe:
The loſs of them far better had he choſe,
Than loſe his ſoul, why would you think it ſtrange?
What ſhall a man for's ſoul give in exchange?
There's one rich Jewel more, and 'tis the chief
That is aim'd at by Satan and this Thief,
Ah! 'tis a thing more worth than all the reſt:
How, how can then the value be expreſt?
It is a precious Stone that ſhines ſo bright,
It doth the heart of the great God delight.
He loves it dear, 'tis that his eye's upon,
And nought he prizes like this precious Stone.
This Stone, poor Soul, he offers unto thee,
What ſayſt thou to't, canſt thou no beauty ſee,
No worth in that which God accounts ſo rare?
Strange 'tis! ſhall I the cauſe of it declare?
Sin blinds thine eyes, and dos beguile thee ſo,
Thou for a Pepple lets this Jewel go.
This ſtone (know thou) is the *Pearl* of great price,
Let not this baſe Deceiver thee entice

To

To ſlight dear *JESUS*: wilt be ſuch a fool,
To loſe thy *time*, thy *Chriſt*, *peace*, and thy *ſoul*?
Be thou more wiſe, and more conſiderate,
Thou doſt, alas, thy pleaſures over-rate.
Let's go to th' ballance, prethee, Soul, let's weigh
The Pearl of price; make haſt, and quickly lay
Into the ſcales, the fleſh, and loads of pleaſure;
For honour, all the acts of mighty *Ceſar*, (ſure!
And caſt whole mines in too, whole mines of trea-
Add world to world, then heap a thouſand more,
And throw them in, if thou canſt find ſuch ſtore;
And ſee which ballance of them is too light;
Lo it is done, and thine's ſuch under-weight,
It ſeems as if thy ſcale was empty quite.
Let's take the Pearl out, and then lets put in
An airy bubble; now let's weigh agin.
See, ſee, fond Soul, thy ſcale aloft dos fly,
There's nothing in't, 'tis leſs than vanity.
What folly was't to make the firſt compare?
What weigh the world with Chriſt! no need is there
To run that parallel, thou now mayſt find
Thy ſelf deceiv'd, thou labour'ſt for the wind.
For ſin's compos'd of nought ſave ſubtil wiles,
It fawn's and flatters, and betrays by ſmiles.
It's like a Panther, or a Crocodil,
It ſeems to love, and promiſes no ill;
It hides its ſting, ſeems harmleſs, as the Dove,
It hugs the Soul, it hates, when vow's tru'ſt love.
It plays the Tyrant moſt by gilded pills,
It ſecretly inſnares the Soul it kills.

Sin's promiſes they all deceitful be,
Does promiſe wealth, but pay us poverty:
Does promiſe honour, but dos pay us ſhame;
And quite bereaves a man of his good name.
Does promiſe pleaſure, but does pay us ſorrow;
Does promiſe Life to day, pays Death to morrow.
*No evil like to th' evil called Sin,*
*Which thou doſt love, which thou tak'ſt pleaſure in.*

Again, what's Sin? a ſecond *Dalilah*,
Which in the boſom lies, does tempt and draw
The Soul to yield unto its curſed ways,
And reſteth not until it quite betrays
It's Life into the proud *Philiſtines* hands,
Who take and bind it with baſe churliſh bands;
Nay, and moſt cruelly puts out its eyes,
Makes it grind in their Mill. Devils deviſe
All this, and more then this, when they do get
The poor deluded Soul into their net.

Laſtly, what's Sin? read thou the former Part
Of this ſmall Book, O view the bitter ſmart
Thy Saviour bore, it pierc'd his very heart.
Think thou upon his bloudy Agony,
'Tis that opes beſt its helliſh myſterie,
And ſhews the venom which in it dos lie.
*No evil like the evil called Sin,*
*Which thou doſt love, and tak'ſt ſuch pleaſure in.*
Had evil man's fool-hardineſs extended
No further than himſelf, and there had ended,

'Twere

'Twere not ſo much, but O! I do eſpy
Another is much injured thereby,
Ten thouſand times more excellent in worth:
For the great God, who form'd the Heav'n & Earth,
Doth look upon himſelf as wrong'd thereby,
For he that ſins, doth little leſs than fly
I'th very face of his bleſt Majeſty.
And when the Son of Glory hither came,
O how was he expoſed unto ſhame!
It brought his Sacred Perſon in diſgrace,
When Sinners vile ſpat in his Heavn'ly face.
They taunt him with baſe terms; and being bound
They ſcourged him; he bled: but the worſt wound
Was in his Soul, occaſioned by Sin;
And thou thereby woundſt him moſt ſore agin.
O wilt thou paddle in the pure ſtream
Of precious Bloud! contemn it! O extream
And hideous Monſter! doſt thou hug the Knife
Which wounded him, yea took away his Life,
And will let out thy blood, though now it be
Delighted in, and loved much by thee?

*Of Wonders ſtrange, and Prodigies that are*
*Amazing unto all who of them hear,*
*None can come nigh, or be compar'd to this,*
*A Prodigie of Prodigies it is.*
*Of Love and Lover, ne'r the like was known,*
*Nor was the like Ingratitude e're ſhown.*
*The one doth love beyond all admiration,*
*And ſuffer'd things beyond humane relation.*

*And he a King, but ſhe a filthy brute,*
*A beggar vile, and yet denies his Suit!*

*Queſtion.*

From whence is it? O why will ſhe not cloſe
With this great Lord? how can ſhe ſtill oppoſe
His oft-repeated proffers? how, not yet!
Yield unto him? pray what's the cauſe of it?

*Anſwer.*

'Tis not in her own power to diſpoſe
Her ſelf in marriage: alſo here are thoſe
Who dwell with her, and her Relations be,
Who ſpoil the match, or the affinitie,
Which otherwiſe in all appearance might
Be throughly made with *Jeſus* Prince of Light.
Two proud Relations loftily ſtand off,
Who urge her to reject him with a ſcoff.
The one is *Will*, a very churliſh piece,
Who all along for *Sin* and *Satan* is.
The other's *Judgment*, once moſt grave and wiſe,
But now with *Will* both curſed Enemies;
To God and Chriſt true Piety oppoſe,
And lead the Soul with evil ways to cloſe.
'Tis they who muſt diſpoſe of her, if ſhe
E're yield to Chriſt his deareſt Spouſe to be.
But Sin has ſo by craft corrupted them,
And drawn them to its party, they contemn
This glorious Lover, and will not conſent
The Soul ſhould yield to him, or ſhould repent,
And ſo break off with other Lovers, who
She yet doth love, and loth is to for-go.

Beſides

Beſides them, in her houſe doth alſo dwell
An Enemy call'd *Old-man*, known full well
To be a grand and horrid Inſtrument,
To keep the Soul from granting her conſent.
O! he's the cauſe of all the inward ſtrife,
And hates the thoughts ſhe ſhould become his Wife.
And will prevent it, if he can find out
Meet ways and means to bring the ſame about.
Nay ſuch a Foe this *Old-man* is indeed,
That till he's ſlain by th' *Spirit*, or does bleed,
Or weakned in his power, ne'r will ſhe
With the Lord Chriſt firmly united be.
Slight wounds wo'nt do, he muſt be ſlain out-right,
Such is his rage, his ſubtilty and ſpite
Againſt this happy match; till he's near dead,
It cannot be in truth accompliſhed.
Therefore expect to hear of his black doom,
Before the ſweet eſpouſal Day doth come.
There's alſo yet another Inmate, I
Perceive dwells in her houſe (which by and by
You'l hear much of) who all her ſecrets knows,
And can her very inward thoughts diſcloſe,
His name is *Conſcience*, whoſe Power 's ſo great,
That in her houſe he hath a Regal Seat.
Theſe three Allies by *Old-man* ſo corrupted,
Have all along the buſineſs interrupted,
They naturally are oppoſite to Grace,
And are far more inclined to give place
To ſenſual Objects, and the Prince o'th Night,
And ſo betray the Soul, for want of light,

Into their hands, of whom you heard before,
Who secretly design for ever-more
To take away her life, and quite undo her,
Whilst flatteringly they promise peace unto her;
The Soul's deprav'd and captivated so,
It chuses *Evil*, and lets *Jesus* go,
The chiefest good, and takes the chiefest evil,
Being by nature acted by the Devil.
This well consider'd, may the cause discover
Why she denies to entertain this Lover.
The Soul is dead, and cannot see, nor hear,
'Tis sensless as a stone; a stone can bear
The greatest weight, and neither break, nor melt:
Souls dead to God, ne'r love-sick passions felt
Unto this day; nor can they love, until
They are convinc'd of sin and all the ill
They have committed 'gainst his holy Will.
Being sensible hereof, then with strong cryes
They fly to God for salve to o'pe their Eys;
The Eys affect the Heart, when thou canst see
Christ will be dear, and not till then to thee.
The Conscience first is always wrought upon,
Which never is effectually done,
But by the Spirits Pow'r and operation,
Which sets it equally against transgression.
But lest I should be tedious, I'le forbear,
Craving attention to what follows here.

CHAP.

# CHAP. III.

*Shewing Christ's Heavenly and admirable Beauty, Riches, Bounty, Power, and Wisdom.*

*Theologue.*

WILT thou be cruel to so dear a Friend?
Upon thy self 'twill fall, poor Soul, ith' end.
Did not *Rebecka* yiel'd, and chuse to go
With *Abram*'s servant? and wilt thou say no?
What was an *Isaac* unto him, whom I
Desire thee to fix thy tender Eye
Upon? was *Isaac* fair and wealthy too?
Or was he great? Ah Soul! will such things do?
If beauty, wealth, or honour thou dost prize,
I do present one now before thine Eys,
That is the Object, this alone is he;
None, none like him did ever mortals see.
He is all fair, in him 's not one ill feature,
Ten thousand times more fair than any Creature
That lives, or ever lived on the Earth,
His Beauty so amazingly shines forth;
Angelick Nature is enamor'd so,
They love him dearly, and admire him too.
His Head is like unto the purest Gold,
His curled Tresses lovely to behold,
And such a brightness sparkles from his Eys,
As when *Aurora* gilds the Morning skies.
And though so bright, yet lovely like the Doves,
Charming all hearts, where rests divine Loves,

Look

Look on his beauteous Cheeks, and thou'lt espy
The Rose of *Sharon* deckt in Royaltie.
His smiling Lips, his speech, and words so sweet,
That all delights and joy in them do meet;
Which tends at once to ravish ear and sight,
And to a kiss all heavenly Souls invite.
The Image of his Father's in his face;
His inward parts excel, he's full of grace.
If Heaven and Earth can make a rare Complexion,
Without a spot, or the least imperfection,
Here, here it is, it in this Prince doth shine,
He's altogether lovely, all Divine.

1. His Beauty is so much desirable,
No Souls that see it any ways are able
For to withstand the influ'nce of the same;
They'r so enamour'd with it, they proclaim
There's none like him in Earth, nor Heav'n above;
It draws their hearts, and makes them fall in love
Immediately, so that they cannot stay
From following him one minute of a day.
The Flock is left, the Herd, and fishing Net,
As soon as e're the Soul its Eye doth set
Upon his face, or of it takes a view,
They'l cleave to him, whatever doth insue.

2. Christ is the Spring, or the Original
Of earthly beauty, and Celestial.
That Beauty which in glorious Angels shine,
Or is in Creatures natural, or Divine,
It flows from him: O it is he doth grace
The mind with glorious Beauty, as the face.

3. Christs

3. Christ's Beauty's chast, most pure, and without
Not like to other's, which oft unawares, (snares,
Like *Josephs*, most treacherously betrays
Poor wanton Souls, and leads them to the pit,
Before they are aware, or think of it!
Here may'st thou look, and love, and take thy fill,
(Yea every one who hath a heart, a will)
Whose sweetness ne'r will glut, surfeit, or kill.

4. His Beauty's real, 'tis no glittering paint;
That suits vain Sinners, this affects the Saint.
The painted face pleases the carnal Eye;
But none but Saints through faith can this espy.
That's a vain show, but this a precious thing,
In sight of which Celestial joy doth spring.

5. This Beauty fills, and fully satisfies,
The hearts of all who have enlightned Eyes.
He that sees Christ, doth say, Lord, now I have
What e're I long'd to see, no more I crave;
I have enough, my heart and I are fill'd;
Which was not so before, whilst I beheld
Things with a sensual heart and outward eye.
There's nothing here, save Christ, can satisfie
That precious Soul, which lieth in thy breast;
Reject him, and ne'r look for peace nor rest.

6. Christ's Beauty's hidden, 'tis so mystical;
No glimmerings of it can appear at all
To carnal Souls. This is the cause why he
Is thus deny'd, and slighted still by thee.

7. There's one thing more which I'le to thee impart,
Touching Christ's Beauty, by diviner Art;
He

He doth transmit his beauty unto those
Who are deform'd, as soon as e're they close
With him in truth, in a contract of love,
He all their homely features doth remove.
Oh! he can make those lovely, very fair,
Who ne'r so filthy, ne'r so ugly are.

8. This Beauty fadeth not, 'twill not decay,
'Twill be as rare to morrow as to day.
Not like to that, which as a fading flower,
Ev'n now shines bright, but wither'd in an hour.

*Riches of Christ.*

Or, is thy heart on Riches set? know then,
Christ is more rich than all the sons of Men.
The Father hath to him all fulness given
In Earth beneath, and all that is in Heaven.
All Kingdoms of the world they are his own,
Whether inhabited, or yet unknown.
He's heir of all things, and the time is near
When he will make his Right most plain appear.
All Potentates his Tenants are at will;
And such who waste his goods, or govern ill,
Account must give to him, and then will find
What 'tis to bear to him a treach'rous mind.

Christ's glorious Riches are discovered

Yet further unto thee; for all are fed
By him alone that on the Earth e're liv'd,
Both food and clothes they all from him receiv'd,
And still receive; 'tis at his proper charge
They are maintain'd, as might be shew'n at large.

I'le only give a hint or two at things,
His Treasures far surmount all Earthly Kings.
He has paid all the debts of every one
That clos'd with him. O do but think upon
This very thing, and wisely then account
To what a sum this payment will amount:
Suppose each Soul ten thousand Talents were
In debt to God: some little time we'l spare
To cast it up. 'Tis done, and lo 'tis found
Eighteen hundred sev'nty five thousand pound.
And less than that what sinners ow'd that's clear'd,
As often-times, I doubt not, you have hear'd.
What did they altogether, think you, owe?
Who's able to account it? who can show
The quantity of that great debt, which he
Paid at one single payment on the Tree?
The quality too of his Riches are
So great in worth, O so transcendent rare,
Their Nature Men nor Angels can declare.
No other Coin would with God's Justice go,
To satisfie for debts which Sinners owe.
Nay the whole World, nor yet ten thousand more,
Could not discount one farthing of that score,
But had Christ's worth and Riches only bin
Sufficient to discharge from debts of Sin;
And had he not more Treasure to bestow
On such who do believe, or truly do
Cleave unto him, it might be thought to be
A lessening of his vast Treasurie.

But

But 'tis not ſo; for he enriches all,
Who are diſcharged from ſin's bitter thral.
None comes to him, nor ever came, but they
Receive, beſides ſuch ſums that very day
They are eſpous'd, that holy Truth relates,
They r made more rich than earthly Potentates.
A golden Chain about their necks he places,
And them with Rings, and precious Jewels, graces:
And clothes them alſo in rich Robes of ſtate,
Whoſe ſparkling glory far exceeds the plate
Of beaten Gold; nay *Ophir*'s Treaſury,
And all the Wealth which in both *Indies* lie,
Muſt not compared be; alas, they can't
Equal in worth the Robes of one poor Saint.
He Heirs alſo doth make them every one
Of a moſt glorious Kingdom, and a Crown
He doth aſſure them that they ſhall obtain,
And when they come to age, for ever raign
With him triumphantly, and tread down thoſe
Who were their Enemies, or did oppoſe
Their r.ſing up to ſuch great Dignity,
Or treated them on Earth with cruelty.
He's rich in every thing, no good is found,
No wealth nor worth, but all in Chriſt abound.
Few in all kind of Riches do exceed:
But there's in him whatever Sinners need.
Ca'l but a look, O view this Treaſury,
Riches of Life, Love, Pardon, all dos lie,
Laid up in Chriſt, in him tis hid, for thoſe
Who do with him in true affection cloſe.

Theſe

Theſe Riches do enrich the Soul of Man,
Which earthly Riches never did, nor can.
Nay prethee hark to me, I'le tell thee more,
Although Chriſt has paid off our former ſcore,
He han t conſum'd one farthing of his ſtore.
Though he has made ſome millions rich and high,
He hath with him ſuch a redundancy
Of glorious Riches, that let come who will,
Their Treaſuries with ſubſtance he can fill.
The Sun is not more full of precious Light,
Whoſe ſparkling rays do dazle mortals ſight;
Nor is the great, the vaſt and mighty Sea
More fill'd with water than (in truth) is he
With Grace and Riches, yea of every kind:
Which if thou cloſe with him, and doſt not find
To be a truth (Soul) then let me obtain
Reproach from all, yea an eternal ſhame.
Chriſt's Riches are ſo great, St. *Paul* knew well
No tongue could ſet them forth, no Angels tell
Th' nature of them, they unſearchable be;
Men may find out the bottom of the Sea,
As ſoon as they can learn or comprehend
How rich Chriſt is, who is thy deareſt Friend.
Nay, more than this, his Riches are ſo ſtable,
Moths can't corrupt them, nor can Thieves be able
To rob us of them. Nay, yet further-more,
He that hath them, what e're comes, can't be poor.
His Riches can't be ſpent, his Treaſury
Cannot exhauſted be, nor yet drawn dry.

Theſe

Theſe Riches will rejoyce thee, make thee glad,
Revive thy heart; and God will never add
Sorrow with them whilſt thou doſt live on earth;
They'l quiet thee, and fill thy Soul with mirth;
They'l be a breaſt of ſuch ſweet Conſolation,
That when all other dwellers in the Nation
Shall be perplext through loſs of earthly gain,
Thou ſhalt be ſatisfied, and remain
In perfect peace; nought ſhall diſtreſs thy mind,
When they ſhall nought, ſave horrid anguiſh find.
Though Gold and Silver will not ſatisfie
The Soul of Man, yet this I do eſpy,
The loſs of them, and other earthly things,
It grief and ſorrow to the Spirit brings.
And ſo uncertain are things of the world,
Though here to night, e're morning all are hurl'd
Away from him who now poſſeſſion hath;
Like to a bubble are all things on Earth.
He that on worldly Riches ſets his mind,
Strives to take hold on ſhadows, and the wind.
But if Chriſt's Riches once thou doſt obtain,
The loſs of them thou never ſhalt ſuſtain;
Nor will they leave thee when thou com'ſt to die,
But cleave unto, and thee accompanie
Beyond the Grave, ev'n to Eternitie.
What doſt thou ſay? canſt make a better choice
Than cloſe with Chriſt? O hearken to his voice,
And don't with ſtand the proffer made to thee,
If any good thou doſt in Riches ſee.

*Chriſt's*

*Christ's Bounty.*

What sayest thou? what hast thou in thine eye?
Will not Christ's Riches move thee? then I'le try
To gain thee by some other property.
He's bountiful, and of a generous heart,
Most free and noble, ready to impart
What e're he hath unto the Soul he loves.
O see how his Heroick Spirit moves
In him, whose generous, whose bounteous hand,
Holds forth to thee what e're thou canst demand.
'Tis thine for asking; do but speak the word,
Thou hast it done. O! none like this dear Lord.
Some mens great Riches seem to overflow,
Who do a base ignoble Spirit show.
They treasure up their bags, lay heap on heap,
Yet with a narrow covetous spir't keep
All from the poor: Nay their own Wives can get
But now and then a little in a fit;
In a good mood sometimes perchance they'l be
Kind unto them, though but unfreely free.
But Christ's rich Bounty does to all extend,
He stretches forth his hand to Foe and Friend.
Refined Gold, Eye-salve, and Rayments white,
Ev'n all choice things for profit and delight;
Sweet Frankincense, Spicknard, Calamas fine,
Myrrh, Saffron, with all choice of spiced Wine,
He freely gives to all: O come who will,
He'l bid you welcome, and your Treasures fill.
O what doth he then to his Friends impart,
Unto his Spouse, the Soul who has his heart?

O Come,

Come, eat, O Friends, and drink abundantly,
Beloved ones, 'twas for your sakes that I good
This Banquet made. There's nought (says he) too
For those that I have purchas'd with my blood.
Take Grace and Glory; all I have I give you,
And to my self I will e're long receive you.
Ask, that your joy may now be full: for I
Can't any thing that's good your souls deny.

*The Soveraign Power and Dignity of Christ.*

What can I now do more, if still thou art
Resolved to deny *Jesus* thy heart?
If Beauty will not move thee to incline
To close with him, who longs till he is thine:
Strange! Beauty oft prevails, great Conquests gains;
Like to a mighty Victor, binds in chains
Those wch would not by other means e're yield.
Such is the nature of his pow'rful Shield,
Triumphantly it has obtain'd the Field.
No standing out against its piercing Darts,
It hath a secret way to wound those hearts,
Whose constitution leads them naturally
To steer that course, and on it cast an Eye
To search the sweet, which Fancy says doth lye
Hid in the same. For human Beauty's vain,
Which some have sacrific'd their lives, to gain.
But Christ's sweet Beauty is a real thing,
And doth substantial joys and pleasures bring;
Such pleasures also which will still abide
For evermore, like Rivers by thy side.

Shall

Shall Beauty which is ſpotleſs, without ſtain,
Nor Riches neither, ſweet Imbraces gain;
Nor generous Bounty, win thy purer love?
Then let Ambition thy affections move.
Is Greatneſs barren quite of ſolid joys?
Are all her Merchandize but empty toys?
If it be earthly, 'tis an Airy thing,
Though 'twere to be a Spouſe unto a King.
But let it not be ſo look'd on by thee
To be eſpous'd to that great Majeſtie,
From whom alone true Honour dos deſcend,
This Greatneſs laſting perfect, ne'r will end.
Come, *Soul*, let us moſt ſeriouſly now pry
Into Chriſt's Pow'r and regal Soveraignty,
And next let me his glorious Pow'r ſhow
By which he works, and all great things can do.
Some have a Pow'r whereby they can command,
But to accompliſh things do want a hand:
But Chriſt in both excels, 'tis he alone
Hath regal Pow'r; and what he will have done
He can effect i'th twinkling of an eye,
Though all combine againſt him far and nigh.
He's over Angels, (as thou heardſt before)
They gladly him do rev'rence, and adore.
The Head o'th Church makes Laws, and governs it,
According as he ſees 'tis beſt and fit.
His regal Pow'r alſo doth deſcend,
And over all the Devils doth extend.
The Keys of Hell and Death to him are given;
'Tis he alone can ſhut and open Heaven.

Power to Rule, to command, to forbid,
To puniſh, or deliver, they'r all hid
In him alone; 'tis he can bind or looſe;
To damn or ſave, 'tis all as he doth chuſe.
He's King of Kings, all mighty men below
To him their Princely Crowns & Kingdoms owe.
Yea ſuch an univerſal Monarch's he,
Commands the mighty Winds, and ſtils the Sea.
'Twas by his hand the glorious Heav'ns were made,
And wondrous Earth's foundations firſt were laid.
The Sun, the Moon, and Stars receiv'd their light
From him at firſt, to rule both Day and Night.
His Power's abſolute without controle,
He governs all the World from Pole to Pole.
His Soveraign Pow'r was not gain'd by fight,
Or Uſurpation, but a lawful Right;
As he is God, 'tis his eſſentially,
Born Heir of it from all Eternity.
And as he's Mediator, th' God of Heaven
This glorious Power unto him has given.
His Pow'rs Infinite, it hath no bound,
No ends, or limits of it can be found.
He made the World, which by him doth ſubſiſt;
Nay he can make ten thouſand if he liſt.
He can do more than we can think or know,
Can kill, and make alive, ſave, or o'rethrow.
The Conqueſts he has gain'd, demonſtrate
The matchleſs Pow'r of this dread Potentate.
Sin is ore-come, the Devil 's forc'd to fly,
Nay, h' hath obtain'd a perfect Victory

O're

O're Death, o're Hell, o're Wrath, & o're the Grave,
And from them all he able is to save.
If thou wilt but consent, grant his requeſt,
Thou never more by Foes ſhalt be diſtreſt.
Ah Soul! is't not a very glorious thing,
Daily to be thus courted by a King,
And ſuch a King? ſhall *Jeſus* woo in vain?
Shall ſuch a Prince not thy ſweet love obtain?

*The Wiſdome of Christ.*

What ſay'ſt to Wiſdom, from whoſe Odour ſprings
That wch makes glorious inferiour Men, as Kings:
This ſpreads the ſweet perfume of *Solomon*'s fame;
'Twas this that rais'd his moſt illuſtrious Name.
The noiſe of Wiſdome made ſo great report,
'Twas heard as far as *Sheba's* Princely Court.
It made the Lady's Charriot-wheels to run
Moſt ſwift, like to the new-rais'd Eaſtern Sun,
Mounting aloft, and vanquiſhing black Clouds:
She haſts away, and through obſtructions croudes;
Defying danger, ſhe's reſolv'd to ſee
What Fame reports touching this Prodigie.
The emulous Queen's arriv'd, ſhe ſtands amaz'd,
She leſſens, wonders, and be'ng over-daz'd
With this great Beam, ſhe breaks forth, could not hold
But muſt expreſs, that what to her was told
In her own Country, was in no wiſe nigh
Half what ſhe found did in his Wiſdom lie.
What's Riches, Bounty, Honour, Beauty rare,
Unleſs true Wiſdom alſo do dwell there?

If Wiſdom may a perſon recommend,
Chriſt is all Wiſdom. Shall I now deſcend
Into particulars? wilt lend an Ear
Whilſt I endeavour to make it more clear?
Alas, I ſtand amaz'd! Can Infinite
Perfections be expreſt? what ſhall I write?
He's wiſe, all-wiſe, only wiſe; ſhall I ſpeak?
Wiſdom it ſelf i'th' abſtract. Can I take
Upon me then to ope this Myſtery,
When in him doth all depths of Wiſdom lie.
The Wiſemans wiſdome, if't compar'd might be,
Was like a drop of Water to the Sea;
Nay, far a greater diſproportion's there,
Should we Chriſt's wiſdom once with his compare.
'Twas he which did to *Solomon* impart
That wiſdom, and that underſtanding heart.
'Tis he which makes all good men grave and wiſe,
To hate all evil, and true Vertue prize.
He to our Fathers doth right knowledg give,
And 'tis by him all pious Judges live.
Th' infinite wiſdome of th' Eternal One
Shines forth in him; nay, 'tis in him alone
All is laid up; he is God's Treaſury,
Where Wiſdom and true Knowledg both do lie.
He knows all things and perſons here below;
Nay, perfectly does he the Father know,
And all Decrees and Counſels, which of old
Have been, and their events he can unfold.
He knows each glorious purpoſe, and deſign,
In him alone do all Perfections ſhine.

The

The frames, the thoughts, the ways, the fears, the
Temptations, burdens, & the grief of Saints (wants,
Most perfectly he knows, and quickly can
Save and defend from th' greatest rage of Man.
For Counsel and wise conduct he exceeds,
And in the midst of paths of Judgment leads.
The crafty Counsel of *Achitophel*
He can defeat, though laid as deep as Hell.
He over-turns the wisdome of the wise,
Confounds their plots, and shews what folly lies
In their grand Councils, making them to know
Their purposes can't stand, if he says no.
He orders things, that no design shall take
Further than 'twill for his own Glory make.
None like to Christ, he is without compare,
He's wise as well as wealthy, great and fair.
What's thy opinion, Soul, canst not espy
All Glory hid in his blest Majesty?
What hinders then but that without delay
Triumph may celebrate th' espousal day?

## CHAP. IV.

*Shewing how the Conscience of the Sinner comes to be effectually awakened; together with the effects thereof.*

THIS being said with bowels of Affection,
Tho often mixt with gall of sharp detection,

Her former ſtubbornneſs being all laid o'pe,
Yet this, nor that, nor nothing, gave much hope
He ſhould prevail, which put him in a maze,
And did his voice and ſpirits higher raiſe.
He ſtill went on with ſweet commiſeration,
Yet was his pity mixt with ſome ſmall paſſion,
And to this purpoſe did this good man ſpeak,
Not knowing how his laſt farewel to take.

*Theologue.*

Poor ſtupified Soul! Alas! alas!
What is the cauſe? whence doth it come to paſs
Thou art ſo ſenſleſs? why doſt thou deſpiſe
All thoſe Soul-melting tears, thoſe ſighs and crys
What, is thy heart more harder than the Rocks,
That thou canſt bear theſe oft repeated knocks,
And never break at all? O ſtrange! O ſtrange!
Thy heart, poor Soul, is harder than a ſtone,
That feeble drops of water fall upon,
And makes impreſſion. What, ſhall ſtones relent,
And yield themſelves, and as it were conſent
Theſe frequent droppings ſhould impreſſion make
And ſhowers move thee not? Awake, awake,
Before the dreadful Meſſage I impart,
Shall rouſe thy hard and ſin-congealed heart.
Thy night comes on, thy Sun's a going down,
Thy ſeeming favourites begin to frown.
So all thy pleaſures with their wanton charms
Are flying from thee. Death ſpreads forth his Arm

T

To take thee hence unto another place:
Canſt thou, poor wretch, this ghaſtly King imbrace?
What will become of all thy wealth and pleaſure?
Behold (alas) Death's come to make a ſeiſure
Upon thy poor deceived Soul this night!
Then all thy joys, and empty vain delight
Will vaniſh like the ſmoke, and thou ſhalt be
Caſt into Priſon for Eternitie;
Where thou ſhalt evermore bewail thy loſs,
In changing Gold for that, that's worſe than droſs.
Shall Beauty, Wealth, or Honour make thee yield?
Much more that Wiſdom wherewith Chriſt is fill'd.
Shall Love and Patience be ſo ill rewarded
By thee, by whom he ſhould be moſt regarded?
And ſenſual Objects harbour'd in thy heart?
Then wilt thou hear what further I'le impart?
Soul, now thou muſt be anathematiz'd;
And when Chriſt comes, how wilt thou be ſurpriz'd?
For thoſe that love not *Jeſus*, are accurſt,
And when he doth appear, for ever muſt
That fearful doom and ſentence then receive.
O may the thoughts of this cauſe thee to cleave
To him with ſpeed, before this day is gone.
I'le now break off, adieu, this think upon:
Poor drouſy wretch, let ſin no more deceive thee,
Give me thine Anſwer now before I leave thee.
O may theſe Soul-confounding terrors break,
Thy ſtony-heart, and make thy Conſcience ſpeak!
Eternal God, do thou thy Spirit ſend,
'Tis he which muſt the Soul in pieces rend.

The

The work's too hard for weakneſs. Alas! I
Shall not prevail, if help thou doſt deny.
Speak to her heart, ſet home the Word with Pow'r.
Shall this be the good day, the happy hour?
Her Conſcience touch, O wound her, let her ſee
What 'tis to be a Captive unto thee.
Open her Eyes, bleſſed Spirit, thou canſt do it.
Sad is her ſtate; O come, and let her know it.
Let not my pains nor labour quite be loſt:
For dear ſhe has my Maſter, *Jeſus*, coſt.
Thou canſt effectually change her bad mind,
Which unto ſenſual Objects is inclin'd.
O ſhed and ſcatter precious Love abroad,
And unto her ſome of that grace afford.
Moral perſuaſions barely ne're will bring
The Soul to love and like our Heav'nly King.
But I'le return and ſpeak yet one word more
Unto her Conſcience, e're I do give o're.

Speak *Conſcience*, if alive! thou us'd to keep
A faithful watch: what art thou now aſleep?
Hath ſhe not ſlighted Chriſt, like unto thoſe
That him reject, and cleave unto his Foes?
What doſt thou ſay? ſpeak, I adjure thee, rouſe!
*Conſcience*, I ſpeak to thee, ſhake off thy drouſe;
Gripe this deluded Soul, who puts her truſt
In thoſe that ſeek her Life, 'tis thou that muſt
Stop her vain courſe: what, ſhall the Sinner die
When *Conſcience*, God's Vicegerent, is ſo nigh,
And gives not one ſad ſigh, nor groan, nor cry?

Strange!

Strange! what 's befallen thee? art loſt, or fled,
Who ſhouldſt the tidings bring that all are dead?
Like *Job*'s laſt Meſſenger, thou ſhouldſt declare,
How all the faculties corrupted are.
Wilt thou betray that truſt repos'd in thee,
And loſe thy regal Right and Soveraignty?
Wilt thou connive and wink at ſuch a crime,
Or fault which ſhe commits? O no, 'tis time
Now to awake, and fiercely her reprove.
What, hate that Prince whom ſhe pretends to love?
Immediately the Spirit ſweetly ſpake,
And touch'd her heart, and Conſcience did awake.

*Conſcience.*

What Soul-amazing voice is this I hear?
What Heav'n-rending Thunder fills mine Ear?
Awake, why do I ſleep? can Conſcience nod,
That keeps a watch betwixt the Soul and God?
If ſo, yet when Heav'ns voice cryes out amain,
That will awake and make me rouſe again.
I have moſt baſely (Sir) corrupted bin,
By *Satan* and that poiſonous Evil, *S I N.*
A Regiſter I kept, but then alas
It has ſo fallen out, ſo come to paſs,
That I unfaithful was: for always when
I ſhould have ſet down ſcores, I ſet down ten;
Nay, to their party ſo entic'd have bin,
That I have often winked at her ſin.
And when my Office was for to accuſe,
'Twas to wrong ends, her Light I did abuſe.

My

My faults I see, I'le watch that no offence
May pass the Soul without intelligence.
Sir, Strange it is, it puts me in a muse,
As one amaz'd to see the Soul refuse
To hearken to your voice, which constantly,
Like pointed Darts, against her breast doth fly.
I'le take up Arms, and fight for *Jesus* now,
And make her bend to him, if I know how.
I now declare my self, though for a season
I silence kept, to hear what Goodman *Reason*
Could find to say, whereby he might excuse her,
But he's most blind, and surely doth abuse her.
I know her byas'd Judgment will conjecture
She's not oblig'd to hearken to that Lecture
She lately heard, although it was Divine,
Her will and judgment doth with Hell combine
To work her ruin; do you what you can,
Till Judgments rectifi'd, and the Old man
Be put to death, she'l be rebellious still,
Yield to her lusts, and please her vicious will.

*Theologue.*

Doth *Conscience* yield? Blest day! I'le try again,
With hope of a full Conquest to obtain.
Good service may'st thou do, act well thy part:
Whilst the great King doth thus besiege the heart;
Keep thou a narrow watch, look well about,
Observe who doth come in, and who goes out.
In one thing am I glad, I know from hence
I shall by thee have true intelligence.

How

How things are manag'd in her houſe always;
Thou know'ſt her thoughts, hear'ſt all the words ſhe
ſays.

*Apollyon Prince of Darkneſs.*

*Apollyon*, that degraded Seraphim,
And Grand-ſire of that Hell-bred Monſter, *Sin*,
No ſooner did of theſe late tidings hear,
How Conſcience was awakened, but in fear
Preſently calls a Council to adviſe
Which way they might the Soul by craft ſurprize,
And hinder her from being crowned Queen.
Which to prevent, ſucceſsful have we been,
Saith he, till now, but I am in great doubt
Much longer we ſhall hardly hold it out.
The Preacher doth his buſineſs follow ſo,
I am afraid of ſome great overthrow.

*Satan.*

Dread Prince! fear not, we yet poſſeſſion have,
And want no skill. Can't ſubtilty deceive?
Can't ſtrength ſubdue? beſides, ſhe's in our chain;
Though one links broke, we'l faſten it again.
And if grave Judgment will with us abide,
Conſcience will not be able to decide
The differences, nor right diciſion make;
No matter then which ſide the fool doth take.
But ſince, my Lord, I ſee what grieves your mind,
No ſafety ſhall theſe Goſpel-Preachers find:
Our Vaſſals we'l prepare with Helliſh rage,
Them to extirpate, and drive off the ſtage.

*Lucifer*

*Lucifer.*

I do approve of that last Counsel given;
Let not a place nor corner under Heaven
Be found for those our int'rest dare oppose,
Or once attempt to move the Soul to close
With him whom we account our mortal Foe,
*Satan*, for this I bless and thank thee too.
The brave design which we have now in hand,
Will soon effect this thing in every Land.
That Enterprise let us pursue with care,
But mind us well how things more inward are:
To Judgment look, lest he from us should run;
If once his Eyes are ope, we're all undone.

*Soul.*

Lord, what sad gripes and lashes no I feel?
My courage fails, and resolutions reel.
Strange thoughts disturb my mind, no rest, alas,
Can heart or eyes obtain; whole nights do pass,
Whole weeks and months, and nought can I possess
But horror great, sad grief, and weariness.
What's my condition now? who'le shew to me
My present state and future misery?
Hark, what's within, a very frightful noise,
It mars my hopes, imbitters all my joys.
My morn's ore-cast, my fair day proveth foul,
My Conscience terrifies, and makes me howl:
Lash after lash, and blows succeeding blows,
He's void of mercy, and no pity shows,
Here ends my joy, and here begins my woes.

O

O how my mind is hurried to and fro!
I know not where to fix, nor what to do.
My unresolv'd resolves do greatly vary,
This way one while, and then the quite contrary.
Who is't will counsel give? to whom must I
Go for some ease in this perplexity?
My Conscience says I wickedly have acted,
Not breaking the vile contract I've contracted
With those sweet Lovers which my sensual heart
So long a time has lov'd, how shall we part?
Must I be forc'd, by Conscience to imbrace
One whom I cannot love? 'tis a hard case.
Yet have I cause to love him dearly too;
But how shall I for him let others go?

*Depraved Judgment.*

Poor silly Soul! and is thy choice so hard?
In two extreams can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequal, with the like respect?
Know'st thou not which to slight, which to affect?
Submit to me, 'tis Judgment must advise,
In this great case take heed and be thou wise.
Fix where thou wilt, thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'r expect a Verdict 'twixt two Laws
Which differ, and are oppolit in kind,
Yet a fit medium I'le attempt to find
To ease thy sad, and sore perplexed mind.
Divert those thoughts by some rare Speculations,
And vanquish all these dolesome cogitations.
Look, look abroad, and view the world, pray mark
The Wise and Prudent, and the Courtly Spark:

Will

Will they direct thee so, such counsel give
That thou an Hermits life on Earth shouldst live?
What, marry one that in possession hath
Not one small house, or foot of Land on Earth;
When Wealth, and Honour, Dignity and Power
Are offer'd to thee, as a present Dower?
Thou may'st be deckt with Bracelets rich and rare,
And live on Earth free from perplexing care;
If thou dost look about and take advice,
And suffer Men nor Conscience to entice,
Or thee allure, such a choice to make,
Those joys to leave, and utterly forsake;
Which most men do, nay all accounted wise
Pursue amain, esteem, and highly prize:
But if thou hast a thought to change thy state,
Be wise and stay; don't holy Writ relate,
*He that believes, doth not make hast:* O why
Shouldst thou have thoughts to mind it presently?
Come, pause a while, be not so hot; alas
By inconsiderateness it comes to pass,
So many Souls are spoil'd and ruined,
Be wary then, not rashly be misled.
Nay, furthermore, I'le speak to thee again,
Thou mayst love him, and yet mayst thou retain
Respect and love to other Objects too.
Love thy God well, but why shouldst thou let go
This world, with all the precious joys therein?
But don't mistake, thou must leave off thy sin;
For Holiness I must tell thee is right,
And very pleasant in *Jehovah*'s sight:

But

But know, O Soul, yet over and above,
Thy Soveraign Lord and Prince hath ſet his love
So much upon thee, that his gracious Eye
Will overlook thy ſmaller vanitie.
Ne'r doubt but thou ſhalt have his favour ſtill,
Though in ſome things thou ſatisfie thy will.
Doſt think that he who came down from above,
And dy'd for thee, will ever quite remove
His dear affection from thee, or e're hate,
And leave the Soul he bought at ſuch a rate?
It is enough, and happy wilt thou be,
If thou eſcap'ſt all groſs impurity.

*Thus the baſe heart be'ng inflam'd by the Devil,*
*Undoes the Soul. No Enemy's more evil*
*Than that curſt Foe we harbour in our breaſt,*
*Which all enlighten'd ones have oft expreſt.*
*Corrupted Judgment blindly would inform her,*
*Chriſt having dy'd, her ſins can never harm her.*
*Alas, ſaith Reaſon, do not all men ſin?*
*Nay, more than this, the very beſt have bin*
*To blame in many things, and yet eſteem'd*
*As righteous ones, and as the Lord's redeem'd?*
*If famous Men of old offenders were,*
*What needſt thou be ſo nice, what needſt thou fear?*
*The glorious King is filled with compaſſion;*
*Beſides he ſees in thee great reformation:*
*Thy love to ſinful luſts is but in part*
*To what it was, and thou muſt know thou art*
*Plac'd in this world, and therefore muſt comply*
*In ſome reſpects with ſmaller vanity.*

*When* Reason *to the vicious* Will *gives ear,*
*How can the Understanding then be clear?*
*When vile Affection thus corrupteth Reason,*
*All works and thoughts are turn'd to perfect Treason.*
*O see how blind poor Souls by Nature are,*
*How vain their thoughts, how ready to insnare*
*Themselves are they with false Imaginations,*
*With earthly toys and idle speculations.*
*To learn and understand all humane Arts*
*Most apt they are, they'l magnifie their parts;*
*How very quick and dext'rous are they when*
*They talk of things that appertain to men?*
*But things of God are quite above their sphere,*
*Can't them discern, nor do they love to hear*
*Of God, or Christ, they count that man a fool*
*That daily goes to learn at Jesus's School.*
*Unto the blindness of the natural mind*
*Add this besides, most evident you'l find*
*It doth resist the Truth, 'twill not receive it;*
*Nay 'tis incredulous, 'twill not believe it.*
*Apt to believe false tales, and stories vain;*
*Nay, like to* Eve, *'twill quickly entertain*
*Suggestions of the cursed Prince o'th Night,*
*But what God says, seems evil in their sight.*
*Nay, more than all, this treach'rous faculty*
*Is so deprav'd, St.* Paul *doth plain descry*
*Much enmity to God therein to lie.*
*Unto God's Law it will not subject be;*
*For in the mind is great malignity.*
*But I must not the* Reader *here detain;*
*Because that our old Friend is come again.*

Chap.

# CHAP. V.

*Shewing how the Judgment of the Soul comes to be enlightened, and the effects thereof.*

*Theologue.*

MY patience 's not yet tyr'd, my bowels move,
With bended knees shall I now gain thy love
To *Jesus Christ?* how shall I leave thee quite,
When I behold such terrors, which affright
My trembling Soul? wch soon will thee o're-take,
Unless thou dost with speed this Contract make.
Thy Judgment 'tis which I would fain convince.
Thy danger's great, I do perceive from thence:
When *Conscience* had almost (in truth) perswaded
Thee to repent, it was straightway invaded
By thy blind Understanding, and dark mind,
From whence thou art to evil still inclin'd.
Thou often-times hadst listen'd unto me,
And left thy sin: but they deceived thee,
And chang'd thy thoughts (as *Conscience* doth relate)
Till thy condition's grown most desperate.
Wilt thou once dare to harbour such a thought;
Because with bloud thy Soul by Christ was bought,
Thou mayest sin, and take thy pleasure here,
And prize the world as equal, nay, more dear
To thee than him? How canst thou be so dark
This to imagine, Soul? I prethee hark;

Did he not bleed, and die upon the Tree
Thee to redeem from all iniquitie,
And that to him thou ſhouldſt eſpouſed be?
Should a great Prince love a poor Virgin ſo,
As for her ſake ten thouſand ſorrows know,
And be content at laſt when all is done,
Another ſhould enjoy her for his own?

Oh! ope thine eyes, imbrace the chiefeſt Good;
Let him be dear to thee, who with his Bloud
Hath thee redeem'd from Sin, the chiefeſt ill,
Be not unto thy ſelf ſo cruel ſtill,
And void of Reaſon, fooliſhly to chuſe
The greateſt Evil, and chief'ſt Good refuſe.
The good in Chriſt with every ſtate agrees,
It ſuits the Soul when troubles on it ſeize.
When thou art ſick, he'l thy Phyſician be,
He all diſtempers cures. Nay, it is He,
And he alone, that heals the precious Soul,
And with a word can make the Body whole.
Art dark? O, he can ſtraightway make thee ſee;
Nay, if born blind, he can give eyes to thee.
If thou art weary, he alone's thy reſt.
Or, art thou ſad, and grievouſly depreſt?
He is thy comfort, and thy joy will be,
Like to the deep and overflowing Sea.
If thou an hungry art, he is thy food.
O taſt and ſee, and thou wilt find him good.
The Fatling's ſlain, and all things ready are;
Thou 'rt welcome too; O come, and do not ſpare,

But

But freely eat, and drink his ſpiced Wine,
Wch will make glad that drooping heart of thine,
The Father calls, the Spirit ſays, O come;
And Chriſt doth ſay, here's in my heart yet room,
O Sinner! come to me: hark, he doth cry,
O come to me, poor Soul, why wilt thou die?
Art thou in Priſon, he will ope the door,
He'l pay thy debts, and wipe off all thy ſcore.
If thou a Widow or an Orphan be,
Husband and Father both he'l be to thee:
A Husband that does live, yea, live for ever:
Match here, poor Soul, where Death can part you never.
Or, art thou weak, & canſt not go alone?
He is thy ſtrength, O thou mayſt lean upon
His mighty Arm; for that is thy ſupport.
Art thou beleaguer'd? he's thy Royal Fort.
In times of danger and of trouble great,
Unto his holy Name do thou retreat:
Which is a Tower ſtrong to all that fly
With care and ſpeed from all iniquity.
Under his wings he'l hide his purchas'd One,
Till theſe calamities are paſt and gone.
Or, art thou dying, and doſt fear the grave?
He is thy life, from Death he will thee ſave;
They cannot die, who ſuch a Husband have.
Or, art a Sinner? he's thy Righteouſneſs;
He's more than I can any ways expreſs.
The good in Chriſt is ſo exceeding ſweet,
None underſtand until they taſt of it.

He is a Good which none can comprehend,
He is a Good which doth all others ſend;
The chiefeſt Good, good of himſelf alone,
When carnal joys and pleaſures all are gone.
That's not the good that fills not the deſire,
That can't be chief, if there be yet a higher.
God is ſo good, noughts good if him we want;
Small things, with him, will ſatisfie a Saint;
He is ſo good, that nought can bitter make him
Unto that Soul, who chearfully does take him,
And his ſweet love and precious grace enjoys;
Yet this rare Good ne'r gluts, nor ſweetneſs cloys.
The beſt of earthly ſweets, which fools do prize,
By ſin and ſickneſs doth much bitter riſe.
They loath them ſtraight, and can't abide to hear
Of that which lately they eſteem'd ſo dear.
That, that's the Good on which thou ſhouldſt de-
That is deſired for no other end (pend,
Than for it ſelf! O taſt of him, and try,
And thou'lt be filled to Eternity.
That's not the Good which ſuddenly doth leave us,
That's not the Good of which Death can bereave
Chriſt is a Good that's laſting, and abides; (us,
All other Good, alas, will fail beſides.
Make him thy choice, dear Soul, O do but try
How ſweet it is in *Jeſus*'s Arms to lie.
Make him thy joy, and thou'lt ſee cauſe to ſing,
Whatever days or change may on thee bring.

*Soul.*

*Soul.*

Sad times, alas! here is a ſudden change;
Nought can I hear of now but rumors ſtrange,
Of Wars and Tumults, with perplexity,
Which do encreaſe and ſwell moſt vehemently
Within the regions of my inward man,
Which cauſes tears, and makes my face look wan.
Croſs workings in me clearly I diſcover,
I am diſtreſt about this glorious Lover.
The counſel which my heart did lately give
I cannot take, I dare not it receive.
Great ſlaughters there will be in my ſmall Iſle,
For without bloud be ſure this fearful broil
Will never ceaſe; which ſide now ſhall I take?
I tremble much, yea all my bones do ſhake.
Some of my ſins which I have loved dear,
Are forc'd to fly, and others can't appear,
Leſt *Conſcience* ſhould upon them fall: for he
Crys out, Kill all, let not one ſpared be.
Nay, *Judgment* too is all-moſt at a ſtand,
Which doth amuſe me much o'th other hand.
Yet *Will* and *Old-man*, are reſolv'dly bent
To hinder me from granting my conſent.
Yet if I could but have ſome glimm'ring ſight
Of this great Prince, I know not but it might
Work ſtrange effects in me: for I do find
My Eyes are out, my Underſtanding blind.
Lord, pity me: for I a wretch have bin,
To ſlight thee thus, and love my curſed ſin.

Thus whilſt God's Word was preacht, and ſhe alſo
Began to cry; I did obſerve, and lo,
A Friend was ſent from the bleſt Prince of Light,
The glory of whoſe Face did ſhine ſo bright,
That none were able to behold, for he
Seem'd not infer'our to the Majeſty
Of the great God, and his eternal Son:
For they in Eſſence are all three but one.
His Power's great, and Glory is his merit;
His nature's like his Name (*moſt holy Spirit.*)
Who to the Soul did preſently draw near,
And toucht her heart, and then unſtopt her ear;
And from him ſhone ſuch glorious rays of light,
Some ſcales flew off, and ſhe recover'd ſight.
Which ſtraitway did her judgment rectifie,
Who to this purpoſe did himſelf apply
Unto the Soul whom he had led aſtray.
I muſt confeſs my faults to thee this day.

*Judgment.*

For want of light falſe judgment I have given,
And treacherouſly conſpired againſt Heaven;
And 'gainſt thy life and happineſs have I
Been drawn into a vile conſpiracy
Of th' higheſt nature: for I did conſent
With thy baſe Foes, who helliſhly are bent,
To tear thee into pieces, quite undo thee,
Whilſt ſmilingly they proffer pleaſures to thee.
And now though not t' extenuate my ſin,
I'le tell thee how I have been drawen in.

Thy

Thy heart's corrupted, and from it proceeds
The curſed *Old-man*, with his evil deeds.
They with *Apollyon* jointly did unite
To draw a Curtain 'twixt me and the light.
And thus though I ſometimes was half inclin'd
To judge for God, they baſely kept me blind.
They've me corrupted with thy wilful *Will*,
Who, I do fear, remains moſt ſtubborn ſtill:
Which if't be ſo, and he's not made to bend,
Conclude the match thou canſt not wth thy friend
And I, poor I, can't make him condeſcend:
Some higer Power 'tis muſt make him yield,
Or he'l ſtand out and never quit the Field.
For he's a churliſh piece, and thou wilt find
To what is evil, he is moſt enclin'd:
But hath no will at all to what is right,
A very Traytor to the Prince of Light.
But as for me, my thoughts are clearly now
Thou oughtſt forthwith to yield, and meekly bow
To the great King, thy mighty Lord and Lover.
And more then this to thee I muſt diſcover;
Now, now I know thy Soveraign Lord will pry
Into thy very heart, his piercing Eye
Will find that Soul amongſt the Company
Who wants the Wedding-garment, and will ſever
That unprepared man in Wrath for ever
From his ſweet preſence: *Soul*, his Word doth ſhew
Nothing will ſerve but *univerſal new*.
He is a *jealous God*, will not endure
To ſee thee only counterfeited pure;

O now I see he will not take a part,
But claims both ears, eyes, hands, yea, the whole heart.
Now, now I see 'tis pure simplicity
That is alone accepted in his Eye.
That sin which has been like to a right hand,
For profit sweet, thou must at his command
Cut straight-way off. Nay, Soul, look thou about;
For Right-eye sins must all be pulled out.
Though they for pleasure have to thee bin dear,
Yet must they have no room, nor favour here.
Of every sin thou must thy self deny;
One sin will damn thee to Eternity,
If thou to it dost any love retain.
Nay, hark to me, Soul, listen once again;
The Law must also unto thee be dead,
And thou to it, or never canst thou wed
With Jesus Christ. If thy first Husband live,
Who to another Husband can thee give?
The smallest sin thou ever didst commit,
The Law's so strict, it damns the Soul for it.
Let this divorce thee from it, 'tis severe,
No life nor help (alas) canst thou have there.
And therefore unto Jesus come with speed,
For such a Bridegroom 'tis which thou dost need.
And th' glory of the blessed Bridal-state,
Will far exceed the greatest Potentate.
What's he? Ah Soul! what grace and favor's this?
Where dwels that Queen, nay where that Empress,
Whose splendent glory can e're equal thine,
When thou canst say, I'm his, and he is mine?

*Consultation held between the Prince and Powers of Darkneſs, hearing how the Judgment was rectified, and the underſtanding of the Soul ſomewhat enlightened.*

*Apollyon.*

Moſt mighty Pow'rs, who once from Heav'n fell,
To raiſe this Throne and Monarchy in Hell;
Do not deſpair, rouſe up; all is not gone,
The Conqueror han't yet the Conqueſt won.
'Tis far below your noble extract thus
To ſtand amaz'd; is there no pow'r in us,
For to revive our ſcattered force? let's try
What may be done, we can at laſt but fly.
Ne'r let us yield that ſhe ſhould raiſed be
To ſuch a height, to ſuch great Soveraigntie.
What, ſhe, whoſe birth and pedigree was mean
To what our's was, ſhall ſhe be crowned Queen,
Whilſt we are made the Objects of her ſcorn,
Hated of God and Man? This can't be born.
What, ſhall eternal Arms embrace the Soul,
Whilſt we in chains of Darkneſs do condole
Our former loſs? in ſpite of Heaven let's try
Yet once again to ſpoil th' Affinity.

*Satan.*

Bravely reſolv'd! and if in Hell there are
A legion of ſuch Spirits, never fear
But we the Conqueſt yet o're Heaven ſhall gain,
And all the hopes and pride of Mortals ſtain.

We

We venture very little, yet ſhall win
All at one blow, if we prevail agin.
And there's great hopes methinks; for ev'n ſucceſs
Makes foes ſecure, and makes our danger leſs.
Lo! don't you ſee how the fond Soul doth lie
Ope to our Arms in great ſecurity?
And though ſome ground is loſt, yet ſeek about,
View well our force within, and that without.
We in her houſe have a ſtrong party yet,
Who in our bands keep her unwary feet.
Let's make a ſearch, and now more careful be,
For ſad it is the wretch ſuch light ſhould ſee.
Without all doubt there has been ſome neglects,
Which has produc'd ſuch undeſir'd effects.
Could none keep out the light? or has her heart,
Always ſo true to us, play'd a falſe part?
Sure *Will* and *Old-man* both do ſtand and pauſe,
Or ſome grand Foe hath quite betray'd our cauſe.
We muſt be-ſtir us, and give new directions,
And by all means keep faſt the Soul's affections.
*Affection's* ſtill by *Old-man* is directed;
And *Will* to us does yet ſtand well affected.
Let us purſue our preſent enterprize,
With all the craft and pow'r we can deviſe.
Our Prince, I ſee, is very much offended,
And thus in ſhort the Conſultation ended.

*Apollyon* with whole troops of helliſh Fiends
Immediately into the Soul deſcends,
To raiſe ſad ſtorms and tempeſts in her breaſt,
Who being curſt, hates any ſhould be bleſt.

An

And that he might the better have his ends
Accomplished, he thus bespeaks his Friends:
The Flesh with all its lusts, to whom he said,
*Old-man*, my grand Ally, I am afraid
My tottering Kingdom has not long to stand,
If to my aid thou dost not lend thy hand.
'Tis thou (old Friend) that must my cause main-
Or otherwise thou wilt thy self be slain. (tain,
Hark! dost not hear that flesh-amazing cry,
"Kill the *Old-man*, O kill, O crucifie
"*The Old-man with his deeds*, rise up and slay,
"Let not that Foe survive another day?
"It is that curs'd *Old man* works our bane,
"Then let him die, let the *Old-man* be slain.
Bestir thy self, and try thy utmost skill,
Undoubtedly thou must be kill'd, or kill.
'Tis not a time to pause, or slack thy hand,
Negligence will not with thy int'rest stand.
Tell, tell the Soul, in vain thou dost deny
Thy self of that which satisfies the Eye;
Adorn thy self with Pearl, be deckt with Gold,
Such pleasant things are lovely to behold;
Avoid all those penurious Nicities,
That makes thee hateful in thy Neighbour's eyes;
Delight thy self in that the world 'counts brave,
And let thy senses have what e're they crave.
Say to the Soul, let not thine Ears and Eyes
Be satisfy'd alone, but please likewise
Thy Appetite, grant all the Soul desires.
And if it chance to kindle lustful fires,

Tell

Tel her the earth was fil'd with boundleſs treaſures
That ſhe thereby might take her fill of pleaſures.
And for that end the ſenſes are united
In one fair body, there to be delighted.
And tell her, if ſhe do reſtrain one ſenſe
Of what it craves, ſhe offers violence
Unto her ſelf, and doth her ſelf deny
Of the beſt good, and chief'ſt felicity.

*The Old-man's Reply.*

This Helliſh Lecture paſt, the *Old-man* breaks
His Silence; and, half Angry, thus he ſpeaks:
Renowned Father! let thy Servant borrow
A word or two to mitigate my ſorrow.
This Counſel might have done ſome time ago,
But now enlighted Judgment lets her know
All theſe are painted pleaſures, and their date
Ends with her life: dread Prince! it is too late
To mind this Counſel, ſhe will not receive it,
Her Underſtanding now will not believe it.
I by thy Aid have oft endeavoured
In fitter times ſuch kind of things to ſpread
Before her eyes; but now of late we find
There is an alteration in her mind.
Could you have took the Goſpel quite away,
'Twould not have been as 'tis, you do delay.

*Apollyon.*

No more of that—— *Old-man*, take my direction
Improve thy int'reſt now with her *affection*.

I know *Affection* ſtill 's inclin'd to love
That which the Underſtanding doth reprove.
This being ſo, if we improve our skill,
And can but keep firm unto us the *Will*,
If he's not over-powr'd, thou maiſt gain,
Thy former ſtrength, and long thou mayeſt reign.
For *Conſcience* thou may'ſt once again hereby
Lull faſt aſleep, and then alſo her Eye
Will grow ſo weak, her light diminiſhed,
That *Judgment* by *Affection* ſhall be led.
And if thou canſt but once this way perſuade her,
*Will* and *Affection* quickly will invade her
To pleaſe her ſenſes; and for thoſe intents
Affection may uſe weighty Arguments;
And thus being overcome, ſhe will be more
Intangled in our fetters than before.
*Luſts of the eyes*, and *pride of life*, theſe be
My Agents both, they are employ'd by me.
*Old-man*, therefore proceed, the Intreſt's mine;
But be victorious, and the Conqueſt's thine.
Once loſe the day, and thou be ſure muſt die.
Which being loſt, thou'lt ſuffer more than I.

*Old-man.*

Moſt dread *Apollyon*! thou muſt underſtand,
As I have ever been at thy command,
And am thy Servant, ſo I will remain;
And fight until I ſlay, or elſe am ſlain.
Yet let me lodg this ſecret in thy breaſt,
Canſt thou be ignorant, how ſhe's poſſeſt

With

With ſuch a Soul-convincing beam of light,
That I do ſeem a Monſter in her ſight.
I ſhall not overcome her now, unleſs
I do appear to her in ſome new dreſs.
Time was indeed when I have been reſpected,
But now, alas, I greatly am ſuſpected
Of being thy great favourite; nay, ſhe
Affirms that I am wholly led by thee.
Theſe things conſider'd, I muſt be advis'd,
Fear leſt I ſhould be unawares ſurpriz'd.

*Apollyon.*

Thou hit'ſt the caſe, and I agree thereto;
Thou ſhalt be clothed new from top to to:
And I'le transform my ſhape, and will appear,
For thy aſſiſtance; haſte, and nothing fear.
With ſpecious ſhews of love, do thou pretend,
Thou com'ſt to reaſon with her as a Friend,
Not meaning to perſwade her to remove,
Or to withdraw in any caſe her love
From her great Soveraign, whom thou maiſt confeſs
Can only her advance to happineſs;
Yet tell her ſhe's too ſtrict, ſhe's too preciſe,
She'l never hold it; bid her to be wiſe:
Soft pace goes far; an over-heated zeal
Ruins the Soul, and ſpoils the Common-weal.
Go bid her carry 't in her Princes ſight
With Saint-like ſweetneſs; bid her to delight
In his preſence, and there demurely ſtand;
But when ſhe's abſent, let both heart and hand

Be

Be ſtill delighted, as they were before,
With ſenſe-deluding Objects. Furthermore,
Tell her he's not ſo ſtrict as to debar
Her of theſe joys below, for her's they are:
Of which *Paul* rightly ſpeaks, this is the ſum,
*All things are yours, both preſent and to come*;
Thus we'l combine, and all our pow'rs unite,
And in this mode and curious dreſs incite
Th' enligten'd Soul to play the Hypocrite.

The fleſh being thus with th' pow'rs of Hell a-(greed,
The inward Foe beſtirs himſelf with ſpeed;
Vile Traytor like, a *Panther* doth become,
To work about the Soul's eternal doom.
A cruel Serpent, in a Saint-like guize,
The better to trapan the long'd-for prize.
As *Balaam*, once, and *Balak*, ſo do they
Seek to find out ſome curſt inſidious way,
The poor unwary Soul for to betray
To the laſt Death's dark and eternal ſhade.
*Balaam* adviſes *Balak* to invade
God's Heritage, 'twas by the beauteous train
Of *Moabite* Damſels, who he thought might gain
The *Iſraelites* affections, and thereby
Make them offend againſt the Majeſty
Of God All-mighty, by whoſe powerful hand
*Jacob* prevails, and *Moab* could no wiſe ſtand.
Ah! ſee how the wiſe Fowler lays his ſnare
To catch the poor enlighten'd Soul. Beware,

And do not cloſe thy new-inlighten'd Eyes;
Under the Golden clew the *Panther* lies.
The Eye-intangled Creature ſtands to gaze
Upon the lovely *Panther* in a maze,
Till the deluded Beaſt doth by his ſtay
Unwillingly become the *Panther*'s prey.
Juſt as you ſee ſometimes the nimble fly,
Dancing about the flame, advance ſo nigh,
Until it's taken and doth burn its wings.
Thus from it ſelf its own deſtruction ſprings.
Or like two Men, who running in a Race,
With hopes the Golden Diadem ſhall grace
The Victor's Temples, in the way doth lie
A Golden Ball; one of them caſts his Eye
Upom the ſame, makes but a little ſtay
To take it up, the other haſts away,
And never turns aſide to fix his Eyes
On this or that, but runs and wins the prize:
The other he the Ball eſpies, is loth
To let it lie: in hopes to get them both,
He loſes both: for when he comes to try,
Doth find the Golden Ball deceiv'd his Eye;
For when he thought to lay it up in ſtore,
Finds it an Earthly Ball, but gilded o're.
O! then he grieves, but then it is too late,
His Eye's the cauſe of his unhappy fate.
A fit reſemblance: for thus ſtands the caſe
With every Soul. This mortal life's the Race.
A bleſſed Kingdom crowns the Victor's brow
With endleſs glory, but whilſt here below

We 're

We're tempt by Earthly pleaſures, that's the Ball;
Satan's the Sopiſter, who lets it fall.
Now look about thee, Soul, thy time's at hand,
Thine Enemies approach, nay, lo they ſtand
Ready prepared, and reſolv'd to try
Both ſtrength and craft to get the Victory.
Thy precious Lord is the eternal Prize,
Mind well thy Mark, take heed of wanton Eyes,
If Pleaſures thou, or Honours, ſhouldſt eſpy,
Stop not to gaze, run ſwift, and paſs them by;
Take no regard unto that painted Ball,
Which Satan, to deceive thee, has let fall.
The *Old-man*'s near (the fleſh) in a new dreſs,
And whoſe with him? Ah! thou mayſt eas'ly gueſs.
'Tis to deceive thee he appears ſo trim,
And thou mayſt ſee the *Devil* plain in him.
The pow'rs of Hell in thee will try their skill
For to inſnare *Affections*, and the *Will*;
Nay, *Satan* has got them to take his ſide;
Thus treacherouſly thy heart they do divide.
Thus though the Soul obtains inlightned Eyes,
Whilſt thicker darkneſs vaniſhes and flies,
Yet is ſhe vex'd with ſore perplexities
'Twixt two extreams and two contrary Laws,
*Judgment* is led by one, *Affection* draws
The other way; ſhe can't tell which to pleaſe:
She knows what's beſt, but ſtrong temptations ſeize
Upon her ſo, that ſhe's at a great ſtand,
This way ſhe goes, then to the other hand.

Her faculties fall out, they disagree.
O look, methinks I in the Soul do see
Four mighty Warriours draw into the Field
To try their Valour, and refuse to yield
Unto each other: here's two against two:
*Judgment* with *Conscience* are united so,
That *Will* and the *Affections* do resolve
The trembling Soul in Wars still to involve.
*Will* rouses up, refuses to give way,
That his great oppolites should have the day;
*Apollyon* also with him doth take part,
To hold his own, and to beguile her heart.
They meet, they strike, & blows exchange for blows,
Darts are let fly, they with each other close.
The conflict's sharp, 'tis very hard to know
Which will the other beat and overthrow.
*Will*'s hard put to't, nay, had lost the day quite,
But that more Traytors join'd him in the Fight.
Th' *Old-man* rouses with rebellious flesh,
And these domestick Wars renew afresh.
They fight about the *Soul*, would know who must
Have th' *heart* and its *affections*, *Christ*, or *Lust*.
*Satan* by inward motions straight reply'd,
My sentence is, we'l equally divide,
And give alike, both can't have the whole heart;
*Christ* take a piece, and I the other part.
He'd have the question by the Sword decided,
Knowing the Soul lies dead whilst 'tis divided.
Thus 'tis with many. Ah! look well within,
*Judgment* convinc'd may be, yet may thy sin

In

In thy *affections* live, and also thou
Mayst not to th' pow'r of Grace and *Jesus* bow.
Thou mayst have light, and speak as *Balaam* did,
Whose Eyes *Jehovah* so far opened,
That he cry'd out, *O happy Israel!*
*How goodly are thy Tents where thou dost dwell!*
He (like to many Preachers) did commend
God's holy ways, and wish'd that his last end
Might be like his, who righteously doth live,
And his whole heart doth unto *Jesus* give.
He to this purpose spake, yet ne'r-the-less,
*Lov'd best the wages of unrighteousness.*
The Understanding may much light receive,
And yet may not the Soul rightly believe,
Nor be espous'd to *Christ*, may not rely
On him alone in true simplicitie.
But to proceed; with careful Eye let's view
What follows here, what 'tis doth next ensue.
As Combatants sometimes a Parly beat
After some sharp Encounter, or retreat,
And with each other do expostulate
About their rising, or their sinking fate.
Even so likewise do these strong inward Foes,
They pause as 'twere, parly, then fall to blows.

*Old-man.*

The *Old-man* moves, and presently he meets
With the poor Soul, and thus *Affection* greets:
Thou for my Int'rest ever yet hast been,
And sweet (says he) Ah! sweet's a bosom sin;

Thou never yet deny'dſt to yield ſubjection
Unto my will; and now, indear'd *Affection*,
Our Maſter, great *Apollyon*, doth command
That we unite our force, and faithful ſtand
Againſt our Foes; thy int'reſt is invaded,
Thou ſeeſt by whom, thou knowſt who are inraged:
Hold faſt thine own, ne'r let thoſe Objects go
Thou lov'ſt ſo dear, 'twill be thy overthrow;
And thereby too the Soul will unawares
Be much involv'd in more vexatious cares;
And thoſe delights which thou wert wont to have
Will be obſcured in the darkſom Cave
Of black Oblivion, buried out of ſight,
Should once the Soul cloſe with this *Prince of Light*.
Not that we think thou canſt 'ith' leaſt approve
Of this, whereby ſhe ſhould withdraw her love
Quite from thoſe things which we eſteem ſo dear;
For Heart and Will ſome ways do yet adhere
Unto our Int'reſt; yet baſely miſled
She is, e're ſince ſhe's been enlightened.
We are content ſhe ſhould cry up the choice
She thinks to make, let her in that rejoice;
Yet there's a ſecret we would fain reveal,
She's blinded by her over-fervent zeal.
It is enough ſince ſhe has made ſuch vows
To love him ſo, as to become his Spouſe,
Why ſhould ſhe not have yet ſweet ſenſual pleaſures
To pleaſe the fleſh, to whom the greateſt treaſures
Of right belongs that ever were poſſeſt?
How can her glory better be expreſt,

Than

Than to imbrace what is so freely given,
Joys here below as well as bliss in Heaven?
Let her not fear to spend her days in mirth,
That's Heir of Heaven, and Lady of the Earth.
This think upon, and secretly impart
So sweet a Message to the yielding heart.
*Affection* hears, and willingly consented,
And strives with this to make the Soul contented;
Nay, with it too, the Soul began to close,
Until poor *Conscience* did them both oppose.
*Affection*, *Will*, and *Conscience* talk a while;
*Apollyon* straight starts up, and with a smile
Salutes them all, seeming as if he were
One unconcern'd with any matters there:
Who well observing how these three contended,
Begs leave to speak a word, as he pretended,
In favour to them all, desiring he
Might at this time their Moderator be.
At this they seem'd to pause, and stand all mute,
At length the Soul, but faintly, grants his Suit:
The Devil having thus obtain'd his end,
Salutes the Soul, *Fair Virgin*, I commend
Thy happy choice, almost, if not quite made;
Yet, if all matters were but wisely weigh'd,
Thou'lt find *Affection* has advis'd thee right;
And 't can't be safe such Counsel now to slight.
The greatest honours oft, for want of care
In just improvements, have been made a snare.
What bount'ous Heav'n & Earth affords, refuse not;
Be not so nice; ye 'buse the things you use not.

What, is thy Soveraign willing to receive thee
Into Celeſtial Joys, yet quite bereave thee
Of preſent ſweetneſs? Tuſh! this cannot be;
He will ſure ne'r ſuch wrong do unto thee.
Reflect not what thy former ſtate hath been,
But what 'tis now, *a Saint*, more than a Queen.
Things preſent, and to come, nay, all are thine;
Come, merry be, drink of the choiceſt Wine.
Thine honour's great, and let thy joys abound;
Chant to the Viol, hear the Organ ſound;
Let the melodious Lute and Harp invite thee,
And each tranſcendent joy on Earth delight thee.
A ſweet is, (What?) a thing reproacht, call'd *Sin*;
It in the boſom lies, has harbour'd bin
Ev chiefeſt Saints: O then, do not deny
The preſent good, that's pleaſant to the Eye.
But if thou fearſt thou ſhouldſt thy Lord offend;
Obſerve this Rule, which I ſhall next commend:
Let all thy words be pleaſant, ſmooth, and ſweet,
When him thou doſt in daily Duties meet.
Seem to be chaſt, and let no Saints eſpy
The ſmalleſt ſign of Immoralitie. (them,
Be grave in ſpeech, and lowly when thou meetſt
And call them thy *dear Brethren*, when thou greetſt
And if thy Soveraign ſeek to have thy heart, (them.
Let him have ſome, yet muſt the World have part.
Call him *thy Friend*, *thy Saviour*, own him ſo;
And to poor Saints thou muſt ſome kindneſs ſhow,
Or elſe thy covetouſneſs they will eſpy,
And thou'l be charg'd, (*with what?*) Idolatry.

Thus

Thus mayst thou keep his love: but when thou go's
Amongst thy old acquaintance, (yet his Foes)
Let them know nothing, let no sentence fall
Which may discover this to them at all.
Thus having spoken briefly, be thou wise,
And with thy Friends, my Agents, now advise.
Thus ends the *Old-man*, and *Apollyon*'s suit;
And the poor *Soul* in this assault stood mute,
Not well discerning who these thoughts did dart
Into her yielding and divided heart.
Nor hath she got that grave and good inspection
What's best to do, and where to take direction,
But goes to th' *Flesh*, with that doth she consult,
Which quickly brings her to a sad result.
I hitherto, saith she, have been deprest;
What shall I do, how may I be at rest?

*The Flesh, or corrupt Affection.*

What's the reversion of a Prince's State,
When't must be purchas'd at so dear a rate?
'Tis but arriving at a seeming pitch
Of Honour, and to be conceited Rich.
If there's no way to get this promis'd Crown,
But to incur the world'ds vile scoff and frown,
With loss of life, and all we call our own;
'Twould folly be to seek for such a prize:
For what we have is pleasant in our Eyes.
A real thing, and present, as 'tis dear;
To part with it, is more than flesh can bear.

But

But by the way, mind what our Friends propound:
A *Medium* to enjoy them both, is found;
Wherefore 'tis beſt in this perplexing caſe,
For to unite, that Counſel let's imbrace.

*Soul.*

Haſt thou forgot, or knowſt thou not, mine eyes
Have been enlight'ned? let us firſt adviſe
With *Judgment*, leſt this over-raſh concluſion
Turn all our Conſultations to confuſion.
It would be well could we (I muſt confeſs)
Thoſe ſinful ſweets and preſent joys poſſeſs,
Without the loſs of thoſe tranſcendant pleaſures
That's in *Jehova*'s unconfined Treaſures.
But what if *Judgment* ſays it muſt not be,
Nor *Truth* nor *Conſcience* with us will agree?
If ſo, what ſhall I do, what ſhall I chooſe?
Whilſt I ſecure one, I both may looſe.

*The fleſh, or corrupt Affection's Reply.*

One word I'le briefly drop, and ſpeak no more.
Thou'ſt put thy caſe to *Conſcience* heretofore;
And what redreſs pray had you, what didſt gain?
Did he not gripe thee ſorely for thy pain?
Wilt thou neglect ſo ſweet advice as this?
*Judgment* and *Conſcience* both may judg amiſs.
But if thou lik'ſt it, and canſt be contented,
By knawing *Conſcience* ſtill to be tormented;
Then I'le be ſilent, and improve thy skill,
Yet will I love and like where I did ſtill.

Hadst thou been counsel'd to forsake the Lord,
Would I, do'st think, have spoken the least word,
Once to dissuade thee from so just a thing?
Nay, *Soul*, thou ought'st, nay must respect this King:
But whilst he's absent, whilst he dwells on high,
Thou hast no other Object for thine Eye
Then these——————
Consult with *Conscience*, now do what you please;
But as for me I am for present ease.

## CHAP. VI.

*Shewing the policy of Satan in keeping the Soul from a full closing with Christ. Also the nature of a bosom sin.*

NO sooner was this sharp Encounter over,
But in a little time you might discover
The Soul half vanquish'd by her weak opposing,
Sometimes resisting, and then faintly closing.
Sometimes you'l see her just as 'twere consenting,
And presently you'l find her much lamenting,
Beset on every side with troops of fears;
Which makes her to bedew her cheeks with tears;
Complains to *Conscience*, hoping for relief,
Till *Conscience* checks her, and renews her grief.
Sometimes she's drawn to fix her tender Eye
Upon the Gospel's pure Simplicitie.
Her love-sick thoughts at fits seem to aspire,
As if she could pass through hot flames of fire,

And

And ſay with *Peter*, Though all ſhould deny
Thee, my bleſt Lord, yet ſo will never I.
But when the Soul once comes to ſee the Croſs,
Its courage fails, O! 'tis at a great loſs.
When ſhe perceives ſhe and her luſts muſt part,
O that ſticks cloſe, go's to the very heart.
The thoughts of that is hard; 'tis *Self-denial*
That puts the Soul upon the deepeſt tryal.
Some ready are to make a large profeſſion
In hopes of ſomewhat, perhaps the poſſeſſion
Of Heav'n at laſt; but ſtraight ſounds in their Ear,
*Deny thy ſelf; come, part with all that's dear*
*For Jeſus ſake.* Ah! this they cannot bear.
The Young-man ran, he ſeem'd to be in haſte,
But news of this, did all his courage blaſt.
The gate is ſtrait; O! 'tis no eaſie thing
To for-go all in love to this bleſt King.
The way is narrow which leads unto life,
'Tis *Self-denial*, that begets the ſtrife.
'Twixt Fleſh and Spirit there's a conſtant War,
They oppoſite, and quite contraries are.
As Fire and Water, Light and Darkneſs be,
Such diff'ring Natures never can agree;
So between theſe is like antipathie.
The fleſh is like the Young-man, give's attention
To what the Preacher ſays, until he mention
His boſom-ſin, the Luſt he ſo much loves;
This makes him face about, and back removes.
He goes away, yet lov'd to hear Chriſt preach
Up Legal works; but when he came to reach

His

His *Dalilah*, that blow so griev'd his heart,
That Christ and he immediately must part.
His great possessions could not give to th' poor,
Though he had th' promise of abundance more
Treasures above; but being not content
To pay that price for Heaven, away he went.
How loth's the *Flesh* to yield, that *Grace* may win
The happy Conquest of a Bosom-sin?
How will it plead, how wittily debate,
Excuse, or argue, to extenuate
The Crime? at length it yields, forc'd to give way.
But first cry's out, O give me leave to stay
A year, a month, a week, at least one day:
But when it sees it cannot that obtain,
The loser looks, and pleads yet once again:
Ah! let my fond, my fainting, breaking heart
Hug it the other time, before we part.
Much like *Rebeckah*'s Friends, the flesh appears;
It parts with sin, but 'tis with floods of tears.
Each has his Darling, his beloved sin,
Whilst unconverted, much delighted in.
Give me, say some, but leave to heap up Treasure,
And I'le abandon all forbidden pleasure.
Others again there be that only prize
The popular applause of being wise,
A name of being learn'd, judicious, grave,
Able Divines, 'tis this too many crave.
Some boast their natural and acquired parts,
Which take the ears of some, seduce the hearts

Of

Of many ſimple Souls who go aſtray;
While others are for feaſting day by day.
There's ſome delight in drinking choice of Wine,
Whilſt others are to Gaming more inclin'd.
That ſin that finds more favour than the reſt,
That is thy darling ſin, thou knowſt it beſt.
O ſearch thy boſom well, pry, pry within,
Till thou findſt out thy own beloved ſin,
That gives thee kiſſes, that's the luſt that ſlays thee.
O that's the curſed *Judas* which betrays thee.
Ah! ſee how blind, how fooliſh Sinners are;
Like to rebellious *Saul*, they'l *Agag* ſpare,
They entertain this Luſt cloſe in their heart,
And are indeed as loth with it to part,
As with a Hand or Eye; and therefore ſhe
Crys out with *Sampſon*, O this pleaſes me.
Ah! I will freely part with all the reſt,
Might I but hug this Darling in my breaſt.
Souls once convicted, quickly do begin
To hate, deteſt, and leave all groſſer ſin;
Sins viſible unto the natural Eye,
Such which are of the black and deepeſt die,
They are poſſeſt with ſuch a dread and fear,
They'l not touch them, nor venture to come near
Theſe foul defilements--nay, ſuch ſpots diſdain;
Then preſently conclude they'r born again,
And ſhall be ſav'd, though boſom luſts remain.
And if at any time ſome beams of light
Diſcover ſecret Sin, or Conſcience ſmite,

Or

Or touch the *Dalilah*, they then begin
To think of making covers for such sin,
( Which in the secret of the bosom lies )
With the fair Mantle of Infirmities.
But if at any time the searching Word,
Which cuts and trys like a two-edged Sword,
Pierces the heart, and will divide asunder
The soul and spirit, and e're long bring under
These Soul-deluding Covers, and espies
Those secret Lusts which in each corner lies;
And doth unmask those evils, and disclose,
The Soul's hypocrisie, yea and expose
It's nakedness to view, unto its shame:
Now, now the Flesh begins to change the name
Of every Lust that lies so closely hidden,
Soul, touch not, saith the Lord, 'tis Fruit forbidden.
O! saith the Flesh, 'tis pleasant in mine eyes;
Yea, says the Tempter, Soul, 'twill make thee wise;
Taste, it is sweet, the liberty is thine;
And Wisdom is a Vertue most divine.
And Vertue, saith the flesh, will make thee shine.
Christ he prohibits Souls from taking pleasure
In laying up their bags of Earthly Treasure;
For these things have in them a secret Art,
To steal away th' affections of the Heart:
Christ tells the Soul, Our Heavenly Father knows
What 'tis we want, and so much he allows
Which he sees best, which we contentedly
Should take from him, who will our wants supply,
And no good thing from us will he deny.

But

But hark! What ſaith the Fleſh? O Soul, ſaith ſhe,
In this give ear and harken unto me:
'Tis not unlawful here to lay up Treaſure,
Provided thou therein tak'ſt no great pleaſure.
The World thou ſeeſt diſdains thoſe wch are poor;
And if thou'rt Rich, thou'lt be ador'd the more.
Nay, if thou once arriveſt at the pitch
Of being by the World accounted Rich,
Thy words will far the greater influence have,
And may'ſt thereby perchance more rich ones ſave.
Beſides all this; when Rich, thou mayeſt feed
With thy abundance ſuch who ſuffer need.
And this alſo will take thee off from care,
Which is to ſome a moſt perplexing ſnare,
And thou for God may'ſt the more hours ſpare.
If thou art poor, and of ſtrict converſation,
That will not be a fit Accommodation
To draw men by; for ſome thereby are frighted,
Who might by temporizing be invited.
Accommodate thy ſelf to all; *become*
*All things to all men, that thou mayſt gain ſome.*
Theſe ſubtil Covers doth the Fleſh deviſe,
To hide thoſe ſins which in the boſom lies;
And by this crafty courſe perhaps a while
The poor unwary Soul it may beguile.
And if *Apollyon* ſees the Creature yield
In this reſpect, he's Victor in the Field;
He glory's in the Conqueſt he has gain'd,
As if a Diadem he had obtain'd.

But now, behold, here comes her former Friend
Chriſt's precious Love this once to recommend.
True Miniſters are filled with compaſſion,
As their long patience's worth all commendation.
The precioufneſs now of the Soul you'l hear,
And how things go within he will declare.
He'l call her *Conſcience* to examination;
For *Conſcience* 'tis muſt give a full Relation
Of all falſe Covers--Nay, and will reveal
Thoſe ſecret Luſts the Fleſh ſeems to conceal.

*Theologue.*

*Conſcience*, thou knowſt, and privy art to all
The ſecret ſtrivings, and the words let fall
To bring the Soul to join in bonds of love
With Jeſus Chriſt, and finally remove
Her heart from ſin, yea from the ſmalleſt evil;
One ſin belov'd will ſend her to the Devil.
Speak therefore now, her inward parts reveal:
What faith hath ſhe, what love, and O what zeal,
What indignation, care, and what deſire?
Is ſhe inflamed, is ſhe all on fire
In love to him, who out of love did die,
Her to eſpouſe, and ſave Eternally?

*Conſcience.*

She loves, (*but who?*) ſhe ſighs, Sir, ſhall I ſpeak?
She's doubtful ſtill, ſhe knows not which to take.
Some kind of love, ſome faint deſires do riſe
Within her breaſt, but then the Enemies

Immediately such great disturbance cause,
That she's amaz'd, and put into a pause.
Although she dos love Christ, I must confess,
Some secret sin is favour'd ner'theless.
She wants some glorious Rays, her eyes are dim,
She never yet had a true sight of him.
I must speak all, e'en the whole truth impart;
Alas! she has new Objects in her heart.
Her love is treach'rous, her affections burn
Chiefly to self, loves Christ to serve her turn.
And such a Legalist she's become now,
To her own drag she blindfoldly do's vow
To offer Incense; in her seeming grace
She glory's much, nay, sets it in the place
Of Jesus Christ, and on that Idol pores;
This is the Object now she most adores.

*Theologue.*

Wilt thou expose thy self to scoff and shame,
And bring a blot for ever on thy name?
A Monster (thou) in Nature wilt appear,
To all who of thy faults and folly hear.
Canst be so vile, so impudent, and base?
Disloyal Soul! how canst thou still give place
To *Jesus*'s Foes, and up an Idol set?
What, offer sacrifice to thy own Net?
I stand amaz'd! what guilt is on thy head?
Remember that black Bill, what crimes are spread
Before thine Eyes already. But, now, further,
I am to charge thee with another Murther,

Com

Committed on a ſpotleſs Man; nay, worſe,
Thou letſt him be betrayed to the Curſe
Of a moſt ſhameful Death; nay, what exceeds,
His hands, feet, ſides die, and his Soul ſtill bleeds;
And what is worſt of all, he is God's Son,
On whom this bloody Tragedy was done;
Thy Friend (O Soul) who came down from above,
To ſue to thee for kindneſſes and love.
And yet doth he, whoſe blood thy hands have ſhed,
Sue unto thee; nay his deep wounds do plead
For mercy, and he's able to forgive:
He's God as well as Man; dead, yet doth live.
What Object is't thou haſt got in thine eye?
Doſt think the Law can help thee? make haſt, fly;
For 'tis by that thou ſtand'ſt condemn'd to die.
Seek a Divorcement: ſtand'ſt thou ſtill in doubt (cut
'Twixt Law & Grace? ſtrange! canſt thou not find
What *Judgment* told thee? ſure thou knoweſt better:
It is ſevere, O! 'tis a killing Letter.
'Tis time to leave that Husband, and for-go
All hopes from him, who ſeeks thy overthrow.
Chriſt has fulfill'd it, he alone has life;
And if thou once art his eſpouſed Wife,
Thou wilt receive a full diſcharge from all
Thoſe Debts, thoſe Deaths, and dangers wch inthral
The Souls of thoſe, whoſe blind deceived breaſt
Seeks to ſelf-righteouſneſs for peace and reſt.
Thou canſt not (Soul) become a Virgin Spouſe,
Until thou art divorced from all vows

To that, nay to Relations, though they're dear
Must thou the lesser love, and kindness bear.
Thy Fathers house, and all, thou must forsake,
If thou this happy Contract e're dost make.
Yield thy whole heart to Christ, bend to his feet
In pure simplicity; there's ground for it:
For he that lay within a Virgins Womb,
And who was buried in a Virgin-Tomb;
He that alone did lead a Virgin-Life,
Must have a chast and holy Virgin-Wife.
Needst thou more motives still? what shall I say,
What shall I speak to move thee? I will lay
The nature of the Soul unto thy view:
Wouldst know its worth? read then what dos ensue,

*First.*

'Tis capable, such is its nature, State,
On Great *Jehovah*'s Pow'r to contemplate:
It searches, prys and nicely looks about
On Nature's frame, and finds the former out.
*David*'s amaz'd when he doth cast his Eye
On all the glorious things beneath the skie;
He looked up and down, above, and under,
And stood astonish'd, seeing cause of Wonder;
And then reflecting his own frame, did see
Nature's great Volume, blest *Epitome.*
*Fearfully am I made:* how canst tell?
His Answer is, *My Soul knows it full well.*
We should have known no more of Earth, or Heav'n
Than the brute beasts, had not *Jehovah* given
This precious Soul to us: O then be wise,
And it secure as the chiefest Prize.

*Se-*

*Secondly.*

Nay more then this, the Scripture makes relation
'Tis capable of glorious Inspiration.
There is in Man a Soul, a Spirit do's live
And move in him, to which the Lord doth give
By Inspiration, Wisdom, Knowledg, Fear,
That fools know more than the Philosopher.
The Soul's God's Candle, a light of acceptation,
But from himself must come its Information.
Shall not this Candle (pray you) lighted be?
O let God's Spirit (Soul) inlighten thee.

*Thirdly.*

Nay, once again, it's Nature to declare,
'Twill sweet Impressions take, God's Image bear.
It bore it once, O then, how did it shine!
A glorious shadow of him, who's Divine:
But now 'tis blurr'd, and soil'd by filthy dust;
O 'tis defac'd and spoil'd by means of Lust.
But he who stamp'd it there at first, can make
It once again a new Impression take:
He can wash off the soil, refine the Ore,
And make it shine fairer than heretofore.
O what a glorious thing! how rare 'twill be,
When God renews his Image once in thee?
Lose not the Soul, (the wax) for nought can bear
This Image then, nor can that loss repair.

*Fourthly.*

The Soul's a glorious Piece, wherein doth lie
So great an Excellence, as doth out-vy

All outward Glory: for 'tis only she
That's capable of so great Dignitie
To be espoused to the Glorious Three.
Strange condescention! an amazing thing!
What joy and ravishment from hence may spring
Up unto thee, when into 't thou dost pry;
Will the high God take sweet complacency
In such a one? What, doth he please to chuse
Thee for his dear Consort, make thee his Spouse?
May'st thou in Christ's dear Arms and Bosom lie?
Ah! is the Soul the Jewel of his Eye?
Can any joy and sweetness be like this?
Can worldly Comforts raise thee to such bliss?
What, is thy Soul capable of such Union;
And doth there flow from thence such rare Communion?
Admire it! is not one kiss worth more,
Than all the Riches of the Eastern shore?
O! lose not then thy Soul! Ah! who would miss
Of this sweet Union and Eternal Bliss?

*Fifthly.*

It's nature, worth, and rare transcendency,
Appears in that great incongruity,
And weakness of all Creatures to suffice it;
And from this ground great cause hast thou to prize it.
Nothing but God himself can satisfie
That precious Soul, which in thy breast do's lie.
The Univers too little, th' whole Creation
Will not appease its longing expectation.
How vast's the Deeps? how lofty the desires
Of Man's poor Soul, above all bounds aspires;

It

It seeks, it prys, and views all kind of Treasure,
And still it craves, its wishes know no measure.
It walks again, it rambles, O it flies,
And ransacks all the secret Treasuries
Of Art and Nature, hurried, nay 'tis driven
To and fro, being restless, till to Heaven
It casts a look, and *Jesus* does espy,
And then full soon with greatest joy doth cry,
O there's the Pearl! I must have him, or die.
Thou must expect no peace, there's nought can still it.
Nor give it rest till God himself do's fill it,
Hark to its sighs, do not befool and cheat it,
Nor of its wishings baffle and defeat it:
For nothing but that God that made it, can
Suffice the Soul, the precious Soul of Man.

*Sixthly.*

What thinkst thou of that price, that price of blood
Which Christ laid down? does it not cry aloud?
O precious is the Soul! it cost full dear:
Doth not this noise sound always in thine Ear?

*Seventhly.*

Don't *Satan*'s rage, his enmity, and wrath
Against the Soul, shew forth its precious worth?
Take pleasures here, and Coffers fill with Coin,
The Shop with Wares, & Cellars with rich Wine:
Let him but have the Soul, he does not care,
Take what you please besides, and do not spare.
He rages when one Soul escapes his paws;
Ah! that's the Prize his black and bloody jaws

Are open for. Theſe *Demons* grin, and ſwell
With venom great, and Councils hold in Hell,
( As hath been hinted ) that by craft they may
Catch the poor Soul, and this Pearl bear away,
That, that's the Morſel, that's their only prey.

*Eighthly.*

Its bleſt Infuſion, and God's conſtant care
For food and Ornaments which he does ſpare,
For to adorn her on th' eſpouſal day,
Fully declares this Truth, therefore we may
Amazed ſtand, and wondring all ways cry,
O precious Soul! thy worth and exc'llency
Is very great, who can it comprehend?
It's that which does oft-times to Chriſt aſcend
In ſtrong deſires, and longings: O! 'twill pry
Into all places for his Company.
She in his ſight rejoyces, and is glad;
But when once gone, ſhe ſighs, ſhe mourns, is ſad.
All other joy's but meer perplexity;
Without his love, 'twill ſwoun'd away, nay die.
Nothing but Grace, Heaven's off-ſpring, can revive it;
And nought but ſighs of *Jeſus* can enlive it.
Theſe things conſidered, may make thee ſee
Its worth, nay more, how alſo 'tis with thee.

*Ninthly.*

How ſhall we prize the Soul? what rate ſhall we
Upon her ſet? O what againſt her weigh?
Come, bring the ballance, and now let us try
What further worth or preciouſneſs doth lie
In the fair Soul: 'tis done, all Golden Ore
Of both the *Indies* are ith' ſcales, yet more We

We ſtill do want, more Riches pray put in,
All precious Stones and Pearls; now weigh again.
Alas the ballance flies, here yet wants weight,
The Soul out-vies them all: Lord, here's a ſight
Th' whole world at once is in, yet 'tis too light.
Add world to world, and heap ten thouſand more,
Were there ſo many, could you find ſuch ſtore,
Yet would the Soul in worth exceed them far.
Nay, I might multiply, and yet not err.
Oh! then take heed thou doſt not chaffer ſo,
To get the World, and in exchange let go
This precious Soul: nor let it be thought ſtrange,
What ſhall a Man for's Soul give in exchange?

*Tenthly.*

She is Immortal, O ſhe cannot die;
Though 'twas not ſo from all Eternity.
She was created, but in ſuch a ſtate,
Man can't her kill, nor her annihilate.
Her Beings ſuch, her Life ſhall ſtill remain
(Although the body die) in bliſs or pain.
Then haſt thou not good ground to watch & ward
With wary eye, and ſet a conſtant guard
Upon the portals of the treach'rous heart,
Leſt of this Jewel thou deceived art?
What Man to gain a ſhilling, would let go
A Pearl of ſuch great price and value? who
Would think that Men, accounted grave and wiſe,
For toys and trifles ſhould their Souls deſpiſe?
Many, I fear there be, who day by day,
To gain a Groat, unjuſtly, giv't away;

Whilſt

Whilst others prostitute it to their lust:
Nay, do by it, as by a bone or crust
That's cast unto the Dog for him to knaw.
This Dog's the Devil, whose wide stretcht-out jaw
Stand gaping for 't: his Eyes are upon all,
Knowing when e're they sin, they let it fall.
O then take heed; and if this Dog should fawn,
Or wag his Tail, let not so sweet a pawn
Of future Glory be contemn'd or lost,
Think, think from whence it came, & what it cost.

## CHAP. VII.

*Christ's Love Epitomiz'd; the Old-man wounded; Will made willing: shewing also the nature of the Soul's Espousal to Christ.*

IF all that hath been said yet will not move thee
To close with Christ, I once again will prove thee,
By making of a brief or short collection
Of his sweet Love and wonderful Affection;
And then I trust thou wilt with sacred Vows
Contract thy self to him, become his Spouse;
Whose left hand's full of Treasure, in his right
Are Honours great, and Pleasures infinite.
A Prince (you know) dispos'd to make Election
Of a Consort, before he'l place Affection,
Will first enquire if the Virgin be
In Person, Parts, Estate, or Pedigree

Equal

Equal unto himself: but if in case
She be of low descent, of Parents base,
Compar'd with his; or not so noble born,
Or has debas'd her self, or is forlorn;
He thinks it is below him once to place,
Or fix his love on her, he fears disgrace:
But if the Lady chance to equalize him,
She's not so much oblig'd to love or prize him
'Yond common bounds, because, saith she, I am
No whit inferiour unto him; my name
Records the noble stock from whence I came.
But if a Prince should chance to set his love
Upon a person that has nought to move
So great a Lord to make that choice, then she
Amazed, yields with all humilitie;
Can do no less than humbly give consent,
Yield up her self with great astonishment:
But she who doth reject such love, is acted
Like one bereav'd of sense, nay quite distracted.
Misguided Soul! and is not this the case?
What worth's in thee to him? O! vile, and base!
Instead of love, deservest to be hated,
Since from thy God thou hast degenerated,
And yet the blessed *Jesus* don't despise thee,
But from thy loathsom dunghil fain would raise thee.
But to proceed, I now will give to thee
Of Christ's sweet Love a short *Epitome.*

1. 'Tis a first-love, as soon as he past-by,
And saw thee in thy blood, he cast his Eye
Whilst thou in that sad gore didst weltring lie.

Nay,

Nay, unto thee moſt precious love he had
Before the fabrick of this World was made.

2. It is attracting Love, its nature's ſuch,
'Tis like the Loadſtone; hadſt thou once a touch,
'Twould make thy Iron-heart with ſpeed to move,
Nay, cleave to him in bonds of pureſt Love.

3. 'Tis a free Love, there's nought at all in thee
Which can deſerve his favour, yet does he
Not grutch thee his dear Love, although ſo great,
The glorious King of Kings does oft intreat
Thoſe Souls to his imbraces, who contemn
His proffer'd grace, and ſtill love ſhews to them.

4. 'Tis 'bounding Love, like *Nilus*, overflows
All banks and bounds, his Grace no limit knows.

5. 'Tis a delighting Love, there's nought more
She found it ſo who waſht his precious feet. (ſweet;
He takes delight and ſweet complacency
In thoſe he loves, his heart affects his Eye.
He reſteth in his love; and who can turn
His heart away, or damp thoſe flames that burn
In his dear breaſt? none ever lov'd as he,
Who for his Spouſe was nailed to the Tree.

6. It is a Victor's Love; he'l wound and kill
All Enemies who do oppoſe his Will;
Where he lays Siege, he'l make the Soul to yield,
By love he overcomes and wins the Field;
His Captive (Soul) thou certainly muſt be:
His love is ſuch, 'twill have the Victorie.

7. It is abiding and Eternal Love,
'Twill laſt as long as he; nought can remove

His

His love from ſuch on whom he caſts his Eye,
And for whoſe ſake alone he choſe to die.
The love which did appear to Saints of old,
Did graciouſly this glorious Truth unfold.
*I with an everlaſting Love*, ſaith he,
*Have ſet my heart upon* ( or loved ) *thee*,
And therefore I have drawn thee unto me.
Know he who thus doth his ſweet love commend
To his dear Saints, loves them unto the end.

8. 'Tis a great Love, moſt powerful and ſtrong;
Hence 'tis he thinks each hour and minute long,
Till he imbrace thee in his Sacred Arms,
Where he'l ſecure thee from all the harms
And dangers great, by Men or helliſh charms.
Fathers, although they love their Children dear,
Yet never did from them ſuch love appear.
*David* lov'd *Abſolom*, yet gives conſent,
Nay he himſelf decrees his baniſhment.
A Mother may forget her ſucking Child,
As ſome have done, although of nature mild,
Yet forc'd by famine, cruelly have ſhed
Their Childrens bloud, and of their fleſh have fed:
But Ah! his Love's ſo free, ſo ſtrong, ſo great,
He gives his bloud to drink, his fleſh for meat
Unto the Soul; and thoſe who it receive,
Shall never die, and none but ſuch can live.

9. His Love is matchleſs, 'tis without compare,
Who neither fleſh, nor bloud, nor life did ſpare.
The love of Women, which the World eſteems
Moſt ſtrong in ſweet affection; their love ſeems

An

An empty shadow, and not worth regard,
When with his Sacred Love it is compar'd.
The Husbands, Wives, and Fathers may abound,
Yet no such love as Christ's was ever found.
*Abraham* and *Isaac* both lov'd their Wives,
Yet neither of them sacrific'd their lives.
*Jonathan*'s love to *David* did exceed
The love of Women; 'twas a Love indeed!
But what was *Jonathan*'s great love to this?
Ah! less than nothing, when compar'd to his.
Christ's love exceeds all natural Love as far
As bright *Aurora* doth the smallest Star.
But Oh! in vain do we compare his Love
With any thing below; no, 'tis above
Comparison, 'tis so immense, so great,
We cannot find it out: though Man's conceit
Is larger than expression; though profound,
Yet Man's conception never yet could sound
The depth of Love's unfathomable bliss,
So great, so deep, so bottomless it is.
Betwixt his Love and ours, the disproportion
Is like one drop of Water to the Ocean.
Or as the smallest dust that's fiercely driven,
To the whole Globe; or like as Earth's to Heaven.
The Sun for clearness with his splendent face,
The Moon for swiftness in her Zodiack Race;
The Sands for number, and the Heaven for height
The Seas for depth, the ponderous earth for weight
Yet with more certainty, and with less doubt (out.
Be weigh'd and measur'd, than Christ's love found

O depth! O heigth! O breadth! O wonderous
Of this great Love! O uncompared ſtrength (length
Of true affections! Love that is Divine!
What's natural love, Lord, when compar'd to thine?
Such a redundancy of Love is found,
Whoever dives into theſe depths is drown'd.
Ten thouſand Seas, ten thouſand times told o're,
Add to theſe Seas ten times as many more,
Let all theſe Seas become one deep Abyſs,
They'd all come ſhort in depth compar'd to this.
The Moral, Natural, nor the Spiritual Man,
With all their Underſtanding, never can
Find out the Nature of Chriſt's Love! alas,
It doth all Knowledg 'nfinitely ſurpaſs.
O may theſe *Depths* & *Heigths* have pow'r to move
On thee, till thou art ſwallowed up in Love.
That, that which cannot comprehended be
By Men nor Angels, may comprehend thee;
And thou being fill'd with it, may'ſt ſweetly lie
In depths of Love unto Eternitie.

The Spir't with this let fly a piercing Dart,
Which wounded dreadfully her ſtubborn heart,
It pierc'd to th' very quick and made her ſmart.
Now, now ſhe mourns, Ah! how ſhe weeps, ſhe
And water runs like fountains from her Eys. (crys,
Now her whole Soul s diſſolved into tears
By Love-ſick paſſions; yet ſhe's fill'd with fears,
Leſt Chriſt ſhould now with angry frown deny
To give her one ſweet aſpect of his Eye:

Becauſe

Becauſe his love ſhe had ſo long refus'd,
And wondrous patience ſhamefully abus'd.
Oh! now ſhe ſpends whole days & nights in prayer,
She ſighs and grieves, but can t ſee Chriſt appear.
The panting Hart ne'r long'd for Water-brooks
More than does ſhe for ſome reviving looks
From the great Prince, the God of Love & Grace;
But he at preſent ſeems to hide his face.
But ſtop, my Muſe, hark how the Winds do roar,
All ſtorms i'th Soul (alas) are not yet o're.
No ſooner did the *Old-man* caſt his Eyes,
And view'd this change but in great wrath did riſe
For to renew the War; he joins afreſh
With ſcatter'd force of *Will* and *Lusts of th' fleſh*,
To make what ſtrength they can, with helliſh ſpite.
The Devil's with theſe conquer'd pow'rs unite,
Arm'd with deſpair, and like to Lamps, wch make
The greateſt blaze at going out, they take
Their blunt and broken Weapons in their hand,
Reſolving Chriſt in her ſhall not command;
Nor ſhe deſert their cauſe, nor break her Vows
With *Sin* and *Self*, and ſo become *Chriſt's* Spouſe.
But now, I find in vain they do reſiſt:
True Grace is come, the *Spirit* doth aſſiſt.
*Sin*, *World*, the *Fleſh*, nor *Devil*, can long ſtand
Before the *Spirits* ſtrong and pow'rful hand.
See how the *Spirit* now doth ſearch about
To find each *Sin*, and curſed *Darling* out.
Did you never behold in what dread ſort
The wide-mouth'd Canon plays upon the Fort,

And

And how by whole-sail it doth batter down
The shattered walls of a besieged Town?
Even so the *Spirit* with his powerful Sword
Makes glorious slaughter, will no Truce afford,
Kills all before him, will no Quarter give,
Nor will he suffer any Lust to live.
The Strong-man, (*Satan*) quakes; good reason why;
A stronger's come, a stronger he doth spy
Is enter'd in — O therefore he's much pain'd;
All, all is gone, and he himself is chain'd.
The *Old-man* trembling, likewise thinks to fly
Into some lurking-corner, secretly
To hide himself: but th' Spirit's piercing Sight
Discovers him, and now with heavenly might
Laid on such strokes, and gave him such a wound,
Wch with dire vengance brought him to the ground.
Now the *Affection*'s chang'd, and *Will* doth yield,
Being willing made, says *Grace* shall have the Field.
O happy season! and thrice long'd-for hour!
This is the day of God's most mighty Power
Upon the Soul. But hark, methinks I hear
Most bitter sighs and groans sound in mine Ear.
The Soul's afflicted! it is she doth mourn,
To think what sorrows for her Christ hath born.
She hates, nay loaths her self to th' very dust,
And seeks to mortifie each former Lust.
And something more doth still perplex her mind,
Him whom she dearly loves, she cannot find.
Her heart I fear will quickly burst asunder,
If any long time she should be prest under

This heavy weight: no grief like hers, is there:
Who can (alas) a wounded Spirit bear?
She's almoſt ſwallow'd up in deep deſpair.
You next ſhall hear (if you attention lend)
How ſhe bewails the abſence of her Friend.

*Soul.*

Ah me! I faint, my Spirits quite decay,
And yet I cannot die: O who can ſtay
My ſinking Soul, whilſt I theſe ſorrows feel?
My feeble knees under their burden reel.
Infernal deeps, black gulphs, where horror lies,
Open their ghaſtly mouths before mine Eys.
O wretched Soul! curs'd Sin! I might have been
The Lamb's fair Bride, and a Celeſtial Queen,
Had I imbrac'd my Lord, my King, my Love,
(Who was more faithful than the Turtle Dove.)
O had I then receiv'd him in mine Arms,
He would have ſav'd me from eternal harms.
But now I fear thoſe happy days are paſt,
And I poor wretch ſhall into Hell be caſt,
Bound up in fetters, and eternal chains
Of burning Wrath, and everlaſting pains.
O ſinful Soul! I who have lightly ſet
By the bleſt Prince, who would have paid my debt
O he that would have freely quit my ſcore,
Ah! Now I fear I ſhall ne're ſee him more.
Could I but once more hear his Sacred Voice,
I would make him my joy, and only choice.
But's Wooing-time I fear is out of date;
Now I repent, but dread it is too late.

I melt, Lord, into tears, whilst thou the Sun
Of precious Light, art hid, where shall I run
For Light and comfort in this doleſom hour,
Whilst I lie drenched in this brinish shower?
More would she speak, but her great passion stops
Her mournful speech, whilst her eys flood-gates opes,
Smote with despair; so faint, she scarce appears
To breath or live, but by her sighs and tears.

A Friend amidst this passion straight arriv'd,
Whose shining beams and lustre much reviv'd
The troubl'd Soul on every side, that she
Cry'd out, O heavenly Spirit, it is thee,
Who with Diviner and mysterious Art
Did such illustrious beams of Glory dart,
Which did not only tend to joy and peace,
But much inflam'd her heart, made love increase;
And lo, before her Eys she doth behold
The *Prince* to stand, whose Glory to unfold
Is 'bove the reach of Man, or Seraphim;
And thus had she a blessed sight of him.
Like as the Sun breaks forth beneath a Cloud,
Whose conqu'ring light cast off each envious shroud,
And round about his beauteous beams displays,
Making her Earth like Heav'n with his bright rays.
This glorious Aspect of his lovely Eye,
Which she through Faith beheld, did by and by
With such transports, or Raptures, on her seize,
And from her former sorrows gave her ease:
Yet could she not be fully satisfy'd,
Until the Marriage-knot was firmly ty'd.

A Promise she endeavours to procure,
To make Christ's Love and Pardon to her sure.
She to this purpose does her self address
To him she loves, with sweet composedness
Of heart and mind; tho thinking what she'd bin,
She's under fears, and oft distrest agin;
Much questioning (for want of Faith) how he
Could e're forget past wrongs and injurie.

*Soul.*

Life of my life! alas, Lord, what am I?
A wretched Creature; who deserves to die
A thousand deaths, nay, and a thousand more,
For wounding thee within, without, all o're,
In every part: O this doth make me mourn,
It melts my heart to think what thou hast born
For a vile worm. But wilt thou view the wound
That's made in me? Lord, I am drench'd & drown'd
In bloud, and brinish tears, my wasting breath,
And sighing Soul, will period soon in Death,
Unless thou seal, and dost confirm to me
Thy Love by promises; O! shall I see
Thy hand stretch'd out? or shall I hear thee say,
Come, come to me, poor Soul, O come away?
'Tis thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Hurt not my sores, nor crush the wounds that bleed.
O let my chilled Soul feel the warm fires
Of thy sweet Voice, that my dissolv'd desires
May turn a soveraign Balsam, to make whole
Those wounds my sins have made in thy dear Soul.

Ah!

Ah! wilt thou let me ſwoun'd away and die,
Whilſt thou ſtandſt looking on? Lord, caſt an eye
On me, for whom thou on the Croſs didſt bleed;
Some comfort, Lord, now in my greateſt need:
No Corroſives, ſome Cordial Spir'ts, or I
For ever periſh muſt; Lord, hear my cry.

*Jeſus.*

Afflicted Soul! the purchaſe of my Bloud,
Come, hear, come hear a conſolating Word.
Shall I who have through ſore Afflictions paſt
For love of thee, refuſe thee now at laſt?
No, no! I cannot, Soul, I cannot bear
Such piercing moans that wounds my tender Ear.
Now will I magnifie my Pow'r and riſe
To ſcatter thy malicious Enemies;
I'le thee enlighten with my glorious Rays,
And make thee happy, happy all thy days.
Who will betroth, or give this Soul to me?
Let's Celebrate with great'ſt Solemnity,
And glorious Triump, the eſpouſal Day:
Come, come, my Dear, let us no longer ſtay.

*The Father.*

'Tis in my Pow'r, 'tis I, I give her thee,
As th' fruit of my own Choice, Love and Decree.

## CHAP. VIII.

*The mutual and blessed Contract between Christ and the Sinner.*

*Jesus.*

GIVE me thy heart then, Soul, I do betroth
Thee unto me, that no approaching Wrath
May any ways be hurtful unto thee,
In Righteousness I thee betroth to me.
In Judgment also thou betrothed art,
And all I have to thee I do impart
In faithfulness and tender mercy, so
That thou thy Lord, thy Friend, & God shalt know.
I do betroth thee unto me for ever,
And neither Death, Nor Earth, nor Hell shall sever
Thy Soul from me. If thou wilt pay thy vows,
I will be thine, and thou shalt be my Spouse.
I take thee now for better, and for worse:
Give me thy hand, let's jointly both of us
With mutual love tie the conjugal Knot,
Which on my part shall never be forgot.
My Covenant with thee is seal'd by blood,
'Tis firmer than the Oath at *Noah's* Flood.
Into my folded Arms I now do take thee,
And promise that I never will forsake thee.
Thy sins are cast behind my back, and I
Will cover each future infirmitie.

The

*The Sinners cloſing with Chriſt.*

*Soul.*

Upon my bended knees I do this day
Accept of thee, my Lord, my Life, my Way,
By whom alone poor Sinners have acceſs
Unto the Father; nay, and do confeſs,
Declare, pronounce i'th' ſight of God, that I
Do enter now with all ſimplicity
Into a Contract with thee, make my Vows
That I will be to thee a faithful Spouſe.
O bleſſed *Jeſus*, I'm as one undone,
A naked, vile, loathſom and guilty one,
Unworthy far to waſh the very feet
Of th' Servants of my Lord; O how is it
That thou, the glorious Prince, ſhouldſt ever chuſe
Such an unworthy Worm to be thy Spouſe:
O what's thy Love! O Grace, beyond expreſſion,
Doth the great God on me place his affection?
But ſith 'tis ſo, this I engage to do,
I'le leave all for thy ſake, and with thee go.
And in all things own thee alone as Head,
And Husband dear, by whom I will be led,
And in all ſtates and times will thee obey,
What ever comes, unto my dying-day.
I take thee as my Prophet, Prieſt, and King:
And my own worthineſs in every thing
I do renounce, and further vow that I
Upon thy Bloud and Righteouſneſs will lie;
On that, and that alone, will I depend
By Faith always until my life ſhall end.

I covenant with thee, and ſo I take thee,
And whatſoe'r falls out, I'le ne'r forſake thee,
But run all hazards in this doleſom day,
And never from thy holy ways will ſtray.
All this and more I promiſe ſhall be done,
But in thy ſtrength, Lord, in thy ſtrength alone.
Th' Solemnity thus ended, preſently
The glorious Prince, the Bridegroom, caſts his Eye
Upon the Soul, and bound up all her ſores,
Nay healed them, and cancell'd all her ſcores:
But be'ng her ſelf defil'd, ſhe ſoon eſpy'd
A precious Fountain flowing from his ſide,
A Fountain for uncleanneſs to waſh in
In which ſhe bath'd, and waſh'd away her ſin.
Then glorioufly by him ſhe was array'd
With Robes imbroid'red, very richly laid
With Gold and Diamonds, that ſhe did ſeem
Like an adorned Heav'nly Seraphim.
One Veſture was eſpecially moſt rare,
Without a ſeam, much like what he did wear;
It is the Wedding Robe, both clean and white,
Whoſe luſtre far exceeds the Morning-light;
And other garments alſo, which ſhe wore,
Curiouſly wrought with Silk, and ſpangl'd o're
With ſtars of Gold, of Pearl, of precious Stone,
Enough to dazle all to look upon:
Which be'ng made up of every precious Grace,
Did cauſe a ſplendent Beauty in her Face,
That whilſt he did behold her, could diſcry
His Father's Image clearly in her Eye,

Which did ſo pleaſe him, that he now admires,
And after this her Beauty much deſires.
O ſee the change, ſhe which was once ſo foul,
Is now become a ſweet and lovely Soul.
Her beauty far excels what it had been
In ancient days, no mortal Eye hath ſeen
So ſweet a Creature, no ſuch Virgin Queen.
Yet all her Beauty now's but ſpots and ſtains,
To what it will be when her Saviour raigns.
O hear the melody! Angels rejoice,
Whilſt ſhe triumphs in this moſt happy choice.
Who would not then all Earthly Glories ſlight,
To gain a minutes taſte of ſuch delight?
No ſooner did *Apollyon* caſt his Eyes
On what was done, but furiouſly did 'riſe
To damp her joy, or cauſe her mirth to ceaſe,
And by ſome ſtratagams to ſpoil her peace.
He firſt ſtirs up the *Old-man*'s broken force
For to eſtrange her: if he can't divorce
Her from her Friend, yet raiſes inward ſtriſe,
How to deprive her of thoſe joys of life,
Which do abound in Lovers every way,
Betwixt th' eſpouſal and the Marriage-day.
A thouſand tricks contriv'd before had he
How to delay or ſpoil th' Affinitie.
But if he can't rob us of inward joy,
Our name, or goods, or life he will deſtroy.
For failing in the firſt, he ſtirs up Foes
To lay upon her perſecuting blows.
He that will follow Chriſt, muſt look each day
To have his worldly comforts took away. Be-

Besides, the *Old-man* being not yet slain,
Great troubles in her mind there rose again.
But her dear Friend so faithful is, that he
Will never leave her in Adversitie.
And to the end her joy may more abound,
A way by him immediately is found
To free her from the *Old-man*'s hellish spite,
He must be crucify'd; but first they cite
Him to the Bar to hear what he can say,
Why now his life should not be took away.
But hear, before that's done, how the blest Lover
Doth his dread threats and awful frowns discover
Against the Foes of her he loves so well,
Who e're they be, Men, Lusts, or Fiends of Hell.
He reads his great Commission, lets them know
He in a moment can them overthrow.

*The dread Power and awful frowns of Jesus Prince of Peace over his Saints Enemies.*

When Man transgress'd 'twas I, Eternal I,
Gave forth the Sentence, *Thou shalt surely die.*
'Twas I that curs'd the Serpent, who remains
Unto this day, and shall in lasting Chains.
When *Cain* did shed his righteous Brother's bloud,
I sentenc'd *Cain*; 'twas I that brought the Flood
Upon the Earth. By me the World was drowned.
Proud *Babels* Language was by me confounded.
I am *Jehovah*'s everlasting Word,
Who in my hand do bear th' two-edg'd Sword.

'Twa

'Twas I, and only I that did Command
The dismal darkness in the *Egyptians* Land.
'Twas at my Word the Seas divide in twain,
And made an even passage through the Main.
At my Command *Pharaoh* and all his Host
Were utterly within the Red-Sea lost.
'Twas I that made *Belshazzers* joints to quake,
And all his Nobles tremble when I spake.
'Twas I that made the *Persian* Monarchs great,
And threw them with the *Grecians* from their Seat.
I say the Word, and Nations are distress'd;
I spake again, and the whole World's at rest.
Let all Men stand in fear and dread of me;
I was the first, and I the last will be.
All knees shall bow to me when I reprove,
And at my Voice the Mountains shall remove.
The Earth shall be dissolved at my Threat,
And Elements shall melt with fervent heat.
My Word confines the Earth, the Seas, the Wind,
I am the great *Jehovah* unconfin'd.
'Tis I divide between the joints and Marrow;
No place so close, no cranny is so narrow,
But, like the Sun's bright beams, I enter in,
Discovering to each heart, the darling Sin
That lodges in the Soul. 'Tis I alone,
Who by my piercings make them sigh and groan.
If from true sense and sorrow they complain,
I graciously bind up those wounds again.
'Tis I that save the humble and contrite,
And do condemn the formal Hypocrite.

My

My circuit's large, I coaſt the World about,
No place, nor ſecret, but I find it out.
All Nations of the World I rule at pleaſure,
To my Dominion's neither bound nor meaſure.
Therefore, dear Soul, chear up, and do not fear,
I'le confound all thy Foes both far and near.
And now I do command to bring to th' Bar
That inward Foe, *Old-man*, I wo'nt defer
His Tryal longer, his Indictments read,
And he had leave and liberty to plead,
And on his Trial he deny'd the Fact;
But *Conſcience* ſwears ſhe took him in the act,
And other witneſs too; but to be brief,
All prove him the Soul's Foe, nay and the chief
And only cauſe of all the horrid Treaſon
Acted againſt the Lord unto this ſeaſon.
He was deny'd to ſpeak, the Proofs being clear,
You ſhall therefore his fatal Sentence hear:
Come thou baſe Traytor, impure Maſs of Sin;
That, Villain-like, doſt ſeek revenge agin
Upon the Soul, and ſtriv'ſt to raiſe up ſtrife,
Nay thirſts again to take away her life;
Hear, hear thy Sentence, *Old-man*, thou muſt die,
I can no pity ſhew, nor mind thy cry:
Thy Age! away, 'tis pity thou haſt bin
Spared ſo long, when guilty of ſuch Sin.
Soul, thou muſt ſee to bring him in ſubjection,
With every evil luſt, and vile affection.
This heap of Sin thou muſt ſtrive to deſtroy,
That ſo thou maiſt all perfect peace enjoy:

Unde

Under the ſtricteſt bonds let him abide,
Till he is ſlain, or throughly crucify'd.
The *Old-man* being ſentenc'd, and confin'd,
The Soul is conſolated in her mind.
*Affection*, *Judgment*, *Will*, do all rejoyce,
And are united now: O happy choice!
Ah! ſhe admires the excellence and worth
Of her Beloved, that ſhe ſets him forth,
As one that's raviſh'd in the contemplation
Of his great Glory, and her exaltation,
In this her ſacred choice: and this ſo raiſes
Her raviſh'd ſenſes, that Angelick praiſes
She thinks too low; O now ſhe doth diſcover,
And not till now th' affections of a Lover.
There's nothing now ſo tedious as delay,
Betwixt the 'ſpouſal and the Marriage-day.
Her former joys in which ſhe much delighted,
She treads them under-foot, they are quite ſlighted,
Nay altogether loathſom in her Eye,
Compared with his ſacred Company.
Unto the place where he appoints to meet her,
Thither ſhe runs with ſpeed, there's nothing ſweeter;
Nay there is nothing ſweet, nothing is dear
Or pleaſant to her, if he be not there.
O! ſaith the Love-ſick Soul, in ſuch a caſe
May I but have one kiſs, one ſweet Imbrace,
O how would it rejoyce this heart of mine!
His Love is better than the choiſeſt Wine.
His Name is like an Ointment poured forth,
And no ſuch Odour e're enrich'd the Earth.
The Eaſtern Gums, *Arabian* Spices rare,
Do not perfume, nor ſo enrich the Air,
As the Eternal and renowned Fame
Of his moſt precious and moſt glorious Name!
Perfumes my Soul, it elevates my voice,
Whilſt gladneſs fills my heart: O happy choice!
My ſacred Friend, my Life, my Lord, and King,
Doth me into his ſecret Chambers bring;

Al-

Although ten thouſand fall on either hand,
My Soul in ſafety evermore ſhall ſtand.
Tell me, my Lord, tell me, my deareſt Love,
Where thou doſt feed, whither the Flocks remove,
And where they reſt at Noon in ſoultry gleams,
Bring me into thoſe Shades, where ſilver ſtreams
Of living Waters flow, moſt calm and ſtill,
There, there I'le ſhelter, there I'le drink my fill.
The Fountains ope, O ſee it runs moſt clear,
Green Paſtures by; a Lodg is alſo near,
To hide in ſafety, and to ſave from fear
Of ſcorching heat: under this ſhade I'le reſt,
My Love ſhall lie incloſed in my breaſt.
My heart ſhall be his lodging-place for ever,
Nothing ſhall me from my Beloved ſever.
The terrors of the Night ſhall never harm me,
He ſaves from heat, in Froſts his love doth warm me.
You Virgins who yet never felt the ſmart
Of Love's ſoul-piercing and heart-wounding Dart.
If all theſe ſacred Raptures you admire,
Know, Virgins, know that this Celeſtial Fire
That's kindled in my breaſt, comes from above,
And ſets my Soul into this flame of Love.
O he that has endured ſo much pain
To gain my Love, is worthy to obtain
Ten thouſand times more love than his poor Spouſe
Is able to beſtow: yet ſhall my Vows
Be daily paid to him, in whoſe ſweet breaſt
My love-ſick Soul ſhall find eternal reſt.
Know, know I ne'r obtain'd true peace, before
My ſoul caſt Anchor on this ſacred ſhore.
All earthly pleaſures are but ſeeming mirth,
His preſence is a Heaven upon Earth.
How heavy, O how bitter was the Croſs
Once unto me? to think upon the loſs
Of temporal comforts, made me to complain:
But now I find ſuch loſſes are my gain.

Ter-

Terrestrial joys, as dross to me appear;
My joy's in Heaven, O my treasure's there.
Had I all Riches of both th' *India*'s shore
At my command, ten thousand times told o're,
My soul would loath them, they should be abhor'd
Being worse than dung, compared to my Lord.
O may these Sun-beams never cease to shine,
By which I see that my Beloved's mine.
He is my flesh and bone, therefore will I
Rejoyce the more in this Affinity.
He is my All, my soul's to him united,
As *Jonathan*'s to *David*, who delighted
So much in him that in his greatest trouble
Dear *Jonathan* did his affections double:
When *David* was in great distress and fear,
Then did his love and loyalty appear.
So when my dear Beloved is distrest,
My love to him shall chiefly be expresst.
But why, said I, distrest? What, can my Lord,
Who hath consuming power in his Word,
Be touch'd by Mortals? what, can he be harm'd,
Who with all strength of Heaven and Earth is arm'd?
No, no; I must recall that lavish strain:
No hand can touch him, he cannot sustain
The smallest injury from th' greatest Pow'r;
For in a breath he can his Foes devour.
But now, methinks, I presently espy
Upon the Earth the Apple of his Eye;
Which are his servants, nay his members dear,
Which wicked men do oft oppress; O there
My Lord's distrest: for if his Children smart,
O that doth pierce and wound his tender heart.
If cold or nakedness afflicts their souls,
He sympathizes, and their state condoles.
If sick they be, or if by cruel hands
They are in Prison cast, and under bands,
And there with hunger and with thirst oppresst,
He feels their grief, he is in them distrest.

What

What wrong soever they on Earth receive,
'Tis done to him, for which my soul doth grieve
To see th' afflictions of his servants here;
This is the fruit true loyal Love does bear.
Her sorrows are his woes; for they alone,
Being his members, are my flesh and bone.
And all make but one Body, he's the Head,
From whence all flows, 'tis he alone has shed
His love abroad, in this my love-sick heart,
Whereby I feel when any members smart.
My bowels move and tender heart does bleed,
VVhich makes me for his sake supply their need.
Thus for my Christ, and for his Children's sake
I'le suffer any thing; yea I do take
My life, and goods, and all into my hands,
To be disposed of as he commands:
But know for certain evermore that I
For aid and help on him alone rely.

These pleasant Fruits, O these delight the King,
And hereby 'tis that we do honour bring
Unto his Name; all souls of the new birth,
VVho are sincere, this precious fruit bring forth.
Let not these things seem strange, because so few
Do bear such Fruit, believe the Maxim's true,
That as the Sun doth by its warm reflection
Upon the Earth, produce a resurrection
Of all those Seeds, which in the Earth do lie
Hid for a time in dark obscurity:
Ev'n so the Sun of Righteousness doth shine
Into this cold and barren heart of mine;
The precious seeds that have been scattered there
Take root and blossom, nay their branches bear
Sweet fruit, being the product of those Rays,
VVhich that bright Sun into my soul displays.
'Tis precious and most lovely in his Eye,
Both for its Beauty and Veracity.
You Virgins all who are by Love invited
Into his Garden, where he is delighted

VVith

VVith all his pleaſant Fruits, come, come and ſee,
How choice, fair, ſweet, and beautiful they be:
One cluſter here's preſented to thy view,
That thou mayſt ſee, and then believe 'tis true.
Theſe be the Fruits which I ſhall now expreſs,
Love, Joy, and Peace, Long-ſuffering, Holineſs,
Faith, Goodneſs, Temperance, and Charity,
Theſe are the products of th' Affinity
That's made between me and my deareſt Friend;
Nay, more than theſe, Eternal life i'th' end.
But if (through ſin) thou canſt not caſt thine Eye
On theſe rare Fruits, then know aſſuredly
VVhen th' Vintage comes, and thou beginſt to crave
For one ſmall taſte, one taſte thou canſt not have.
The fruitful Soul it is the King will crown
VVith th' Diadem of Glory and Renown.
O let theſe things the Soul's affections raiſe,
In grateful Songs to celebrate the Praiſe
Of great *Jehovah*, who is King of Kings,
VVhoſe glorious Praiſe the heav'nly Quire ſings:
Then let us ſing on Earth a Song like this,
*My well-beloved's mine, and I am his.*

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## An Hymn of Praiſe to the Sacred Bridegroom.

*PRaiſe in the Higheſt, Joy betide*
*The ſacred Bridegroom, and his Bride,*
*Who doth in ſpendor ſhine:*
*Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs,*
*In Earth beneath let all Mens Tongues*
*ſing forth his Praiſe Divine.*

*If ſullen Man refuſe to ſpeak,*
*Let Rocks and Stones their ſilence break;*

*for Heaven and Earth combine*
*To tie that ſacred Bridal Knot,*
*O let it never be forgot,*
*the Contract is Divine.*

*You holy Seraphims above,*
*Who do admire Jeſus's Love,*
*O haſt away and come,*
*With Men on Earth your joys divide;*
*Earth ne'r produc'd ſo fair a Bride,*
*nor Heaven a Bridegroom.*

## Another.

*'Tis not the gracious lofty ſtrain;*
*Nor record of great* Hector's *glory,*
*Nor all the conquering mighty Train,*
*Whoſe Acts have left the World a ſtory;*
*Nor yet great* Ceſar's *ſwelling fame,*
*Who only look'd, and overcame.*

*Nor one, nor all thoſe Worthy Nine,*
*Nor* Alexander's *great Renown,*
*Whoſe deeds were thought almoſt Divine,*
*When Vic'tries did his Temples crown;*
*But 'tis the Lord, that Holy One,*
*Whoſe Praiſes I will ſing alone.*

*My Heart and Tongue ſhall both rejoyce,*
*Whilſt Angels all in Conſort ſing*
*Aloud with a melodious voice*
*The praiſes of ſweet* Zion's *King:*

*O 'tis his praiſe, that Holy One,*
*I am reſolv'd to ſing alone.*

*My Heart indites whilſt I proclaim*
*The Praiſes of the God of Wonder,*
*My lips ſtill magnifie his Name,*
*Whoſe Voice is like a mighty Thunder:*
*I'le praiſe his Name, and him alone,*
*Who is the glorious Three in One.*

*Whoſe feet are like to burning Braſs,*
*Whoſe Eyes like to a flaming Fire,*
*Who bringeth mighty things to paſs,*
*'Tis him I dread, and do admire:*
*I le magnifie his Name alone,*
*Who is the glorious Three in One.*

*My Heart and Pen ſhall both expreſs,*
*The Praiſes of great* Juda's *Lion,*
*The ſweet and fragrant Flower of* Jeſs,
*The holy Lamb, the King of* Zion.
*To him that ſitteth on the Throne,*
*Be everlaſting praiſe alone.*

*Whoſe Head is whiter than the Snow*
*That's driven by the Eaſtern Wind,*
*Whoſe Viſage like a flame doth ſhow,*
*Confining all, yet unconfin'd:*
*For ever prais'd be Him alone,*
*Who is the glorious Three in One.*

*I'le praiſe his Name, who hath reveal'd*
*To me his everlaſting Love,*
*Who with his ſtripes my Soul hath heal'd,*
*Whoſe Foot-ſtool's here, his Throne above,*
*Let Trumps of Praiſe be loudly blown,*
*To magnifie his Name alone.*

*This ſacred Subject of my Verſe,*
*Though I poor ſilly Mortal ſhould*
*Neglect his Praiſes to rehearſe,*
*The ragged Rocks and Mountains would*
*Make his deſerved Praiſes known,*
*Who is the glorious Three in One.*

*You twinkling Stars that Day and Night*
*Do your appointed Circuit run,*
*Sweet* Cynthia *in her monthly flight,*
*Alſo the bright and flaming Sun,*
*Throughout the Univerſe make known*
*The Praiſes of the Holy One.*

*Let every Saint on Earth rejoyce*
*Whom Chriſt hath choſen, let him ſing,*
*Whilſt I to him lift up my Voice*
*To ſound the Praiſes of my King:*
*For He it is, and He alone,*
*Hath made me his Beloved one.*

FINIS.

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There will be ſuddenly Publiſh'd another Tr
tiſe of this Author's, intituled *Zion in Diſtreſs*;
*The Groans of the true Proteſtant Church.*

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